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12 May, 1897.

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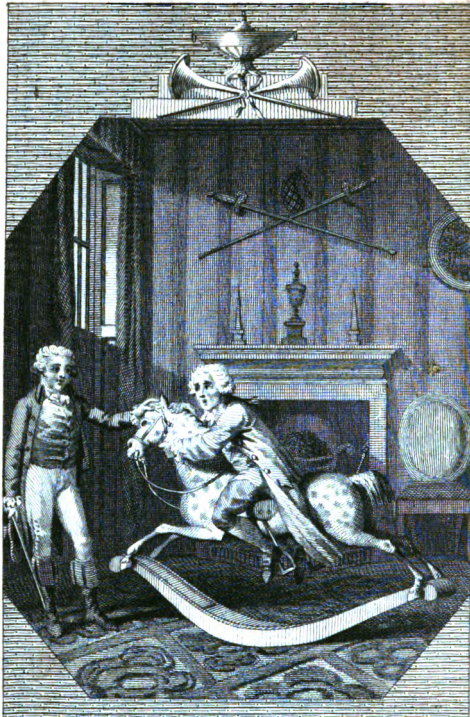

COMMISSARY.
Act 1. Sc. 2.

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PARSONS's Minor Theatre

London

Printed for J. Parsons, 21 Paternoster Row. May 1794.

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THE COMMISSARY.

A COMEDY,

IN THREE ACTS,

WRITTEN BY SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL COVENT-GARDEN AND HAY-MARKET.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

London:

PRINTED BY J. JARVIS,

FOR J. PARSONS, N° 21, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1794.

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THE COMMISSARY.

THIS piece, written by the late Samuel Foote, Esq. was given to the public, for the first time, in the season of 1765, *at the little theatre in the Hay-market; and keener satire, or more fairly applied, never came from the pen of that pleasant and witty writer.*

Zachary Fungus, rich in the plunder of the unfortunate of other lands; returns to his native country: loaded with wealth he knows not how to use; invested with consequence he is unable properly to support; he becomes the jest, even of his domestics, who see through his native ignorance, too glaring to escape their notice; and the application of his ill-gotten stores towards the attainment of those qualities which form the exteriors of a gentleman, together with the dissipation of his time in the fruitless endeavour; are the subjects of the scene, which holds up to public redicule and contempt a character which merits universal reprobation.

When this production first appeared, it was young days with that inimitable comedian Parsons; but the picture he gave the audience of the late Doctor Arne approached so near to the original, whose peculiarities justified the imitation, that several in the house went away, not to be convinced but what the Doctor himself had actually been before them.

The younger Bannister, in the revival of this piece, in the course of last summer, on its native boards, performed the part of Zachary Fungus, in a stile not more attractive than genuine. Wewitzer's Isaac, was every thing the part required; and Suett made the most of his GRUEL.

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Dramatis Personae.

COVENT-GARDEN.

	Men.
Zachary Fungus,	Mr. Quick
Isaac Fungus,	Mr. Powell
Gruell,	Mr. Thompson
Le Fleur,	Mr. Wewitzer
Young Loveit,	Mr. Davies
Coachman,	Mr. Ledger
Bridoun,	Mr. Evatt.
	Women.
Widow Loveit,	Mrs. Pitt
Dolly,	Mrs. Platt
Jenny,	Miss Stuart
Mrs. Mechlin,	Mrs. Webb.

HAY-MARKET.

	Men.
Zachary Fungus,	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Isaac Fungus,	Mr. Wewitzer
Gruell,	Mr. Suett
Le Fleur,	Mr. Abbott
Young Loveit,	Mr. Benson
Coachman,	Mr. Ledger
Bridoun,	Mr. Evatt.
	Women.
Widow Loveit,	Mrs. Powell
Dolly,	Miss Heard
Jenny,	Miss De Camp
Mrs. Mechlin,	Mrs. Webb.

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THE COMMISSARY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Mrs.* MECHLIN'S *House.*

[*Loud knocking at the door.*]

Enter JENNY.

Jenny.

RAP, rap, rap, up-stairs and down, from morning to night;——if this same commissary stays much longer amongst us, my mistress must e'en hire a porter. Who's there?

SIMON *without.*

Sim. Is Mrs. Mechlin at home?

Jen. No. *(Opens the door.)* Oh! what, is it you, Simon?

Enter SIMON.

Sim. At your service, sweet Mrs. Jane.

Jen. Why, you knock with authority; and what are your commands, Master Simon?

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Sim. I come, Madam, to receive those of your mistress. What, Jenny, has she any great affair on the anvil? Her summons is most exceedingly pressing; and you need not be told, child, that a man of my consequence does not trouble himself about trifles.

Jen. Oh, Sir, I know very well you principal actors don't perform every night.

Sim. Mighty well, Ma'am; but, notwithstanding your ironical sneer, it is not every man that will do for your mistress; her agents must have genius and parts: I don't suppose, in the whole bills of mortality, there is so general and extensive a dealer as my friend Mrs. Mechlin.

Jen. Why, to be sure, we have plenty of customers and for various kinds of commodities; it would be pretty difficult, I fancy, to——

Sim. Commodities! Your humble servant, sweet Mrs. Jane; yes, yes, you have various kinds of commodities, indeed.

Jen. Mr. Simon, I don't understand you: I suppose it is no secret in what sort of goods our dealing consists.

Sim. No, no; they are pretty well known.

Jen. And, to be sure, though now and then, to oblige a customer, my mistress does condescend to smuggle a little——

Sim. Keep it up, Mrs. Jane.

Jen. Yet there are no people in the liberty of Westminster that live in more credit than we do.

Sim. Bravo!

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'*Jen.* The very best of quality are not asham'd 'to visit my mistress.

'*Sim.* They have reason.

'*Jen.* Respected by the neighbours.

'*Sim.* I know it.

'*Jen.* Punctual in her payments.

'*Sim.* To a moment.

'*Jen.* Regular hours.

'*Sim.* Doubtless.

'*Jen.* Never miss the sarmant on Sundays.

'*Sim.* I own it.

'*Jen.* Not an oath comes out of her mouth, unless 'now and then, when the poor gentlewoman hap-'pens to be overtaken in liquor.

'*Sim.* Granted.

'*Jen.* Not at all given to lying, but, like other 'tradesfolks, in the way of her business.'

Sim. Very well.

Jen. Very well! then pray, Sir, what would you insinuate? Look you, Mr. Simon, don't go to cast reflections upon us; don't think to blast the reputation of our——

Sim. Hark ye, Jenny, are you serious?

Jen. Serious! Ay, marry am I.

Sim. The devil you are.

Jen. Upon my word, Mr. Simon, you should not give your tongue such a licence; let me tell you, these airs do not become you at all.

Sim. Hey-day! why, where the deuse have I got? Sure, I have mistaken the house; is not this Mrs. Mechlin's?

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Jen. That's pretty well known.

Sim. The commodious, convenient Mrs. Mechlin, at the sign of the Star, in the parish of St. Paul's?

Jen. Bravo!

'*Sim.* That commercial caterpillar!

'*Jen.* I know it.

'*Sim.* That murderer of manufactures?

'*Jen.* Doubtless.

'*Sim.* That walking warehouse?

'*Jen.* Granted.'

Sim. That carries about a greater cargo of contraband goods under her petticoats than a Calais cutter?

Jen. Very well.

'*Sim.* That engrosser and seducer of virgins?

'*Jen.* Keep it up, Master Simon.

'*Sim.* That forestaller of bagnios?

'*Jen.* Incomparably fine.'

Sim. That canting, cozening, money-lending, match-making, pawnbroking—— [*Loud knocking.*

Jen. Mighty well, Sir: here comes my mistress; she shall thank you for the pretty picture you have been pleased to draw.

Sim. Nay, but, dear Jenny——

Jen. She shall be told how lightly she stands in your favour.

Sim. But, my sweet girl—— [*Knock again.*

Jen. Let me go, Mr. Simon; don't you hear?

Sim. And can you have the heart to ruin me at once?

Jen. Hands off.

Sim. A peace, a peace, my dear Mrs. Jane, and to the articles.

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Enter Mrs. MECHLIN, *followed by a hackney-coachman with several bundles, in a capuchin, a bonnet, and her cloaths pinned up.*

Mrs. Mech. So, hussy; what, must I stay all day in the streets? Who have we here? The devil's in the wenches, I think—One of your fellows, I suppose ——Oh, is it you? How fares it, Simon?

Jen. Madam, you should not have waited a minute; but Mr. Simon——

Sim. Hush! hush! you barbarous jade——

Jen. Knowing your knock, and eager to open the door, flew up stairs, fell over the landing-place, and quite barr'd up the way.

Sim. Yes; and I am afraid I have put out my uncle. Thanks, Jenny; you shall be no loser, you slut. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Mech. Poor Simon!——Oh, Lord have mercy upon me, what a round have I taken?——Is the wench petrified? Why don't you reach me a chair? don't you see I am tired to death?

Jen. Indeed, Ma'am, you'll kill yourself.

Sim. Upon my word, Madam Mechlin, you should take a little care of yourself; indeed you labour too hard.

Mrs. Mech. Ay, Simon, and for little or nothing: only victuals and cloaths; more cost than worship —Why does not the wench take the things from the fellow? Well, what's your fare?

Coach. Mistress, 'tis honestly worth half-a crown.

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Mrs. Mech. Give him a couple of shillings, and send him away.

Coach. I hope you'll tip me the tester to drink?

Mrs. Mech. Them there fellows are never contented: Drink! Stand farther off; why, you smell already as strong as a beer-barrel.

Coach. Mistress, that's because I have already been drinking.

Mrs. Mech. And are you not ashamed, you sot, to be eternally guzzling? You had better buy you some cloaths.

Coach. No, mistress; my honour won't let me do that.

Mrs. Mech. Your honour! And pray how does that hinder you?

Coach. Why, when a good gentlewoman like you cries, Here, coachman, here's something to drink—

Mrs. Mech. Well!

Coach. Would it be honour in me to lay it out in any thing else? No, mistress, my conscience won't let me; because why, 'tis the will of the donor, you know.

Mrs. Mech. Did you ever hear such a blockhead!

Coach. No, no, mistress; tho' I am a poor man, I won't forfeit my honour; my cattle, thof I love 'em, poor beastesses, are not more dearer to me than that.

Mrs. Mech. Yes, you and your horses give pretty strong proofs of your honour; for you have no cloaths on your back, and they have no flesh. Well, Jenny,

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give him the sixpence—There, there; lay it out as you will.

Coach. It will be to your health, mistress; it shall melt at the Meuse before I go home; I shall be careful to clear my conscience.

Mrs. Mech. I don't doubt it.

Coach. You need not, Mistress; your servant.

[*Exit Coach.*

Mrs. Mech. Has there been any body here, Jenny?

Jen. The Gentleman, Ma'am, about the Gloucestershire living.

Mrs. Mech. He was! Oh! oh! what, I suppose his stomach's come down. Does he like the encumbrance? will he marry the party?

Jen. Why, that article seems to go a little against him.

Mrs. Mech. Does it so? then let him retire to his Cumberland curacy: that's a fine keen air, it will soon give him an appetite. He'll stick to his honour too, till his cassock is wore to a rag.

Jen. Why, indeed, Ma'am, it seems pretty rusty already.

Mrs. Mech. Devilish squeamish, I think; a good fat living, and a fine woman into the bargain! You told him a friend of the lady's will take the child off her hands?——

Jen. Yes, Madam.

Mrs. Mech. So that the affair will be a secret to all but himself. But he must quickly resolve, for next week his wife's month will be up.

Jen. He promised to call about four.

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Mrs. Mech. But don't let him think we are at a loss for a husband; there is to my knowledge a merchant's clerk in the city, a comely young man, and comes of good friends, that will take her with but a small place in the customhouse.

Jen. He shall know it.

Mrs. Mech. Ay, and tell him that the party's party has interest enough to obtain it whenever he will. And then the bridegroom may put the purchase-money too of that same presentation into his pocket.

Jen. Truly, Ma'am, I should think this would prove the best match for the lady.

Mrs. Mech. Who doubts it?——Here, Jenny, carry these things above stairs. Take care of the eigrette, leave the watch upon the table, and be sure you don't mislay the pearl-necklace: the lady goes to Mrs. Corneleys's to-night; and, if she has any luck, she will be sure to redeem it to-morrow.

Sim. What a world of affairs! it is a wonder, Madam, how you are able to remember them all.

Mrs. Mech. Trifles, mere trifles, Master Simon—But I have a great affair in hand—Such an affair, if well managed, it will be the making of us all.

Sim. If I, Ma'am, can be of the least use——

Mrs. Mech. Of the highest! there's no doing without you——You know the great——

Enter JENNY.

Jen. I have put the things where you ordered, Ma'am.

Mrs. Mech. Very well, you may go. [*Exit Jenny.*

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I say, you know the great commissary that is come to lodge in my house. Now they say this Mr. Fungus is as rich as an Indian governor; heaven knows how he came by it; but that, you know, is no business of ours. Pretty pickings, I warrant abroad. *(Loud knocking.)* Who the deuse can that be? But let it be who it will, you must not go till I speak to you.

Enter JENNY.

Jen. The widow Loveit, Ma'am.

Mrs. Mech. What, the old liquorish dowager from Devonshire Square? Show her in. *(Exit Jenny.)* You'll wait in the kitchen, Simon, I shall soon dispatch her affair. [*Exit Simon.*

Enter Mrs. LOVEIT.

Mrs. Lov. So, so, good morning to you, good Mrs. Mechlin. John, let the coach wait at the corner.

Mrs. Mech. You had better sit here, Madam.

Mrs. Lov. Any where. Well, my dear woman, I hope you have not forgot your old friend—Ugh, ugh, ugh,—*(Coughs.)* Consider I have no time to lose, and you are always so full of employment.

Mrs. Mech. Forgot you! you shall judge, Mrs. Loveit. I have, Ma'am, provided a whole cargo of husbands for you, of all nations, complexions, ages, tempers, and sizes: so you see you have nothing to do but choose.

Mrs. Lov. To choose, Mrs. Mechlin! Lord help me, what choice can I have? I look upon wedlock to

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be a kind of a lottery, and I have already drawn my prize; and a great one it was! My poor dear man that's gone, I shall never meet with his fellow.

Mrs. Mech. Psha, Madam, don't let us trouble our heads about him, 'tis high time that he was forgot.

Mrs. Lov. But won't his relations think me rather too quick?

Mrs. Mech. Not a jot: the greatest compliment you cou'd pay to his memory; it is a proof he gave you reason to be fond of the state. But what do you mean by quick? Why, he has been buried these three weeks—

Mrs. Lov. And three days, Mrs. Mechlin.

Mrs. Mech. Indeed! quite an age.

Mrs. Lov. Yes: but I shall never forget him; sleeping or waking, he's always before me. His dear swell'd belly, and his poor shrunk legs; Lord bless me, Mrs. Mechlin, he had no more calf than my fan.

Mrs. Mech. No!

Mrs. Lov. No, indeed; and then, his bit of a purple nose, and his little weezen face as sharp as a razor——Don't mention it; I can never forget him. [*Cries.*

Mrs. Mech. Sweet marks of remembrance indeed! But, Ma'am, if you continue to be so fond of your last husband, what makes you think of another?

Mrs. Lov. Why, what can I do, Mrs. Mechlin? a poor lone widow woman as I am; there's nobody minds me; my tenants behindhand, my servants all careless, my children undutiful—Ugh, ugh, ugh—— [*Coughs*

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Mrs. Mech. You have a villainous cough, Mrs. Loveit; shall I send for some lozenges?

Mrs. Lov. No, I thank you, 'tis nothing at all; mere habit; just a little trick I've got.

Mrs. Mech. But I wonder you shou'd have all these vexations to plague you, Madam, you who are so rich, and so——

Mrs. Lov. Forty thousand in the four-per-cents every morning I rise, Mrs. Mechlin, besides two houses at Hackney: but then my affairs are so weighty and intricate; there is such tricking in lawyers, and such torments in children, that I can't do by myself; I must have a helpmate: quite necessity, no matter of choice.

Mrs. Mech. Oh, I understand you: you marry merely for convenience; just only to get an assistant, a kind of a guard, a fence to your property?

Mrs. Lov. Nothing else.

Mrs. Mech. I thought so; quite prudential; so that age is none of your object: you don't want a scampering, giddy, sprightly, young——

Mrs. Lov. Young!—Heaven forbid. What, do you think, like some ladies I know, that I want to have my husband taken for one of my grandchildren? No, no; thank Heaven, such vain thoughts never enter'd my head.

Mrs. Mech. But yet, as your matters stand, he ought not to be so very old neither; for instance now, of what use to you would be a husband of sixty?

Mrs. Lov. Sixty! Are you mad, Mrs. Mechlin? what, do you think I want to turn nurse?

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Mrs. Mech. Or fifty-five?

Mrs. Lov. Ugh, ugh, ugh——

Mrs. Mech. Or fifty?

Mrs. Lov. Oh! that's too cunning an age;——men, now-a-days, rarely marry at fifty, they are too knowing and cautious.

Mrs. Mech. Or forty-five, or forty, or—

Mrs. Lov. Shall I, Mrs. Mechlin, tell you a piece of my mind?

Mrs. Mech. I believe, Ma'am, that will be your best way.

Mrs. Lov. Why then, as my children are young and rebellious, the way to secure and preserve their obedience will be to marry a man that won't grow old in a hurry.

Mrs. Mech. Why, I thought you declar'd against youth?

Mrs. Lov. So I do, so I do; but then, six or seven and twenty is not so very young, Mrs. Mechlin.

Mrs. Mech. No, no, a pretty ripe age: for at that time of life men can bustle and stir; they are not easily check'd, and whatever they take in hand they go thro' with.

Mrs. Lov. True, true.

Mrs. Mech. Ay, ay, it is then they may be said to be useful; it is the only tear and wear season.

Mrs. Lov. Right, right.

Mrs. Mech. Well, Ma'am, I see what you want; and to-morrow about this time, if you'll do me the favour to call——

Mrs. Lov. I shan't fail.

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Mrs. Mech. I think I can suit you.

Mrs. Lov. You'll be very obliging.

Mrs. Mech. You may depend upon't, I'll do my endeavours.

Mrs. Lov. But, Mrs. Mechlin, be sure don't let him be older than that, not above seven or eight and twenty at most; and let it be as soon as you conveniently can.

Mrs. Mech. Never fear, Ma'am.

Mrs. Lov. Because, you know, the more children I have by the second venter, the greater plague I shall prove to those I had by the first.

Mrs. Mech. True, Ma'am, you had better lean on me to the door: But, indeed, Mrs. Loveit, you are very malicious to your children, very revengeful, indeed.

Mrs. Lov. Ah, they deserve it;—you can't think what sad whelps they turn out; no punishment can be too much; if their poor father cou'd but have foreseen they wou'd have——why did I mention the dear man? it melts me too much. Well, peace be with him.——To-morrow about this time, Mrs. Mechlin, will the party be here, think you?

Mrs. Mech. I can't say.

Mrs. Lov. Well, a good day, good Mrs. Mechlin.

Mrs. Mech. Here, John, take care of your mistress.

[*Exit Mrs. Loveit.*

A good morning to you, Ma'am. Jenny, bid Simon come up.—A husband! there now is a proof of the prudence of age; I wonder they don't add a clause to the act to prevent the old from marrying clan-

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destinely as well as the young. I am sure there are as many unsuitable matches at this time of life as the other.

Enter SIMON.

Shut the door, Simon. Are there any of Mr. Fungus's servants below.

Sim Three or four strange faces.

Mrs. Mech. Ay, ay, some of that troop, I suppose —Come, Simon, be seated.—Well, Simon, as I was telling you; this Mr. Fungus, my lodger above, that has brought home from the wars a whole cart-load of money, and who (between you and I) went there from very little better than a driver of carts—

Sim. I formerly knew him, Ma'am.

Mrs. Mech. But he does not know you?

Sim. No, no.

Mrs. Mech. I am glad of that—This spark, I say, not content with being really as rich as a lord, is determin'd to rival them too in every other accomplishment.

Sim. Will that be so easy? why he must be upwards of——

Mrs. Mech. Fifty, I warrant.

Sim. Rather late in life to set up for a gentleman.

Mrs. Mech. But fine talents, you know, and a strong inclination——

Sim. That, indeed——

Mrs. Mech. Then, I promise you, he spares for no pains.

Sim. Diligent!

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Mrs. Mech. Oh, always at it. Learning something or other from morning to night; my house is a perfect academy, such a throng of fencers, dancers, riders, musicians——but, however, to sweeten the pill, I have a fellow-feeling for recommending the teachers.

Sim. No doubt, Ma'am; that's always the rule.

Mrs. Mech. But one of his studies is really diverting, I own I can't help laughing at that.

Sim. What may that be?

Mrs. Mech. Oratory.—You know his first ambition is to have a seat in a certain assembly;—and in order to appear there with credit, Mr. What d'ye Call'um, the man from the city, attends every morning to give him a lecture upon speaking, and there is such haranguing and bellowing between them—Lord have mercy upon—but you'll see enough on't yourself; for, do you know, Simon, you are to be his valet de chambre?

Sim. Me, Madam!

Mrs. Mech. Ay, his privy counsellor, his confident, his director in chief.

Sim. To what end will that answer?

Mrs. Mech. There I am coming—You are to know, that our Squire Wou'd-be is violently bent upon matrimony; and nothing, forsooth, will go down but a person of rank and condition.

Sim. Ay, ay, for that piece of pride he's indebted to Germany.

Mrs. Mech. The article of fortune he holds in utter contempt, a grand alliance is all that he wants; so

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that the lady has but her veins full of high blood, he does not care two-pence how low and how empty her purse is.

Sim. But, Ma'am, won't it be difficult to meet with a suitable subject? I believe there are few ladies of quality that——

Mrs. Mech. Oh, as to that, I am already provided.

Sim. Indeed!

Mrs. Mech. You know my niece Dolly?

Sim. Very well.

Mrs. Mech. What think you of her?

Sim. Of Miss Dolly, for what?

Mrs. Mech. For what! you are plaguily dull; why, woman of fashion, you dunce.

Sim. To be sure Miss Dolly is very deserving, and few ladies have a better appearance; but, bless me, Madam, here people of rank are so generally known, that the slightest inquiry wou'd poison your project.

Mrs. Mech. Oh, Simon, I have no fears from that quarter; there, I think, I am pretty secure.

Sim. If that, indeed, be the case——.

Mrs. Mech. In the first place, Mr. Fungus has an entire reliance on me.

Sim. That's something.

Mrs. Mech. Then to baffle any idle curiosity, we are not derived from any of your newfangled gentry, who owe their upstart nobility to your Harrys and Edwards. No, no, we are scions from an older stock; we are the hundred and fortieth lineal descendent from Hercules Alexander, Earl of Glendower, prime minister to King Malcolm the First.

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Sim. Odso! a qualification for a canon of Strasburg. So then, it seems, you are transplanted from the banks of the Tweed; cry you mercy!——But how will Miss Dolly be able to manage the accent?

Mrs. Mech. Very well; she was two years an actress in Edenborough.

Sim. That's true;—is the overture made, has there been any interview?

Mrs. Mech. Several; we have no dislike to his person; can't but own he is rather agreeable; and as to his proposals, they are greater than we cou'd desire—But we are prudent and careful, say nothing without the Earl's approbation.

Sim. Oh, that will be easily had.

Mrs. Mech. Not so easily; and now comes your part: but first, how goes the world with you, Simon?

Sim. Never worse! the ten bags of tea, and the cargo of brandy, them peering rascals took from me in Sussex, has quite broken my back.

Mrs. Mech. Poor Simon! why then I am afraid there's an end of your traffic?

Sim. Totally: for, now those fellows have got the Isle of Man in their hands, I have no chance to get home, Mrs. Mechlin.

Mrs. Mech. Then you are entirely at leisure?

Sim. As a Bath turnspit in the month of July.

Mrs. Mech. You are then, Simon, an old family-servant in waiting here on the lady; but dispatched to the North with a view to negociate the treaty, you are just returned with the noble peer's resolution,

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Prepare you a suitable equipage; I will provide you with a couple of letters, one for the lover and one for the lady.

Sim. The contents?

Mrs. Mech. Oh, you may read them within; now with regard to any questions, I will furnish you with suitable answers—but you have a bungler to deal with, so your cards will be easily play'd.

Enter JENNY.

Jen. Miss Dolly, Ma'am, in a hackney coach at corner; may she come in?

Mrs. Mech. Are the servants out of the way?

Jen. Oh, she is so muffled up and disguised, that she'll run no danger from them.

Mrs. Mech. Be sure keep good watch at the door, Jenny.

Jen. Oh, never fear, Ma'am. [*Exit Jenny.*

Mrs. Mech. Simon, take those two letters that are under the furthermost cushion in the window: run home, get a dirty pair of boots on, a great coat, and a whip, and be here with them in half an hour at farthest.

Sim. I will not fail. But have you no farther directions?

Mrs. Mech. Time enough. I shall be in the way; for it is me that must introduce you above. (*Exit Simon.*) So, things seem now in a pretty good train; a few hours, it is to be hoped, will make me easy for life. To say truth, I begin to be tired of my trade. To be sure, the profits are great; but then,

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so are the risks that I run: besides, my private practice begins to be smok'd. Ladies are suppos'd to come here with different designs than merely to look at my goods; some of my best customers, too, are got out of my channel, and manage their matters at home by their maids. Those asylums, they give a dreadful blow to my business Time has been, when a gentleman wanted a friend, I could supply him with choice in an hour; but the market is spoil'd, and a body might as soon produce a hare or a partridge as a pretty——(*Enter Dolly.*)——So, niece, are all things prepar'd; have you got the papers from Harpy?

Dol. Here they are, Ma'am.

Mrs. Mech. Let me see—Oh the marriage-articles for Fungus to sign. Have you got the contract about you?

Dol. You know, aunt, I left it with you.

Mrs. Mech. True, I had forgot: but where is the bond that I——Here it is; this, Dolly, you must sign and seal before witnesses.

Dol. To what end, aunt?

Mrs. Mech. Only, child, a trifling acknowledgment for all the trouble I have taken; a little hint to your husband, that he may reimburse your poor aunt, for your cloaths, board, lodging, and breeding.

Dol. I hope my aunt does not suspect that I can ever be wanting——

Mrs. Mech. No, my dear, not in the least; but it is best, Dolly, in order to prevent all retrospection,

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that we settle accounts before you change your condition.

Dol. But, Ma'am, may not I see the contents?

Mrs. Mech. The contents, love! of what use will that be to you? Sign and seal, that's enough.

Dol. But, aunt, I choose to see what I sign.

Mrs. Mech. To see! what, then you suspect me?

Dol. No, Ma'am; but a little caution——

Mrs. Mech. Caution! Here's an impudent baggage! how dare you dispute my commands? have not I made you, raised you from nothing, and won't a word from my mouth reduce you again?

Dol. Madam, I——

Mrs. Mech. Answer me, hussey, was not you a beggar's brat at my door; did I not, out of compassion, take you into my house, call you my niece, and give you suitable breeding?

Dol. True, Madam.

Mrs. Mech. And what return did you make me? You was scarce got into your teens, you forward slut, but you brought me a child almost as big as yourself; and a delightful father you chose for it! Doctor Catgut, the meagre musician; that sick monkey-face maker of crotchets; that eternal trotter after all the little draggle-tail'd girls of the town. Oh, you low slut, had it been by a gentleman, it would not have vex'd me; but a fidler!—

Dol. For Heaven's sake——

Mrs. Mech. After that you clop'd, commenced stroller, and in a couple of years return'd to town in your original trim with scarce a rag to your back.

Dol. Pray, Ma'am——

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Mrs. Mech. Did not I, notwithstanding, receive you again? have not I tortured my brains for your good? found you a husband as rich as a Jew, just brought all my matters to bear, and now you refuse to sign a paltry paper?

Dol. Pray, Madam, give it me, I will sign, execute, do all that you bid me.

Mrs. Mech. You will; yes, so you had best. And what's become of the child, have you done as I order'd?

Dol. The Doctor was not at home; but the nurse left the child in the kitchen.

Mrs. Mech. You heard nothing from him?

Dol. Not a word.

Mrs. Mech. Then he is meditating some mischief, I warrant. However, let our good stars secure us to-day, and a fig for what may happen to-morrow. It is a little unlucky, though, that Mr. Fungus has chosen the Doctor for his master of music; but as yet he has not been here, and, if possible, we must prevent him.

Enter JENNY *hastily.*

Jen. Mr. Fungus the tallow-chandler, Ma'am, is crossing the way; shall I say you are at home?

Mrs. Mech. His brother hath servants enough, let some of them answer. Hide, Dolly. (*Exit Dolly and Jenny.*)——(*One knocks at the door.*) Ay, that's the true tap of the trader: this old brother of ours, tho', is smoky and shrewd, and, tho' an odd, a sensible fellow;—we must guard against him: if he

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gets but an inkling, but the slightest suspicion, our project is marr'd.——(*A noise without.*) What the deuce is the matter? As I live, a squabble between him and La Fleur, the French footman we hir'd this morning. This may make mirth, I'll listen a little.

[*Retires.*

Enter MR. ISAAC FUNGUS, *driving in* LA FLEUR.

I. Fun. What, is there nobody in the house that can give me an answer? where's my brother, you rascal?

La Fleur. Je n'ctend pas.

I. Fun. Pas! what the devil is that?—Answer yes or no, is my brother at home? don't shrug up your shoulders at me, you——Oh, here comes a rational being.

Enter MRS. MECHLIN.

Madam Mechlin, how fares it? this here lanthorn-jaw'd rascal won't give me an answer, and indeed wou'd scarce let me into the house.

La Fleur. C'est gros bourgois a fait une tapage de diable.

Mrs. Mech. Fy done c'est le frere de Monsieur.

La Fleur. Le Frere! mon Dieu!

I. Fun. What is all this? what the devil lingo is the fellow a-talking?

Mrs. Mech. This is a footman from France that your brother has taken.

I. Fun. From France! and is that the best of his breeding? I thought we had taught them better

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manners abroad, than to come here and insult us at home. People make such a rout about smuggling their frenchified goods; their men do us more mischief. If we could but hinder the importing of them——

Mrs. Mech. Ay, you are a true Briton; I see that, Mr. Isaac.

I. Fun. I warrant me: is brother Zachary at home?

Mrs. Mech. Above stairs, Sir.

I. Fun. Any company with him?

Mrs. Mech. Not any to hinder your visit. La Fleur, *ouvrez le porte.*

I. Fun. Get along you——Mrs. Mechlin, your servant. (*Exit Mrs. Mechlin.*) I can't think what the devil makes your quality so fond of the Monsieurs; for my part, I don't see——March and be hang'd to you—you sooty-fac'd——

[*Exit I. Fungus and La Fleur**.

' *Mrs. Mech.* Come, Dolly, you may now appear.

Enter JENNY.

' *Jen.* Mr. Paduasoy, Ma'am, the Spitalfields ' weaver; he has been waiting this hour, and says ' he has some people at home——

' *Mrs. Mech.* Let him enter; in a couple of mi- ' nutes I'll follow you, Dolly. [*Exit Jenny.*

Enter PADUASOY.

' *Mrs. Mech.* Mr. Paduasoy, you may load your-

* First act ends here, when done as an after-piece.

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'self home with those silks, they won't do for my 'market.

'*Pad.* Why, what's the matter, Madam?

'*Mrs. Mech.* Matter! you are a pretty fellow in-'deed! you are a tradesman! 'tis lucky I know 'you, things might have been worse; let us settle 'accounts, Mr. Paduasoy; you'll see no more of 'my money.

'*Pad.* I shall be sorry for that, Mrs. Mechlin.

'*Mrs. Mech.* Sorry! answer me one question: Am 'not I the best customer that you ever had?

'*Pad.* I confess it.

'*Mrs. Mech.* Have I not mortgaged my precious 'soul, by swearing to my quality-customers that 'the stuff from your looms was the produce of 'Lyons?

'*Pad.* Granted.

'*Mrs. Mech.* And unless that had been believ'd, 'could you have sold them a yard, nay a nail?

'*Pad.* I believe not.

'*Mrs. Mech.* Very well. Did not, Sir, I procure 'you more money for your curs'd goods, when sold 'as the manufacture of France, than as mere Eng-'lish they could have ever produced you?

'*Pad.* I never deny'd it.

'*Mrs. Mech.* Then are not you a pretty fellow, 'to blow up and ruin my reputation at once?

'*Pad.* Me, Madam.

'*Mrs. Mech.* Yes, you.

'*Pad.* As how?

Mrs. Mech. 'Did not you tell me these pieces of

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'silk were entire, and the only ones you had made
'of that pattern?

'*Pad.* I did.

'*Mrs. Mech.* Now mind. Last Monday I left
'them as just landed, upon a pretence to secure
'them from seizure, at the old countess of Furbe-
'low's, by whose means I was sure, at my own
'price, to get rid of them both; and who should
'come in last night at the ball at the Mansion-
'house, where my lady unluckily happen'd to be,
'with a full suit of the blue pattern upon her back,
'but Mrs. Deputy Dowlass, dizen'd out like a du-
'chess.

'*Pad.* Mrs. Deputy Dowlass! Is it possible?

'*Mrs. Mech.* There is no denying the fact: but
'that was not all. If, indeed, Mrs. Deputy had
'behaved like a gentlewoman, and swore they had
'been sent her from Paris, why there the thing
'would have died: but see what it is to have to do
'with mechanics; the fool owned she had them
'from you. I should be glad to see any of my cus-
'tomers at a loss for a lie; but those trumpery
'traders, Mr. Paduasoy, you'll never gain any cre-
'dit by them.

'*Pad.* This must be a trick of my wife's; I know
'the women are intimate; but this piece of intelli-
'gence will make a hot house. None of my fault,
'indeed, Mrs. Mechlin; I hope, Ma'am, this
'won't make any difference?

'*Mrs. Mech.* Difference! I don't believe I shall

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'be able to smuggle a gown for you these six 'months. What is in that bundle?

'*Pad.* Some India handkerchiefs, that you pro- 'mised to procure of a supercargo at Woolwich 'for Sir Thomas Calico's lady.

'*Mrs. Mech.* Are you pretty forward with the 'light sprigg'd waistcoats from Italy?

'*Pad.* They will be out of the loom in a week.

'*Mrs. Mech.* You need not put any Genoa velvets 'in hand till the end of autumn; but you may make 'me immediately a fresh sortment of foreign rib- 'bons for summer.

'*Pad.* Any other commands, Mrs. Mechlin?

'*Mrs. Mech.* Not at present, I think.

'*Pad.* I wish you, Madam, a very good morn- 'ing.

'*Mrs. Mech.* Mr. Paduasoy! Lord, I had lik'd to 'have forgot. You must write an anonymous let- 'ter to the custom-house, and send me some old 'silks to be seized; I must treat the town with a 'bonfire: it will make a fine paragraph for the pa- 'pers, and at the same time advertise the public 'where such things may be had.

'*Pad.* I shan't fail, Madam. [*Exit Paduasoy.*

'*Mrs. Mech.* Who says now that I am not a friend 'to my country? I think the Society for the En- 'couragement of Arts should vote me a premium. 'I am sure I am one of the greatest encouragers of 'our own manufactures. [*Exit Mrs. Mechlin.*

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

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ACT II.—SCENE I.

Enter ZACHARY FUNGUS, ISAAC FUNGUS, *and Mrs.* MECHLIN.

Zac. Fungus.

BROTHER Isaac, you are a blockhead, I tell you. But first answer me this: Can knowledge do a man any harm?

I. Fun. No, sarting; what is befitting a man for to learn.

Z. Fun. To learn! and how should you know what is befitting a gentleman to learn? stick to your trade, master tallow-chandler.

I. Fun. Now, brother Zachary, can you say in your conscience, as how it is decent to be learning to dance, when you ha' almost lost the use of your legs.

Z. Fun. Lost the use of my legs! to see but the malice of men! Do but ax Mrs. Mechlin; now, Ma'am, does not Mrs. Dukes say, that, considering my time, I have made a wonderful progress?

I. Fun. Your time, brother Zac?

Z. Fun. Ay, my time, brother Isaac. Why, I ha'nt been at it passing a couple of months; and we have at our school two aldermen and a serjeant at law, that were full half a year before they could get out of hand.

Mrs. Mech. Very true, Sir.

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Z. Fun. There now, Mrs. Mechlin can vouch it. And pray, Ma'am, does not Master allow, that, of my age, I am the most hopeful scholar he has?

Mrs. Mech. I can't but say, Mr. Isaac, that the 'squire has made a most prodigious improvement.

Z. Fun. Do you hear that? I wish we had but a kit, I would show you what I could do: one, two, three, ha. One, two, three, ha. There are risings and sinkings!

Mrs. Mech. Ay, marry, as light as a cork.

Z. Fun. A'n't it! Why, before next winter is over, he says he'll fit me for dancing in public; and who knows but in Lent you may see me amble at a ridotto with an opera-singer.

Mrs. Mech. And I warrant he acquits himself as well as the best.

I. Fun. Mercy on me! and pray, brother, that thing like a sword in your hand, what may the use of that implement be?

Z. Fun. This? oh, this is a foil.

I. Fun. A foil?

Z. Fun. Ay, a little instrument, by which we who are gentlemen are instructed to kill one another.

I. Fun. To kill! Marry, heaven forbid; I hope you have no such bloody intentions. Why, brother Zac. you was used to be a peaceable man.

Z. Fun. Ay, that was when I was a paltry mechanic, and afraid of the law: but now I am another-guess person; I have been in camps, cantoons, and intrenchments; I have marched over bridges and breaches; I have seen the Ezell and Wezell; I'm

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got as rich as a jew; and if any man dares to affront me, I'll let him know that my trade has been fighting.

I. Fun. Rich as a jew! Ah, Zac, Zac! but if you had not had another-guess trade than fighting, I doubt whether you would have returned altogether so rich: but now you have got all this wealth, why not sit down and enjoy it in quiet?

Z. Fun. Hark ye, Isaac, do you purtend to know life? are you acquainted with the beaux d'espirits of the age?

I. Fun. I don't understand you.

Z. Fun. No, I believe not; then how should you know what belongs to gentility?

I. Fun. And why not as well as you, brother Zac? I hope I am every whit as well born.

Z. Fun. Ay, Isaac, but the breeding is all: consider I have been a gentleman above five years and three quarters, and I think should know a little what belongs to the business; hey, Mrs. Mechlin?

Mrs. Mech. Very true, Sir.

Z. Fun. And as to this foil, do you know, Isaac, in what the art of fencing consists?

I. Fun. How should I?

Z. Fun. Why, it is short; there are but two rules: the first is to give your antagonist as many thrusts as you can; the second, to be caraeful and receive none yourself.

I. Fun. But how is this to be done?

Z. Fun. Oh, easy enough: for, do you see, if you can but divert your adversary's point from the line

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of your body, it is impossible he ever should hit you; and all this is done by a little turn of the wrist, either this way, or that way. But I'll show you: John, bring me a foil. Mrs. Mechlin, it will be worth your observing. Here, brother Isaac——

[*Offers him a foil.*

I. Fun. Not I.

Z. Fun. These bourgois are so frightful. Mrs. Mechlin, will you, Ma'am, do me the favour to push at me, a little? Mind, brother, when she thrusts at me in carte, I do so; and when she pushes in tierce, I do so; and by this means a man is sure to avoid being killed. But it may not be amiss, brother Isaac, to give you the progress of a regular quarrel; and then you will see what sort of a thing a gentlemen is. Now I have been told, d'ye see, brother Isaac, by a friend who has a regard for my honour, that Captain Jenkins, or Hopkins, or Wilkins, or what captain you please, has in public company call'd me a cuckold—

I. Fun. A cuckold! But how can that be? because why, brother Zac. you ben't married.

Z. Fun. But as I am just going to be marry'd, that may very well happen, you know.

Mrs. Mech. True.

Z. Fun. Yes, yes, the thing is natural enough. Well, the Captain has said I am a cuckold. Upon which, the first time I set eyes on Captain Wilkins, either at Vauxhall or at Ranelagh, I accost him in a courteous, genteel-like manner.

I. Fun. And that's more than he merits.

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Z. Fun. Your patience, dear Isaac——in a courteous, gentleman-like manner; Captain Hopkins, your servant.

I. Fun. Why, you call'd him but now, Captain Wilkins.

Z. Fun. Psha! you blockhead, I tell you the name does not signify nothing——Your servant; shall I crave your ear for a moment? The Captain politely replies, Your commands, good Mr. Fungus? Then we walk side by side—come here, Mrs. Mechlin—*(They walk up and down.)* for some time as civil as can be. Mind, brother Isaac.

I. Fun. I do, I do.

Z. Fun. Hey!—no, t'other side, Mrs. Mechlin—that's right—I hear, Captain Wilkins—

I. Fun. I knew it was Wilkins.

Z. Fun. Zounds! Isaac, be quiet—Wilkins, that you have taken some liberties about and concerning of me, which, damme, I don't understand—

I. Fun. Don't swear, brother Zachary.

Z. Fun. Did ever mortal hear the like of this fellow.

I. Fun. But you are grown such a reprobate since you went to the wars—

Z. Fun. Mrs. Mechlin, stop the tongue of that blockhead; why, dunce, I am speaking by rule, and Mrs. Mechlin can tell you that duels and damme's go always together.

Mrs. Mech. O always.

Z. Fun. Which, damme, I don't understand. Liberties with you, cries the Captain; where, when, and in what manner? Last Friday night, in company at the St. Alban's, you call'd me a buck; and more

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over said, that my horns were exalted. Now, Sir, I know very well what was your meaning by that, and therefore demand satisfaction. That, Sir, is what I never deny to a gentleman; but as to you, Mr. Fungus, I can't consent to give you that rank. How, Sir! do you deny my gentility? Oh, that affront must be answered this instant—Draw, Sir. Now push, Mrs. Mechlin. (*They fence.*) There I parry tierce, there I parry carte, there I parry—— Hold, hold, have a care, zooks! Mrs. Mechlin.

I. Fun. Ha, ha, ha! I think you have met with your match; well push'd, Mrs. Mechlin.

Z. Fun. Ay, but instead of pushing in tierce, she push'd me in carte, and came so thick with her thrusts, that it was not in nature to parry them.

I. Fun. Well, well, I am fully convinc'd of your skill; but I think, brother Zac. you hinted an intention of marrying; is that your design?

Z. Fun. Undoubtedly.

I. Fun. And when?

Z. Fun. Why, this evening.

I. Fun. So sudden! and pray, is it a secret; to whom?

Z. Fun. A secret, no; I am proud of the match; she brings me all that I want, her veins full of good blood; such a family! such an alliance! zooks, she has a pedigree as long as the Mall, brother Isaac, with large trees on each side, and all the boughs loaded with lords.

I. Fun. But has the lady no name?

Z. Fun. Name! ay, such a name, Lord, we have nothing like it in London: none of your stunted

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little dwarfish words of one syllable; your Watts, and your Potts, and your Trotts; this rumbles through the throat like a cart with broad wheels. Mrs. Mechlin, you can pronounce it better than me.

Mrs. Mech. Lady Sacharissa Mackirkincroft.

Z. Fun. Kirkincroft! there are a mouthful of syllables for you. Lineally descended from Herculus Alexander Charlemagne Hannibal, earl of Glendower, prime minister to king Malcolm the first.

I. Fun. And are all the parties agreed?

Z. Fun. I can't say quite all; for the right honourable peer that is to be my papa, (who by the by is as proud as the devil) has flatly renounc'd the alliance; calls me here in his letter Plebeian; and says, if we have any children, they will turn out very little better than pyebalds.

I. Fun. And what does the gentlewoman say?

Z. Fun. The gentlewoman! Oh, the gentlewoman, who (between ourselves) is pretty near as high as her father; but, however, my person has prov'd too hard for her pride, and I take the affair to be as good as concluded.

I. Fun. It is resolv'd?

Z. Fun. Fix'd.

I. Fun. I am sorry for it.

Z. Fun. Why so? come, come, brother Isaac, don't be uneasy, I have a shrewd guess at your grievance; but though you may not be suffer'd to see lady Scracarissa at first, yet who knows before long I may have interest enough with her to bring it about; and in the mean time you may dine when you will with the steward.

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I. Fun. You are exceedingly kind.

Z. Fun. Mrs. Mechlin, you don't think my lady will gainsay it?

Mrs. Mech. By no means; it is wonderful, considering her rank, how mild and condescending she is: why, but yesterday, says her ladyship to me, Though Mrs. Mechlin, it can't be suppos'd that I should admit any of the Fungus family into my presence——

Z. Fun. No, no, to be sure; not at first, as I said.

Mrs. Mech. Yet his brother, or any other relation, may dine with the servants every day.

Z. Fun. Do you hear, Isaac? there's your true, inherent nobility, so humble and affable; but people of real rank never have any pride; that is only for upstarts.

I. Fun. Wonderfully gracious: but here, brother Zac, you mistake me; it is not for myself I am sorry.

Z. Fun. Whom then?

I. Fun. For you. Don't you think that your wife will despise you?

Z. Fun. No.

I. Fun. Can you suppose that you will live together a month?

Z. Fun. Yes.

I. Fun. Why, can you bear to walk about your own house like a paltry dependant?

Z. Fun. No.

I. Fun. To have yourself and your orders contemn'd by your servants?

Z. Fun. No.

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I. Fun. To see your property devour'd by your lady's beggarly cousins, who, notwithstanding, won't vouchsafe you a nod?——

Z. Fun. No.

I. Fun. Can you be blind at her bidding, run at her sending, come at her calling, dine by yourself when she has bettermost company, and sleep six nights a-week in the garret?

Z. Fun. No.

I. Fun. Why, will you dare to disobey, have the impudence to dispute the sovereign will and pleasure of a lady like her?

Z. Fun. Ay, marry will I.

I Fun. And don't you expect a whole clan of Andrew Ferraros, with their naked points at your throat?

Z. Fun. No.

I. Fun. Then you don't know half you will have to go through.

Z. Fun. Look you, brother, I know what you would be at; you don't mean I shou'd marry at all.

I. Fun. Indeed, brother Zachary, you wrong me; I shou'd with pleasure see you equally match'd, that is to one of your own rank and condition.

Z. Fun. You wou'd? I don't doubt it; but that is a pleasure you never will have. Look you, Isaac, I have made up my mind; it is a lady I like, and a lady I will have; and if you say any more, I'll not be contented with that, for damme I'll marry a duchess.

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Enter LA FLEUR.

La Fleur. Le Maître pour donner d'eloquence.

Z. Fun. What does the puppy say, Mrs. Mechlin? for you know I can't parler vous.

Mrs. Mech. The gentleman from the city, that is to make you a speaker.

Z. Fun. Odzooks! a special fine fellow; let's have him.

Mrs. Mech. Faites les entres. [*Exit La Fleur.*

I. Fun. Brother, as you are busy, I will take another——

Z. Fun. No, no, this is the finest fellow of all; it is he that is to make me a man; and hark ye, brother, if I should chance to rise in the state, no more words, your business is done.

I. Fun. What, I reckon some member of parliament?

Z. Fun. A member! Lord help you, brother Isaac, this man is a whole senate himself. Why, it is the famous orationer that has publish'd the book.

I. Fun. What, Mr. Gruel?

Z. Fun. The same.

I. Fun. Yes, I have seen his name in the news.

Z. Fun. His knowledge is wonderful; he has told me such secrets: why, do you know, Isaac, by what means 'tis we speak?

I. Fun. Speak! why, we speak with our mouths.

Z. Fun. No, we don't.

I. Fun. No!

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Z. Fun. No. He says we speak by means of the tongue, the teeth, and the throat; and without them we only should bellow.

I. Fun. But surely the mouth—

Z. Fun. The mouth, I tell you, is little or nothing; only just a cavity for the air to pass through.

I. Fun. Indeed!

Z. Fun. That's all; and when the cavity is small, little sounds will come out; when large, the great one's proceed: observe now in whistling and bawling—*(Whistles and bawls.)*——Do you see? Oh, he is a miraculous man!

I. Fun. But of what use is all this?

Z. Fun. But 'tis knowledge, an't it? and of what signification is that, you fool? And then as to use, why, he can make me speak in any manner he pleases; as a lawyer, a merchant, a country gentleman; whatever the subject requires—But here he is.

Enter Mr. GRUEL.

Mr. Gruel, your servant; I have been holding forth in your praise.

Gruel. I make no doubt, Mr. Fungus; but to your declamation, or recitation (as Quintilian more properly terms it), I shall be indepted for much future praise, in as much as the reputation of the scholar does (as I may say) confer, or rather as it were reflect a marvellous kind of lustre on the fame of the master himself.

Z. Fun. There, Isaac, didst ever hear the like?

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he talks just as if it were all out of a book: What wou'd you give to be able to utter such words?

I. Fun. And what shou'd I do with them? them holiday terms wou'd not pass in my shop; there's no buying and selling with them.

Gruel. Your observation is pithy and pertinent. Different stations different idioms demand; polished periods accord ill with the mouths of mechanics; but as that tribe is permitted to circulate a baser kind of coin, for the ease and convenience of inferior traffic, so it is indulg'd with a vernacular or vitious vulgar phraseology, to carry on their interlocutory commerce. But I doubt, Sir, I soar above the region of your comprehension?

I. Fun. Why, if you would come down a step or two, I can't say but I shou'd understand you the better.

Z. Fun. And I too.

Gruel. Then to the familiar I fall: if the gentleman has any ambition to shine at a vestry, a common-hall, or even a convivial club, I can supply him with ample materials.

I. Fun. No, I have no such desire.

Gruel. Not to lose time; your brother here, (for such I find the gentleman is), in other respects a common man like yourself—

Z. Fun. No better.

Gruel. Observe how alter'd by means of my art: are you prepar'd in the speech on the great importance of trade?

Z. Fun. Pretty well, I believe.

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Gruel. Let your gesticulations be chaste, and your muscular movements consistent.

Z. Fun. Never fear———

Enter JENNY, *and whispers Mrs. Mechlin.*

Mrs. Mechlin, you'll stay.

Mrs. Mech. A little business; I'll return in an instant. [*Exit Mrs. Mechlin.*

Gruel. A little here to the left, if you please, Sir; there you will only catch his profile—that's right—now you will have the full force of his face; one, two, three; now off you go.

Z. Fun. When I consider the vast importance of this day's debate; when I revolve the various vicissitudes that this soil has sustain'd; when I ponder what our painted progenitors were, and what we their civilized successors are: when I reflect, that they fed on crab-apples and chesnuts——

Gruel. Pignuts, good Sir, if you please.

Z. Fun. You are right; crab-apples and pig-nuts; and that we feast on green-pease and on custards; when I trace in the recording historical page, that their floods gave them nothing but frogs, and now know we have fish by land-carriage, I am lost in amazement at the prodigious power of commerce. Hail, Commerce! daughter of industry, consort to credit, parent of opulence, full sister to liberty, and great-grandmother to the art of navigation——

I. Fun. Why, this gentlewoman has a pedigree as long as your wife's, brother Zac.

Z. Fun. Prithee, Isaac, be quiet—art of navigati-

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on—a—a—vigitation——Zooks, that fellow has put me quite out.

Gruel. It matters not; this day's performance has largely fulfill'd your yesterday's promise.

Z. Fun. But I han't half done, the best is to come; let me just give him that part about turnpegs—For the sloughs, the mires, the ruts, the impassable bogs, that the languid but generous steed travell'd through; he now pricks up his ears, he neighs, he canters, he capers through a whole region of turnpegs.

Enter Mrs. MECHLIN.

Mrs. Meck. Your riding-master is below.

Z. Fun. Gadso! then here we must end. You'll pardon me, good Mr. Gruel; for as I want to be a finished gentleman as soon as I can, it is impossible for me to stick long to any one thing.

Gruel. Sir, though your exit is rather abrupt, yet the multiplicity of your avocations do (as I may say) in some measure cicatrize the otherwise mortal wound on this occasion sustained by decorum.

Z. Fun. Cicatrize! I could hear him all day. He is a wonderful man. Well, Mr. Gruel, to-morrow we will at it again.

Gruel. You will find me prompt at your slightest volition.

Z. Fun. I wish, brother Isaac, I could have staid; you should have heard me oration away, like a lawyer, about pleadings and presidents; but all in good time. [*Exit Z. Fungus.*

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Mrs. Mech. This gentleman, Sir, will gain you vast credit.

Gruel. Yes, Ma'am, the capabilities of the gentleman, I confess, are enormous; and, as to you I am indebted for this promising pupil, you will permit me to expunge the obligation by an instantaneous and gratis lecture on that species of eloquence peculiar to ladies.

Mrs. Mech. Oh, Sir, I have no sort of occasion—

Gruel. As to that biped, man, (for such I define him to be), a male or masculine manner belongs—

Mrs. Mech. Any other time, good Mr. Gruel.

Gruel. So to that biped, woman, she participating of his general nature, the word *homo* in Latin being promiscuously used as woman or man—

Mrs. Mech. For heav'n's sake.

Gruel. But being cast in a more tender and delicate mold—

Mrs. Mech. Sir, I have twenty people in waiting—

Gruel. The soft, suppliant, insinuating graces—

Mrs. Mech. I must insist——

Gruel. Do appertain (as I may say) in a more peculiar or more particular manner——

Mrs. Mech. Nay then——

Gruel. Her rank in the order of entities——

Mrs. Mech. I must thrust you out of my house.

Gruel. Not calling her forth—

Mrs. Mech. Was there ever such a——

(*Pushing him out.*

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Re-enter GRUEL.

Gruel. To those eminent, hazardous, and (as I may say) perilous conflicts, which so often—

Mrs. Mech. Get down stairs, and be hang'd to you. (*Pushes him out.*) There he goes, as I live, from the top to the bottom; I hope I han't done him a mischief: You ar'n't hurt, Mr. Gruel?—No, all's safe; I hear him going on with his speech; an impertinent puppy!

I. Fun. Impertinent indeed; I wonder all those people don't turn your head, Mrs. Mechlin.

Mrs. Mech. Oh, I am pretty well us'd to 'em. But who comes here? Mr. Isaac, if you will step into the next room, I have something to communicate that well deserves your attention.

[*Exit Isaac Fungus.*

Enter SIMON.

Sim. Dr. Catgut at the foot of the stairs.

Mrs. Mech. The devil he is! What can have brought him at this time of day? Watch, Simon, that nobody comes up whilst he is here. (*Exit Simon.*) I hope he has not heard of the pretty present we sent him to-day.

Enter Dr. CATGUT.

Dr. Cat. Madam Mechlin, your humble. I have, Ma'am, received a couple of compliments from your mansion this morning; one I find from a lodger of yours; the other, I presume, from your

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niece; but for the last, I rather suppose I am indebted to you.

Mrs. Mech. Me! Indeed, Doctor, you are widely mistaken: I assure you, Sir, since your business broke out, I have never sit eyes of her once.

Dr. Cat. Then I am falsely informed.

Mrs. Mech. But, after all, you must own it is but what you deserve: I wonder, Doctor, you don't leave off these tricks.

Dr. Cat. Why, what can I do, Mrs. Mechlin? my constitution requires it.

Mrs. Mech. Indeed! I should not have thought it.

Dr. Cat. Then the dear little devils are so desperately fond.

Mrs. Mech. Without doubt.

Dr. Cat. And for frolic, flirtation; diligence, dress, and address——

Mrs. Mech. To be sure.

Dr. Cat. For what you call genuine gallantry, few men, I flatter myself, will be found that can match me.

Mrs. Mech. Oh, that's a point given up.

Dr. Cat. Hark ye, Molly Mechlin; let me perish, child, you look divinely to-day.

Mrs. Mech. Indeed!

Dr. Cat. But that I have two or three affairs on my hands, I should be positively tempted to trifle with thee a little.

Mrs. Mech. Ay, but, Doctor, consider I am not of a trifling age; it would be only losing your time.

Dr. Cat. Ha, so coy!——But a-propos, Molly,

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this lodger of yours; who is he, and what does he want?

Mrs. Mech. You have heard of the great Mr. Fungus?

Dr. Cat. Well!

Mrs. Mech. Being informed of your skill and abilities, he has sent for you to teach him to sing.

Dr. Cat. Me teach him to sing!——What does the scoundrel mean to affront me?

Mrs. Mech. Affront you!

Dr. Cat. Why, don't you know, child, that I quitted that paltry profession?

Mrs. Mech. Not I.

Dr. Cat. Oh, entirely renounced it.

Mrs. Mech. Then what may you follow at present?

Dr. Cat. Me!——nothing; I am a poet, my dear.

Mrs. Mech. A poet!

Dr. Cat. A poet. The muses; you know I was always fond of the ladies: I suppose you have heard of Shakespeare, and Shadwell, of Tom Brown, and of Milton and Hudibras?

Mrs. Mech. I have.

Dr. Cat. I shall blast all their laurels, by gad; I have just given the public a taste, but there's a belly-full for them in my larder at home.

Mrs. Mech. Upon my word, you surprise me; but pray, is poetry a trade to be learn'd?

Dr. Cat. Doubtless. Capital as I am, I have not acquired it above a couple of years.

Mrs. Mech. And cou'd you communicate your art to another?

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Dr. Cat. To be sure. Why I have here in my pocket, my dear, a whole folio of rhimes, from Z quite to great A. Let us see; A, ay, here it begins, A, ass, pass, grass, mass, lass; and so quite through the alphabet down to Z. Zounds, grounds, mounds, pounds, hounds.

Mrs. Mech. And what do you do with those rhimes?

Dr. Cat. Oh, we supply them.

Mrs. Mech. Supply them?

Dr. Cat. Ay, fill them up, as I will show you. Last week, in a ramble to Dulwich, I made these rhimes into a duet for a new comic opera I have on the stocks. Mind, for I look upon the words as a model for that sort of writing.——First, *she*:

There to see the sluggish ass,
Thro' the meadows as we pass,
Eating up the farmer's grass,
Blyth and merry, by the mass,
As a lively country lass.

Mrs. Mech. Very pretty.

Dr. Cat. A'n't it? Then *he* replies:

Hear the farmer cry out, Zounds!
As he trudges through the grounds,
Yonder beast hath broke my mounds;
If the parish has no pounds,
Kill, and give him to the hounds.

Then da Capo, both join in repeating the last stanza; and this, tack'd to a tolerable tune, will run you for a couple of months. You observe?

Mrs. Mech. Clearly. As our gentleman is desirous

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to learn all kinds of things, I can't help thinking but he will take a fancy to this.

Dr. Cat. In that case, he may command me, my dear; and I promise you, in a couple of months, he shall know as much of the matter as I do.

Mrs. Mech. At present he is a little engaged; but as soon as the honey-moon is over———

Dr. Cat. Honey-moon! Why, is he going to be marry'd?

Mrs. Mech. This evening, I fancy.

Dr. Cat. The finest opportunity in nature for an introduction: I have by me, Ma'am Mechlin, of my own composition, such an epithalmium.

Mrs. Mech. Thalmium, what's that?

Dr. Cat. A kind of an elegy, that we poets compose at the solemnization of weddings.

Mrs. Mech. Oh, ho!

Dr. Cat. It is set to music already, for I still compose for myself.

Mrs. Mech. You do?

Dr. Cat. What think you now of providing a band, and serenading the 'Squire to-night? It will be a pretty extempore compliment.

Mrs. Mech. The prettiest thought in the world. But I hear Mr. Fungus's bell. You'll excuse me, dear Doctor, you may suppose we are busy.

Dr. Cat. No apology then; I'll about it this instant.

Mrs. Mech. As soon as you please. Any thing to get you out of the way. [*Aside, and exit.*

Dr. Cat. Your obsequious, good Madam Mechlin.

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But notwithstanding all your fine speeches, I shrewdly suspect my blessed bargain at home was a present from you; and what shall I do with it?——These little embarrasses we men of intrigue are eternally subject to.—There will be no sending it back; she will never let it enter the house.—Hey, gad, a lucky thought is come into my head——this serenade is finely contrived——Madam Mechlin shall have her cousin again, for I will return her bye-blow in the body of a double base viol; so the bawd shall have a concert as well as the 'Squire.— [*Exit Dr. Catgut.*

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.

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ACT III.—SCENE I.

Enter HARPY, YOUNG LOVELT, *and* JENNY.

Harpy.

TELL your mistress my name is *Harpy*; she knows me, and how precious my time is.

Jen. Mr. Harpy, the attorney of Furnival's Inn?

Har. The same. *(Exit Jenny.)* 'Ay, ay, young 'gentleman, this is your woman; I warrant your 'business is done. You knew Kitty Williams, that 'marry'd Mr. Abednigo Potiphar, the Jew broker?

'*Y. Lov.* I did.

'*Har.* And Robin Rainbow, the happy husband of the widow Champansy, from the isle of St. 'Kitts?

'*Y. Lov.* I have seen him.

'*Har.* All owing to her. Her success in that 'branch of business is wonderful! Why, I dare be-'lieve, since last summer, she has not sent off less 'than forty couple to Edinburgh.

'*Y. Lov.* Indeed! She must be very adroit.

'*Har.* Adroit! You shall judge. I will tell you 'a case: You know the large brick-house at Peck-'ham, with a turret at top?

'*Y. Lov.* Well.

'*Har.* There liv'd Miss Cicely Mite, the only 'daughter of old Mite the cheesemonger, at the 'corner of Newgate-street, just turn'd of fourteen,

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'and under the wing of an old maiden aunt as watch-
'ful as a dragon—but hush—I hear Mrs. Mechlin,
'I'll take another season to finish my tale.'

Y. Lov. But, Mr Harpy, as these kind of women are a good deal given to gossiping, I wou'd rather my real name was a secret till there is a sort of necessity.

Har. Gossiping! She, Lord help you, she is as close as a Catholic confessor.

Y. Lov. That may be; but you must give me leave to insist.

Har. Well, well, as you please.

Enter Mrs. MECHLIN.

Your very humble servant, good Madam Mechlin; I have taken the liberty to introduce a young gentleman, a friend of mine, to crave your assistance.

Mrs. Mech. Any friend of yours, Mr. Harpy;—won't you be seated, Sir?

Y. Lov: Ma'am? [*They sit down.*

Mrs. Mech. And pray, Sir, how can I serve you?

Har. Why, Ma'am, the gentleman's situation is—But, Sir, you had better state your case to Mrs. Mechlin yourself.

Y. Lov. Why, you are to know, Ma'am, that I am just escap'd from the university, where (I need not tell you) you are greatly esteem'd.

Mrs. Mech. Very obliging! I must own, Sir, I have had a very great respect for that learned body ever since they made a near and dear friend of mine a doctor of music.

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Y. Lov. Yes, Ma'am, I remember the gentleman.

Mrs. Mech. Do you know him, Sir? I expect him here every minute to instruct a lodger of mine.

Y. Lov. Not intimately. Just arriv'd, but last night; upon my coming to town, I found my father deceased, and all his fortune devis'd to his relict, my mother.

Mrs. Mech. What, the whole?

Y. Lov. Every shilling. That is, for her life.

Mrs. Mech. And to what sum may it amount?

Y. Lov. My mother is eternally telling me, that after her I shall inherit fifty or sixty thousand at least.

Mrs. Mech. Upon my word, a capital sum.

Y. Lov. But of what use, my dear Mrs. Mechlin, since she refuses to advance me a guinea upon the credit of it; and while the grass grows——You know the proverb——

Mrs. Mech. What, I suppose you want something for present subsistence?

Y. Lov. Just my situation.

Mrs. Mech. Have you thought of nothing for yourself?

Y. Lov. I am resolved to be guided by you.

Mrs. Mech. What do you think of a wife?

Y. Lov. A wife!

Mrs. Mech. Come, come, don't despise my advice: when a young man's finances are low, a wife is a much better resource than a usurer; and there are in this town a number of kind-hearted widows, that take a pleasure in repairing the injuries done by Fortune to handsome young fellows.

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Har. Mrs. Mechlin has reason.

Y. Lov. But, dear Ma'am, what can I do with a wife?

Mrs. Mech. Do!——Why, like other young fellows who marry ladies a little stricken in years; make her your banker and steward. If you say but the word, before night, I'll give you a widow with two thousand a-year in her pocket.

Y. Lov. Two thousand a-year! a pretty employment, if the residence cou'd but be dispens'd with.

Mrs. Mech. What do you mean by residence? Do you think a gentleman, like a pitiful trader, is to be eternally tack'd to his wife's petticoat? When she is in town, be you in the country; as she shifts do you shift. Why, you need not be with her above thirty days in the year; and, let me tell you, you won't find a more easy condition; twelve months subsistence for one month's labour.

Y. Lov. Two thousand a-year, you are sure?

Mrs. Mech. The least penny.

Y. Lov. Well, Madam, you shall dispose of me just as you please.

Mrs. Mech. Very well; if you'll call in half an hour at farthest, I believe we shall finish the business.

Y. Lov. In half an hour?

Mrs. Mech. Precisely. Oh, dispatch is the very life and soul of my trade. Mr. Harpy will tell you my terms: You will find them reasonable enough.

Har. Oh, I am sure we shall have no dispute about those.

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Y. Lov. No, no.—— [*Going.*

Mrs. Mech. Oh, but, Mr. Harpy, it may be proper to mention that the gentlewoman, the party, is upwards of sixty.

Y. Lov. With all my heart; it is the purse, not the person, I want. Sixty! she is quite a girl; I wish with all my soul she was ninety.

Mrs. Mech. Get you gone, you are a devil, I see that.

Y. Lov. Well, for half an hour, sweet Mrs. Mechlin, adieu. [*Exeunt Young Loveit and Harpy.*

Mrs. Mech. Soh! I have provided for my dowager from Devonshire-square; and now to cater for my commissary. Here he comes.

Enter FUNGUS *and* BRIDOUN.

Fun. So, in six weeks——Oh, Mrs. Mechlin, any news from the lady?

Mrs. Mech. I expect her here every moment. She is conscious that in this step she descends from her dignity; but being desirous to screen you from the fury of her noble relations, she is determined to let them see that the act and deed is entirely her own.

Fun. Very kind, very obliging, indeed!—But, Mrs. Mechlin, as the family is so furious, I reckon we shall never be reconcil'd.

Mrs. Mech. I don't know that. When you have bought commissions for her three younger brothers, discharged the mortgage on the paternal estate, and portioned off eight or nine of her sisters, it is not impossible but my Lord may be prevailed on to suffer your name——

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Fun. Do you think so?

Mrs. Mech. But then a work of time, Mr. Fungus.

Fun. Ay, ay; I know very well, things of that kind are not brought about in a hurry.

Mrs. Mech. But I must prepare matters for the lady's reception.

Fun. By all means. The jewels are sent to her ladyship.

Mrs. Mech. To be sure.

Fun. And the ring for her ladyship, and her ladyship's licence?

Mrs. Mech. Ay, ay, and her ladyship's parson too; all are prepar'd.

Fun. Parson! why, won't her ladyship please to be marry'd at Powl's?

Mrs. Mech. Lord, Mr. Fungus, do you think a lady of her rank and condition would bear to be seen in public at once with a person like you?

Fun. That's true, I——

Mrs. Mech. No, no; I have sent to Dr. Ticklet-ext, and the business will be done in the parlour below,

Fun. As you and her ladyship pleases, good Mrs. Mechlin.

Mrs. Mech. You will get dress'd as soon as you can.

Fun. I shall only take a short lesson from Mr. Bridoun, and then wait her ladyship's pleasure.—Mrs. Mechlin, may my brother be by?

Mrs. Mech. Ay, ay, provided his being so is kept a secret from her.

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Fun. Never fear. (*Exit Mrs. Mechlin.*)——Well, Mr. Bridoun, and you think I am mended a little?

Brid. A great deal.

Fun. And that in a month or six weeks I may be able to prance upon a long-tail'd horse in Hyde-park, without any danger of falling?

Brid. Without doubt.

Fun. It will be vast pleasant, in the heat of the day, to canter along the King's-road, side by side with the ladies, in the thick of the dust; but that I must not hope for this summer.

Brid. I don't know that, if you follow it close.

Fun. Never fear, I shan't be sparing of—But come, come, let us get to our business——John, have the carpenters brought home my new horse?

Enter JOHN.

John. It is here, Sir, upon the top of the stairs.

Fun. Then fetch it in, in an instant. (*Exit John.*) What a deal of time and trouble there goes, Mr. Bridoun, to the making a gentlemen. And do your gentlemen-born now (for I reckon you have had of all sorts) take as much pains as we do?

Brid. To be sure; but they begin at an earlier age.

Fun. There is something in that; I did not know but they might be apter, more cuterer, now in catching their larning.

Brid. Dispositions do certainly differ.

Fun. Ay, ay, something in nater, I warrant; as they say the children of blackamoors will swim as soon as they come into the world.

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Enter SERVANTS *with a wooden horse.*

Oh, here he is. Ods me! it is a stately fine beast.

Brid. Here, my lads, place it here—Very well. Where's your switch, Mr. Fungus?

Fun. I have it.

Brid. Now, let me see you vault nimbly into your seat. Zounds! you are got on the wrong side, Mr. Fungus.

Fun. I am so indeed; but we'll soon rectify that. Now we are right; may I have leave to lay hold of the mane?

Brid. If you can't mount him without.

Fun. I will try; but this steed is so devilish tall—Mr. Bridoun, you don't think he'll throw me?

Brid. Never fear.

Fun. Well, if he shou'd, he can't kick; that's one comfort, however.

Brid. Now mind your position.

Fun. Stay till I recover my wind.

Brid. Let your head be erect.

Fun. There.

Brid. And your shoulders fall easily back.

Fun. Ho——there.

Brid. Your switch perpendicular in your right hand—your right——that is it: your left to the bridle.

Fun. There,

Brid. Your knees in, and your toes out.

Fun. There.

Brid. Are you ready?

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Fun. When you will.

Brid. Off you go.

Fun. Don't let him gallop at first.

Brid. Very well: preserve your position.

Fun. I warrant.

Brid. Does he carry you easy?

Fun. All the world like a cradle. But, Mr. Bridoun, I go at a wonderful rate.

Brid. Mind your knees.

Fun. Ay, ay; I can't think but this here horse stands still very near as fast as another can gallop.

Brid. Mind your toes.

Fun. Ho, stop the horse: Zounds! I'm out of the stirrups, I can't sit him no longer; there I go——

[*Falls off.*

Brid. I hope you ar'n't hurt?

Fun. My left hip has a little confusion.

Brid. A trifle, quite an accident; it might happen to the very best rider in England.

Fun. Indeed!

Brid. We have such things happen every day at the manage; but you are vastly improv'd.

Fun. Why, I am grown bolder a little; and, Mr. Bridoun, when do you think I may venture to ride a live horse?

Brid. The very instant you are able to keep your seat on a dead one.——

Enter Mrs. MECHLIN.

Mrs. Mech. Bless me, Mr. Fungus, how you are trifling young time? I expect lady Sacharissa every moment, and see what a trim you are in.

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Fun. I beg pardon, good Madam Mechlin. I'll be equipp'd in a couple of minutes; where will her ladyship please to receive me?

Mrs. Mech. In this room, to be sure; come, stir, stir.

Fun. I have had a little fall from my horse—I'll go as fast as I——Mr. Bridoun, will you lend me a lift? [*Exeunt Fungus and Bridoun.*

Mrs. Mech. There——Jenny, show Mrs. Loveit in here——Who's there?——

Enter SERVANTS.

Pray move that piece of lumber out of the way. Come, come, make haste. Madam, if you'll step in here for a moment.

Enter Mrs. LOVEIT.

Mrs. Lov. So, so, Mrs. Mechlin; well, you see I am true to my time; and how have you throve, my good woman?

Mrs. Mech. Beyond expectations.

Mrs. Lov. Indeed! And have you provided a party?

Mrs. Mech. Ay, and such a party, you might search the town round before you cou'd meet with his fellow: he'll suit you in every respect.

Mrs. Lov. As how, as how, my dear woman?

Mrs. Mech. A gentleman by birth and by breeding; none of your little whipper-snapper Jacks, but a countenance as comely, and a presence as portly; he has one fault indeed, if you can but overlook that.

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Mrs. Lov. What is it?

Mrs. Mech. His age.

Mrs. Lov. Age! How, how?

Mrs. Mech. Why, he is rather under your mark, I am afraid; not above twenty at most.

Mrs. Lov. Well, well, so he answers in every thing else, we must overlook that; for, Mrs. Mechlin, there is no expecting perfection below.

Mrs. Mech. True, Ma'am.

Mrs. Lov. And where is he?

Mrs. Mech. I look for him every minute: if you will but step into the drawing-room; I have given him such a picture, that I am sure he is full as impatient as you.

Mrs. Lov. My dear woman, you are so kind and obliging: But, Mrs. Mechlin, how do I look? Don't flatter me; do you think my figure will strike him?

Mrs. Mech. Or he must be blind.

Mrs. Lov. You may just hint black don't become me, that I am a little paler of late; the loss of a husband one loves will cause an alteration, you know.

Mrs. Mech. True; oh, he will make an allowance for that.

Mrs. Lov. But things will come round in a trice.

[*Exit Mrs. Lovett.*

Enter SIMON.

Sim. Madam, Miss Dolly is dizen'd out, and every thing ready.

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Mrs. Mech. Let her wait for the commissary here; I will introduce him the instant he is dress'd.

[*Exit Mrs. Mechlin.*

Sim. Miss Dolly, you may come in; your aunt will be here in an instant.

Enter DOLLY *and* JENNY.

Dol. Hush, Simon, hush; to your post.

Sim. I am gone—— [*Exit Simon.*

Dol. Well, Jenny, and have I the true quality-air?

Jen. As perfectly, Ma'am, as if you had been bred to the business; and for figure, I defy the first of them all. For my part, I think Mr. Fungus very well off; when the secret comes out, I don't see what right he has to be angry.

Dol. Oh, when once he is noos'd, let him struggle as much as he will, the cord will be drawn only the tighter.

Jen. Ay, ay, we may trust to your management. I hope, Miss, I shall have the honour to follow your fortunes; there will be no bearing this house when once you have left it.

Dol. No, Jenny, it would be barbarous to rob my aunt of so useful a second; besides, for mistress and maid, we rather know one another a little too well.

Jen. Indeed! But here comes Mr. Fungus; remember distance and dignity.

Dol. I warrant you, wench.

Jen. So, I see what I have to hope. Our young filly seems to be secure of her match: but I may

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jostle her the wrong side the post; we will have a trial, however: but I must see and find out the brother.

Enter Z. FUNGUS *and Mrs.* MECHLIN.

Fun. Yes, scarlet is vastly becoming, and takes very much with the ladies; quite proper too, as I have been in the army.

Mrs. Mech. Stay where you are till you are announc'd to the lady—Mr. Fungus begs leave to throw himself at your ladyship's feet.

Del. The mon may dra nigh.

Mrs. Mech. Approach.

Fun. One, two, three, ha! Will that do?

Mrs. Mech. Pretty well.

Fun. May I begin to make love?

Mrs. Mech. When you will.

Fun. Now stand my friend, Mr. Gruel. But she has such a deal of dignity that she dashes me quite.

Mrs. Mech. Courage.

Fun. Here, hold the paper to prompt me in case I shou'd stumble. Madam, or, may it please your ladyship, when I preponderate the grandeur of your high ginnyalogy, and the mercantile meanness of my dingy descent; when I consider that your ancestors, like admiral Anson, sail'd all round the world in the ark; and that it is a matter of doubt whether I ever had any forefathers or no; I totter, I tremble, at the thoughts of my towering ambition——Ah——a, is not Phaeton next?

Mrs. Mech. Hey!—(*Looking at the paper.*) No.

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Luna.

Fun. Right—Ambition—dignity how debas'd, distance how great! it is as if the link should demand an alliance with Luna, or the bushy bramble court the boughs of the stately Scotch fir; it is as if—— What's next?

Mrs. Mech. Next—hey!——I have lost the place, I am afraid——Come, come, enough has been said; you have show'd the sense you entertain of the honour. Upon these occasions, a third person is fittest to cut matters short. Your ladyship hears that—

Dol. Yes, yes, I keen weel enough what the mon wou'd be at. Mrs. Mechlin has spear'd sike things in your great commendations, Mr. Fungus, that I cannot but say I clik'd a fancy to you from the very beginning.

Fun. Much oblig'd to Mrs. Mechlin, indeed, please your la'ship.——

Dol. You ken I am of as auncient a family as any North Briton can boast.

Fun. I know it full well, please your la'ship.

Dol. And that I shall get the ill-wull of a' my kin by this match.

Fun. I am sorry for that, please your la'ship.

Dol. But, after the ceremony, it will be proper to withdraw from town for a short space o' time.

Fun. Please your la'ship, what your la'ship pleases.

Dol. In order to gi' that gossip Scandal just time to tire her tongue.

Fun. True, your la'ship.

Dol. I mun expect that the folk will mak' free wi' my character in choosing sike a consort as you.

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Fun. And with me too, please your la'ship.

Dol. Wi' you, mon!

Mrs. Mech. Hold your tongue.

Dol. Donna you think the honor will dra' mickle envy upon you?

Fun. Oh, to be sure, please your la'ship. I did not mean that.

Dol. Weel, I say, we'll gang into the country.

Fun. As soon as your la'ship pleases; I have a sweet house hard by Reading.

Dol. You ha'? that's right.

Fun. One of the most pleasantest places that can be again.

Dol. Ha' you a good prospect?

Fun. Twenty stage-coaches drive every day by the door, besides carts and gentlemens carriages.

Dol. Ah, that will——

Mrs. Mech. Oh, your ladyship will find all things prepar'd: in the next room the attorney waits with the writings.

Fun. The honour of your la'ship's hand——

Dol. Maister Fungus, you're a little too hasty.

[*Exit Dolly.*

Mrs. Mech. Not till after the nuptials; you must not expect to be too familiar at first.

Fun. Pray, when do you think we shall bring the bedding about?

Mrs. Mech. About the latter end of the year, when the winter sets in.

Fun. Not before?

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Enter YOUNG LOVEIT, *hastily.*

Y. Lov. I hope, Madam Mechlin, I have not exceeded my hour; but I expected Mr. Harpy wou'd call.

Mrs. Mech. He is in the next room with a lady. Oh, Mr. Fungus, this gentleman is ambitious of obtaining the nuptial benediction from the same hands after you.

Fun. He's heartily welcome: What, and is his wife a woman of quality too?

Mrs. Mech. No, no, a cit; but monstrously rich. But your lady will wonder——

Fun. Ay, ay: but you'll follow; for I shan't know what to say to her when we are alone.

[*Exit Fungus.*

Mrs. Mech. I will send you, Sir, your spouse in an instant: the gentlewoman is a widow, so you may throw in what raptures you please.

Y. Lov. Never fear. (*Exit Mrs. Mech.*)—And yet this scene is so new, how to acquit myself—let me recollect—some piece of a play now——"Vouchsafe, divine perfection!"—No, that won't do for a dowager; it is too humble and whining. But see, the door opens, so I have no time for rehearsal——I have it—"Clasp'd in the folds of love, I'll meet my doom, "and act my"——

Enter Mrs. LOVEIT.

Mrs. Lov. Hah!

Y. Lov. By all that's monstrous, my mother!

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Mrs. Lov. That rebel my son, as I live!

Y. Lov. The quotation was quite apropos! Had it been a little darker, I might have reviv'd the story of Edipus.

Mrs. Lov. So, Sirrah, what makes you from your studies?

Y. Lov. A small hint I receiv'd of your inclinations brought me here, Ma'am, in order to prevent, if possible, my father's fortune from going out of the family.

Mrs. Lov. Your father! how dare you disturb his dear ashes? you know well enough how his dear memory melts me; and that at his very name my heart is ready to break.

Y. Lov. Well said, my old matron of Ephesus.

Mrs. Lov. That is what you want, you disobedient unnatural monster: but complete, accomplish your cruelty; send me the same road your villanies forc'd your father to take.

Enter Mrs. MECHLIN.

Mrs. Mech. Hey-day? What the deuse have we here? our old lady in tears!

Mrs. Lov. Disappointed a little; that's all.

Mrs. Mech. Pray, Ma'am what can occasion——

Mrs. Lov. Lord bless me, Mrs. Mechlin, what a blunder you have made!

Mrs. Mech. A blunder! as how?

Mrs. Lov. Do you know who you have brought me?

Mrs. Mech. Not perfectly.

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Mrs. Lov. My own son! that's all.

Mrs. Mech. Your son!

Mrs. Lov. Ay, that rebellious, unnatural——

Mrs. Mech. Blunder indeed! But who could have thought it? why, by your account, Ma'am, I imagin'd your son was a child scarce out of his frocks.

Mrs. Lov. Here's company coming, so my reputation will be blasted for ever.

Mrs. Mech. Never fear, leave the care on't to me.

Enter FUNGUS *and* DOLLY.

Fun. What is the matter? You make such a noise, there is no such thing as minding the writings.

Mrs. Mech. This worthy lady, an old friend of mine, not having set eyes on her son since the death of his father, and being apprised by me that here she might meet with him, came with a true maternal affection to give him a little wholesome advice.

Mrs. Lov. Well said, Mrs. Mechlin.

Mrs. Mech. Which the young man returned in a way so brutal and barbarous, that his poor mother—Be comforted, Ma'am; you had better repose on my bed.

Mrs. Lov. Any where to get out of his sight.

Mrs. Mech. Here Jenny.

Mrs. Lov. Do you think you can procure me another party?

Mrs. Mech. Never doubt it.

Mrs. Lov. Ugh, ugh—— [*Exit coughing.*

Mrs. Mech. Bear up a little, Ma'am.

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Fun. Fie upon you, you have thrown the old gentlewoman into the stericks.

Y. Lov. Sir?

Fun. You a man! you are a scandal, a shame to your sect.

Enter Dr. CATGUT.

Dr. Cat. Come, come, Mrs. Mechlin, are the couple prepar'd? the fiddles are tun'd, the bows ready rosin'd, and the whole band——Oh, you, Sir, are one party, I reckon; but where is the—Ah, Dolly! what, are you here, my dear?

Dol. Soh!

Fun. Dolly! Who the devil can this be?

Dr. Cat. As nice and as spruce too! the bridemaid, I warrant: why, you look as blooming, you slut.

Fun. What can this be? Hark ye, Sir.

Dr. Cat. Well, Sir.

Fun. Don't you think you are rather too familiar with a lady of her rank and condition?

Dr. Cat. Rank and condition! what, Dolly?

Fun. Dolly! what a plague possesses the man? this is no Dolly, I tell you.

Dr. Cat. No!

Fun. No, this is Lady Scracarissa Mackirkincroft.

Dr. Cat. Who!

Fun. Descended from the old, old, old Earl of Glendowery.

Dr. Cat. What, she? Dolly Mechlin?

Fun. Dolly devil; the man's out of his wits, I believe.

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Enter Mrs. MECHLIN.

Oh, Mrs. Mechlin, will you set this matter to rights?

Mrs. Mech. How! Dr. Catgut?

Fun. The strangest fellow here has danc'd up stairs, and has Dolly, Dolly, Dolly'd my lady; who the plague can he be?

Dr. Cat. Oh, apropos, Molly Mechlin; what, is this the man that is to be married? The marriage will never hold good; why he is more frantic and madder——

Fun. Mad! John, fetch me the foils; I'll carte and tierce you, you scoundrel!

Enter ISAAC FUNGUS *and* JENNY.

I. Fun. Where's brother? it a'n't over; you be'n't marry'd, I hope?

Z. Fun. No, I believe not; why, what is the——

I. Fun. Pretty hands you are got into! Your servant, good Madam; what, this is the person, I warrant; ay, how pretty the puppet is painted! Do you know who she is?

Z. Fun. Who she is! without doubt.

I. Fun. No, you don't, brother Zac. only the spawn of that devil incarnate, dress'd out as—

Z. Fun. But hark ye, Isaac, are—don't be in a hurry—are you sure——

I. Fun. Sure—the girl of the house, abhorring their scandalous project, has freely confessed the whole scheme. Jenny, stand forth, and answer boldly to what I shall ask: Is not this wench the woman's niece of the house?

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Jen. I fancy she will hardly deny it.

I. Fun. And is not this mistress of yours a most profligate——

Mrs. Mech. Come, come, Master Isaac, I will save you the trouble, and cut this matter short in an instant.——Well then, this girl, this Dolly, is my niece; and what then?

Z. Fun. And ar'n't you asham'd?

Y. Lov. She asham'd! I wou'd have told you, but I cou'd not get you to listen; why she brought me here to marry my mother.

Z. Fun. Marry your mother!—Lord have mercy on us, what a monster! to draw a young man in to be guilty of incense. But, hark ye, brother Isaac.

[*They retire.*

Dr. Cat. Gad's my life, what a sweet project I have help'd to destroy! But come, Dolly, I'll piece thy broken fortunes again: thou hast a good pretty voice; I'll teach thee a thrill and a shake, perch thee amongst the boughs at one of the gardens; and then as a mistress, which, as the world goes, is a much better station than that of a wife, not the proudest of them all——

Mrs. Mech. Mistress! No, no, we have not managed our matters so badly. Hark ye, Mr. Commissary?

Z. Fun. Well, what do you want?

Mrs. Mech. Do you propose to consummate your nuptials?

Z. Fun. That's a pretty question, indeed!

Mrs. Mech. You have no objection then to paying

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the penalty, the contract here that Mr. Harpy has drawn.

Z. Fun. The contract! hey, brother Isaac!

I. Fun. Let me see it.

Mrs. Mech. Soft you there, my maker of candles, it is as well where it is: but you need not doubt of its goodness; I promise you, the best advice has been taken.

Z. Fun. What a damn'd fiend! what a harpy!

Mrs. Mech. And why so, my good Master Fungus; is it because I have practis'd that trade by retail which you have carried on in the gross? What injury do I do the world? I feed on their follies, 'tis true; and the game, the plunder, is fair: but the fangs of you and your tribe,

A whole people have felt, and for ages will feel.
To their candour and justice I make my appeal;
Tho' a poor humble scourge in a national cause,
As I trust I deserve, I demand your applause.

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PARSONS's MINOR THEATRE.

LAME LOVER.
Act 3. Sc 1.

Digest del. Printed for J. Parsons, 21, Paternoster Row. 1792. Sigas sc.

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THE LAME LOVER.

A COMEDY,

IN THREE ACTS.

WRITTEN BY SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL HAY-MARKET.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

London:

PRINTED BY J. JARVIS,

FOR J. PARSONS, No 21, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1794.

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THE LAME LOVER.

AT his own theatre in the Hay-market, the late Samuel Foote brought out this divetting comedy in the year 1770.

The portraits of Sir Luke Limp, Circuit, and his amiable *partner, are drawn with a master-hand. It is true, material changes mark the progress of time; but these pictures are still entire, and their colouring as fresh as ever.*

It is a subject of no small regret, that, at this moment, there are many who bear too strong a resemblance to our author's Circuit; *held up as a wretch, well studied in the school of iniquity and quibble, and deeply engaged in all the contemptible arts which mark the practice of certain leeches, who cast a stigma on a profession in itself honourable, but which is brought into disgrace by harpies of this description, as unworthy of their calling as detestable to society at large.*

But the time is at hand when the career of these small gentry will be effectually checked.—Enquiry is at work, and reformation is not far distant. In the mean time an effectual bar is thrown down, which needy and ignorant pretenders are forbidden to pass, however they may be inclined to follow the example of their more fortunate masters, who have, in many instances, been taken from the task of brushing the jackets of their superiors in the hall; to pursue that of filling up their parchments at the desk; with this difference only:—in the former capacity, the dirt settled on the hand; in the latter, it became ingrafted in the heart.

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Dramatis Personæ.

HAY-MARKET.

		Men.
Sir Luke Limp,	-	Mr. Foote
Serjeant Circuit,	-	Mr. Vandermere
Colonel Secret,	-	Mr. Robson
Jack, -	-	Mr. Weston
Mr. Woodford,	-	Mr. Knowles
Mr. Fairplay,	-	Mr. Wheeler
First Servant,	-	Mr. Dancer
Second Servant,	-	Mr. Griffiths.
		Women.
Mrs. Circuit,	-	Mrs. Gardner
Charlotte,	-	Mrs. Jewell
Mrs. Simper,	-	Mrs. Saunders
Betty,	-	Mrs. Read.

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PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY MR. GENTLEMAN.

PROLOGUES, like cards of compliment, we find
Most as unmeaning as politely kind;
To beg a favour, or to plead excuse,
Of both appears to be the gen'ral use.
Shall my words, tipt with flattery, prepare
A kind exertion of your tend'rest care?
Shall I present our Author to your sight,
All pale and trembling for his fate this night?
Shall I solicit the most pow'rful arms
To aid his cause—the force of beauty's charms!
Or tell each critic, his approving taste
Must give the Sterling stamp, wherever plac'd?
This might be done—but so to seek applause
Argues a conscious weakness in the cause.
No—let the Muse in simple truth appear,
Reason and *Nature* are the judges here:
If by their strict and self-describing laws,
The sev'ral characters to-night she draws;
If from the whole a pleasing piece is made,
On the true principles of light and shade;
Struck with the harmony of just design,
Your eyes—your ears—your hearts, will all combine

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To grant applause:—but if an erring hand
Gross disproportion marks in motley band,
If the group'd figures false connections show,
And glaring colours without meaning glow;
Your wounded feelings, turn'd a diff'rent way,
Will justly damn—th' *abortion* of a play.

As Farquhar has observ'd, our English law,
Like a fair spreading oak, the Muse should draw,
By Providence design'd, and wisdom made
For honesty to thrive beneath its shade;
Yet from its boughs some insects shelter find,
Dead to each nobler feeling of the mind,
Who thrive, alas! too well, and never cease
To prey on justice, property, and peace.

At such to-night, with other *legal* game,
Our vent'rous author takes satiric aim;
And brings he hopes, originals to view,
Not pilfers from th' Old Magpie nor the New *.
But will to Candour cheerfully submit;
She reigns in boxes, galleries, and pit.

* Alluding to Mr. Garrick's Prologue to the Jubilee.

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THE LAME LOVER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter SERJEANT CIRCUIT *and* CHARLOTTE.

Charlotte.

I TELL you, Sir, his love to me is all a pretence; it is amazing that you, who are so acute, so quick in discerning on other occasions, should be so blind upon this.

Serj. But where are your proofs, Charlotte? What signifies your opening matters which your evidence cannot support?

Char. Surely, Sir, strong circumstances in every court should have weight.

Serj. So they have collaterally, child, that is, by way, as it were, of corroboration, or where matters are doubtful; then indeed, as Plowden wisely observes, "Les circonstances ajout beaucoup depoids "aux faits."—You understand me?

Char. Not perfectly well.

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Serj. Then to explain by case in point; A, we will suppose, my dear, robs B of a watch upon Hounslow-Heath—dy'e mind, child?

Char. I do, Sir.

Serj. A is taken up and is indicted; B swears positively to the identity of A.—Dy'e observe?

Char. Attentively.

Serj. Then what does me A, but sets up the alib C to defeat the affidavit of B.—You take me?

Char. Clearly.

Serj. So far you see then the balance is even.

Char. True.

Serj. But then to turn the scale, child, against A in favour of B, they produce the circumstance D, viz. B's watch found in the pocket of A; upon which the testimony of C being contradicted by B,—no, by D,—why then A, that is to say C,—no D,—joining B, they convict C,—no, no, A,—against the affidavit of C.—So this being pretty clear, child, I leave the application to you.

Char. Very obliging, Sir. But suppose now, Sir, it should appear that the attention of Sir Luke Limp is directed to some other object, would not that induse you to—

Serj. Other object! Where?

Char. In this very house.

Serj. Here! why the girl is non compos; there's nobody here, child, but a parcel of Abigails.

Char. No, Sir?

Serj. No.

Char. Yes, Sir, one person else.

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Serj. Who is that?

Char. But remember, Sir, my accusation is confined to Sir Luke.

Serj. Well, well.

Char. Suppose then, Sir, those powerful charms which made a conquest of you, may have extended their empire over the heart of Sir Luke.

Serj. Why, hussy, you don't hint at your mother-in-law?

Char. Indeed, Sir, but I do.

Serj. Ay; why this is point blank treason against my sovereign authority: but can you, Charlotte, bring proof of any overt acts?

Char. Overt acts!

Serj. Ay; that is, any declaration by writing, or even word of mouth, is sufficient; then let 'em demur if they dare.

Char. I can't say that, Sir; but another organ has been pretty explicit.

Serj. Which?

Char. In those cases a very infallible one—the eye.

Serj. Pshaw! nonsense and stuff.—The eye!—The eye has no authority in a court of law.

Char. Perhaps not, Sir; but it is a decisive evidence in a court of love.

Serj. Hark you, hussy, why you would not file an information against the virtue of Madam your mother; you would not insinuate that she has been guilty of crim. con.?

Char. Sir, you mistake me; it is not the lady, but the gentleman, I am about to impeach.

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Serj. Have a care, Charlotte! I see on what ground your action is founded—jealousy.

Char. You were never more deceiv'd in your life; for it is impossible, my dear Sir, that jealousy can subsist without love.

Serj. Well.

Char. And from that passion (thank heaven) I am pretty free at present.

Serj. Indeed!

Char. A sweet object to excite tender desires!

Serj. And why not hussy?

Char. First, as to his years.

Serj. What then?

Char. I own, Sir, age procures honour, but I believe it is very rarely productive of love.

Serj. Mighty well.

Char. And tho' the loss of a leg can't be imputed to Sir Luke Limp as a fault—

Serj. How!

Char. I hope, Sir, at least you will allow it a misfortune.

Serj. Indeed!

Char. A pretty thing truly, for a girl, at my time of life, to be ty'd to a man with one foot in the grave.

Serj. One foot in the grave! the rest of his body is not a whit the nearer for that.—There has been only an execution issued against part of his personals, his real estate is unencumbered and free——besides, you see he does not mind it a whit, but is as alert, and as merry, as a defendant after non-suiting a plaintiff for omitting an S,

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Char. O, Sir! I know how proud Sir Luke is of his leg, and have often heard him declare, that he would not change his bit of timber for the best flesh and bone in the kingdom.

Serj. There's a hero for you!

Char. To be sure, sustaining unavoidable evils with constancy is a certain sign of greatness of mind.

Serj. Doubtless.

Char. But then to derive a vanity from a misfortune, will not I'm afraid be admitted as a vast instance of wisdom, and indeed looks as if the man had nothing better to distinguish himself by.

Serj. How does that follow!

Char. By inuendo.

Serj. Negatur.

Char. Besides, Sir, I have other proofs of your hero's vanity, not inferior to that I have mention'd.

Serj. Cite them.

Char. The paltry ambition of levying and following titles.

Serj. Titles! I don't understand you.

Char. I mean the poverty of fastening in public upon men of distinction, for no other reason but because of their rank; adhering to Sir John till the Baronet is superseded by my Lord; quitting the puny Peer for an Earl; and sacrificing all three to a Duke.

Serj. Keeping good company! a laudable ambition.

Char. True, Sir, if the virtues that procur'd the father a peerage could with that be entail'd on the son.

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Serj. Have a care, hussy—there are severe laws against speaking evil of dignities—

Char. Sir!

Serj. Scandalum magnatum is a statute must not be trifled with: why, you are not one of those vulgar sluts that think a man the worse for being a Lord?

Char. No, Sir; I am contented with only not thinking him the better.

Serj. For all this, I believe, hussy, a right honourable proposal would soon make you alter your mind.

Char. Not unless the proposer had other qualities than what he possesses by patent. Besides, Sir, you know Sir Luke is a devotee to the bottle.

Serj. Not a whit the less honest for that.

Char. It occasions one evil at least; that when under its influence, he generally reveals all, sometimes more than he knows.

Serj. Proofs of an open temper, you baggage: but, come, come, all these are but trifling objections.

Char. You mean, Sir, they prove the object a trifle.

Serj. Why, you pert jade, do you play on my words? I say Sir Luke is—

Char. Nobody.

Serj. Nobody! how the deuse do you make that out?—He is neither person attainted or outlaw'd; may in any of his majesty's courts sue or be sued, appear by attorney, or in propria persona; can acquire, buy, procure, purchase, possess, and inherit, not only personalties, such as goods and chattels, but

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even realties, as all lands, tenements, and hereditaments, whatsoever and wheresoever.

Char. But, Sir—

Serj. Nay, further child, he may sell, give, bestow, bequeath, devise, demise, lease, or to farm, let, ditto lands, to any person whomsoever—and—

Char. Without doubt, Sir; but there are notwithstanding in this town a great number of nobodies, not described by Lord Coke.

Serj. Hey!

Char. There is your next-door neighbour, Sir Harry Hen, an absolute blank.

Serj. How so, Mrs. Pert?

Char. What, Sir! a man who is not suffer'd to hear, see, smell, or in short to enjoy the free use of any one of his senses; who, instead of having a positive will of his own, is deny'd even a paltry negative; who can neither resolve or reply, consent or deny, without first obtaining the leave of his lady: an absolute monarch to sink into the sneaking state of being a slave to one of his subject—Oh fye!

Serj. Why, to be sure, Sir Harry Hen, is, as I may say—

Char. Nobody, Sir, in the fullest sense of the word—Then your client Lord Solo.

Serj. Heyday!—Why, you would not annihilate a peer of the realm, with a prodigious estate and an allow'd judge too of the elegant arts?

Char. O yes, Sir, I am no stranger to that nobleman's attributes; but then, Sir, please to consider, his power as a peer he gives up to a proxy; the di-

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rection of his estate to a rapacious, artful attorney; and as to his skill in the elegant arts, I presume you confine them to painting and music. He is directed in the first by Mynheer Van Eisel, a Dutch dauber; and in the last is but the echo of Signora Florenza, his Lordship's mistress, and an opera singer.

Serj. Mercy upon us! at what a rate the jade runs!

Char. In short, Sir, I define every individual, who ceasing to act for himself, becomes the tool, the mere engine, of another man's will, to be nothing more than a cypher.

Serj. At this rate the jade will half unpeople the world: but what is all this to Sir Luke? to him not one of your cases apply.

Char. Every one—Sir Luke has not a first principle in his whole composition; not only his pleasures, but even his passions, are prompted by others; and he is as much directed to the objects of his love and his hatred, as in his eating, drinking, and sleeping. Nay, though he is active, and eternally busy, yet his own private affairs are neglected; and he would not scruple to break an appointment that was to determine a considerable part of his property, in order to exchange a couple of hounds for a lord, or to buy a pad-nag for a lady. In a word—but he's at hand, and will explain himself best; I hear his stump on the stairs.

Serj. I hope you will preserve a little decency before your lover at least.

Char. Lover! ha, ha, ha!

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Enter Sir LUKE LIMP.

Sir. Luke. Mr. Serjeant your slave—Ah! are you there my little—O Lord! Miss, let me tell you something for fear of forgetting—Do you know that you are new-christen'd, and have had me for a gossip?

Char. Christen'd! I don't understand you.

Sir Luke. Then lend me your ear—Why, last night, as Colonel Kill 'em, Sir William Weezy, Lord Frederick Foretop, and I, were carelessly sliding the Ranelagh round, picking our teeth, after a damn'd muzzy dinner at Boodle's, who should trip by but an abbess, well known about town, with a smart little nun in her suit. Says Weezy (who between ourselves, is as husky as hell) Who is that? odds flesh, she's a delicate wench! Zounds! cried Lord Frederick, where can Weezy have been, not to have seen the Harrietta before? for you must know Frederick is a bit of Macaroni, and adores the soft Italian termination in *a*.

Char. He does?

Sir Luke. Yes, a delitanti all over.—Before? replied Weezy; crush me if ever I saw any thing half so handsome before!—No! replied I in an instant; Colonel, what will Weezy say when he sees the Charlotta?—Hey! you little——

Char. Meaning me, I presume.

Sir Luke. Without doubt; and you have been toasted by that name ever since.

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Serj. What a vast fund of spirits he has!

Sir Luke. And why not, my old splitter of causes?

Serj. I was just telling Charlotte, that you was not a whit the worse for the loss.

Sir Luke. The worse! much the better, my dear. Consider, I can have neither strain, splint, spavin, or gout; have no fear of corns, kibes, or that another man should kick my shins, or tread on my toes.

Serj. Right.

Sir Luke. What, d'ye think I would change with Bill Spindle for one of his drumsticks, or chop with Lord Lumber for both of his logs?

Serj. No!

Sir Luke. No, damn it, I am much better.—Look there—Ha!—What is there I am not able to do! To be sure I am a little awkward at running; but then to make me amends, I'll hop with any man in town for his sum.

Serj. Ay, and I'll go his halves.

Sir Luke. Then as to your dancing, I am cut out at Madam Cornelly's, I grant, because of the crowd; but as far as a private set of six couple, or moving a chair-minuet, match me who can.

Char. A chair-minuet! I don't understand you.

Sir Luke. Why, child, all grace is confined to the motion of the head, arms, and chest, which may sitting be as fully displayed as if one had as many legs as a polympus—As thus—tol de rol—don't you see?

Serj. Very plain.

Sir Luke. A leg! a redundancy! a mere nothing at all. Man is from nature an extravagant creature,

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In my opinion, we might all be full as well as we are with but half the things that we have.

Char. Ay, Sir Luke; how do you prove that?

Sir Luke. By constant experience.—You must have seen the man who makes and uses pens without hands.

Serj. I have,

Sir Luke. And not a twelvemonth agone, I lost my way in a fog, at Mile-end, and was conducted to my house in May-Fair by a man as blind as a beetle.

Serj. Wonderful!

Sir Luke. And as to hearing and speaking, those organs are of no manner of use in the world.

Serj. How!

Sir Luke. If you doubt it, I will introduce you to a whole family, dumb as oysters, and deaf as the dead, who chatter from morning till night by only the help of their fingers.

Serj. Why, Charlotte, these are cases in point.

Sir Luke. Oh! clear as a trout-stream; and it is not only, my little Charlotte, that this piece of timber answers every purpose, but it has procured me many a bit of fun in my time.

Serj. Ay!

Sir Luke. Why, it was but last summer at Tunbridge, we were plagued the whole season with a bullet-headed Swiss from the canton of Bern, who was always boasting what and how much he dared do; and then, as to pain, no Stoic, not Diogenes held it more in contempt. By gods, he vas no more

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minds it dan nothings at all—So foregad, I gave my German a challenge.

Serj. As how!—Mind, Charlotte.

Sir Luke. Why, to drive a corkin-pin into the calves of our legs.

Serj. Well, well.

Sir Luke. Mine you may imagine, was easily done—but when it came to the Baron—

Serj. Ay, ay.

Sir Luke. Our modern Cato soon lost his coolness and courage, screw'd his nose up to his foretop, rapp'd out a dozen oaths in High Dutch, limp'd away to his lodgings, and was there laid up for a month—Ha, ha, ha!

Enter a SERVANT, *and delivers a card to Sir Luke.*

Sir Luke reads.—"Sir Gregory Goose desires the "honour of Sir Luke Limp's company to dine. An "answer is desired." Gadso! a little unlucky; I have been engag'd for these three weeks.

Serj. What, I find Sir Gregory is return'd for the corporation of *Fleesum*.

Sir Luke. Is he so? Oh ho!—That alters the case.—George, give my compliments to Sir Gregory, and I'll certainly come and dine there. Order Joe to run to alderman Inkle's in Threadneedle-street; sorry can't wait upon him, but confin'd to bed two days with *new influenza*.

Char. You make light, Sir Luke, of these sort of engagements.

Sir Luke. What can a man do? These damn'd fellows (when one has the misfortune to meet them)

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take scandalous advantage; teaze, when will you do me the honour, pray, Sir Luke, to take a bit of mutton with me? do you name the day.—They are as bad as a beggar, who attacks your coach at the mounting of a hill; there is no getting rid of them, without a penny to one and a promise to t'other.

Serj. True; and then for such a time too—three weeks! I wonder they expect folks to remember. It is like a retainer in Michaelmas term for the summer assizes.

Sir Luke. Not but upon these occasions, no man in England is more punctual than——

Enter a SERVANT, *who gives Sir Luke a letter.*

From whom?

Serv. Earl of Brentford. The servant waits for an answer.

Sir Luke. Answer!—By your leave, Mr. Serjeant and Charlotte (*Reads.*) "Taste for music—Mons. "Duport—fail—Dinner upon table at five"—Gadso! I hope Sir Gregory's servant an't gone.

Serv. Immediately upon receiving the answer.

Sir Luke. Run after him as fast as you can—tell him, quite in despair—recollect an engagement that can't in nature be missed,—and return in an instant.

Char. You see, Sir, the Knight must give way for my Lord.

Sir Luke. No, faith, it is not that, my dear Charlotte; you saw that was quite an extempore business, —No, hang it, no, it is not for the title; but, to tell

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you the truth, Brentford has more wit than any man in the world; it is that makes me fond of his house.

Char. By the choice of his company he gives an unanswerable instance of that.

Sir Luke. You are right, my dear girl. But now to give you a proof of his wit; You know Brentford's finances are a little out of repair, which procures him some visits that he would very gladly excuse.

Serj. What need he fear? His person is sacred; for by the tenth of William and Mary——

Sir Luke. He knows that well enough; but for all that——

Serj. Indeed, by a late act of his own house, (which does them infinite honour) his goods or chattels may be——

Sir Luke. Seiz'd upon when they can find them; but he lives in ready-furnish'd lodgings, and hires his coach by the month.

Serj. Nay, if the sheriff return "non inventus."—

Sir Luke. A pox o'your law, you make me lose sight of my story. One morning, a Welch coach-maker came with his bill to my Lord, whose name was unluckily Loyd. My Lord had the man up. You are call'd, I think, Mr. Loyd?—At your Lordship's service, my Lord.——What, Loyd with an L?—It was with an L indeed, my Lord.—Because in your part of the world I have heard that Loyd and Floyd were synonymous, the very same names.—Very often, indeed, my Lord.—But you always spell yours with an L?—Always.—That, Mr. Loyd, is a

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little unlucky; for you must know I am now paying my debts alphabetically, and in four or five years you might have come in with an F; but I am afraid I can give you no hopes for your L.——Ha, ha, ha!

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. There was no overtaking the Servant.

Sir Luke. That is unlucky: Tell my Lord I'll attend him.—I'll call on Sir Gregory myself.

Serj. Why, you won't leave us, Sir Luke?

Sir Luke. Pardon, dear Serjeant and Charlotte; have a thousand things to do for half a million of people, positively: promised to procure a husband for Lady Cicely Sulky, and match a coach-horse for Brigadier Whip; after that, must run into the city to borrow a thousand for young At-all at Almack's; send a Cheshire cheese by the stage to Sir Timothy Tankard in Suffolk; and get at the Herald's office a coat of arms to clap on the coach of Billy Bengal, a nabob newly arriv'd: so you see I have not a moment to lose.

Serj. True, true.

Sir Luke. At your toilet to-morrow at ten you may—

Enter a SERVANT *abruptly and runs against Sir Luke.* Can't you see where you are running, you rascal!

Serv. Sir, his Grace the Duke of——

Sir Luke. Grace! where is he?—Where—

Serv. In his coach at the door.—If you an't better engag'd, would be glad of your company to go into the city, and take a dinner at Dolly's.

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Sir Luke. In his own coach, did you say?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Sir Luke. With the coronets,—or—

Serv. I believe so.

Sir Luke. There's no resisting of that.—Bid Joe run to Sir Gregory Goose's.

Serv. He is already gone to Alderman Inkle's.

Sir Luke. Then do you step to the Knight—hey!—no—you must go to my Lord's—hold, hold, no—I have it—Step first to Sir Greg's, then pop in at Lord Brentford's just as the company are going to dinner.

Serv. What shall I say to Sir Gregory?

Sir Luke. Any thing—what I told you before.

Serv. And what to my Lord?

Sir Luke. What!—Why tell him that my uncle from Epsom—no—that won't do, for he knows I don't care a farthing for him—hey!—Why tell him—hold, I have it.—Tell him, that as I was going into my chair to obey his commands, I was arrested by a couple of bailiffs, forced into a hackney-coach, and carried to the Py'd Bull in the Borough; I beg ten thousand pardons for making his Grace wait, but his Grace knows my misfor—— [*Exit Sir Luke.*

Char. Well, Sir, what d'ye think of the proofs? I flatter myself I have pretty well established my case.

Serj. Why, hussy, you have hit upon points; but then they are but trifling flaws, they don't vitiate the title, that stands unimpeach'd; and—But, Madam, your mother.

Enter Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Mrs. Cir. What have you done with the Knight?

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—Why, you have not let him depart?

Char. It was not in my power to keep him.

Mrs. Cir. I don't wonder at that; but what took him away?

Char. What will at any time take him away—a Duke at the door.

Mrs. Cir. Are you certain of that?

Serj. Why, truly, chuck, his retreat was rather precipitate for a man that is just going to be marry'd.

Mrs. Cir. The prospect of marriage does not always prove the strongest attachment.

Serj. Pardon me, lovee; the law allows no higher consideration than marriage.

Mrs. Cir. Pshaw!

Serj. Insomuch, that if Duke A was to intermarry with chambermaid B, difference of condition would prove no bar to the settlement.

Mrs. Cir. Indeed!

Serj. Ay; and this was held to be law by Chief Baron Bind 'em, to the famous case of the Marquis of Cully and Fanny Flip-flap, the French dancer.

Mrs. Cir. The greater blockhead the Baron: but don't pester me with your odious law-cases.—Did not you tell me you was to go to Kingston to-day to try the crown causes?

Serj. I was begg'd to attend for fear his Lordship should not be able to sit; but if it proves inconvenient to you—

Mrs. Cir. To me! Oh, by no means in the world; I am too good a subject to desire the least delay in the law's execution. And when d'ye set out?

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Serj. Between one and two. I shall only just give a law lecture to Jack.

Mrs. Cir. Lord! I wonder Mr. Circuit you would breed that boy up to the bar.

Serj. Why not, chuck? He has fine steady parts, and for his time moots a point—

Mrs. Cir. Steady! stupid you mean: nothing sure cou'd add to his heaviness but the being loaded with law. Why don't you put him into the army?

Serj. Nay, chuck, if you choose it, I believe I have interest to get Jack a commission.

Mrs. Cir. Why, Mr. Circuit, you know he is no son of mine; perhaps a cockade may animate the lad with some fire.

Serj. True, lovee; and a knowledge of the law mayn't be amiss to restrain his fire a little.

Mrs. Cir. I believe there is very little danger of his exceeding in that way.

Serj. Charlotte, send hither your brother.

[*Exit Charlotte.*

Mrs. Cir. I'll not interrupt you.

Serj. Far from it, lovee; I should be glad to have you a witness of Jacky's improvement.

Mrs. Cir. Of that I am no judge; besides, I am full of business to-day—There is to be a ballot at one for the *Ladies Club* lately established, and Lady Bab Basto has proposed me for a member.——Pray, my dear, when will you let me have that money to pay my Lord Loo?

Serj. The three hundred you mean?

Mrs. Cir. And besides, there is my debt to Kitty

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Cribbage. I protest I almost blush whenever I meet them.

Serj. Why really, lovee, 'tis a large sum of money.—Now, were I worthy to throw in a little advice, we might make a pretty good hand of this business.

Mrs. Cir. I don't understand you.

Serj. Bring an action against them on the statute in the name of my clerk; and so not only rescue the *debt* from their hands, but recover likewise considerable *damages*.

Mrs. Cir. A pretty conceit, Mr. Serjeant! but does it not occur to your wisdom, that as I have (by the help of Captain Dog) been oftener a winner than loser, the tables may be turned upon *us*?

Serj. No, no, chuck, that did not escape me; I have provided for that.—Do you know, by the law, both parties are equally culpable; so that, lovee, we shall be able to fleece your friends not only of what they have *won* of poor dearee, but likewise for what they have *lost*.

Mrs. Cir. Why, what a paltry, pettifogging puppy art thou!—And could you suppose that I would submit to the scandalous office?

Serj. Scandalous! I don't understand this strange perversion of words. The scandal lies in *breaking* the *laws*, not in bringing the offenders to *justice*.

Mrs. Cir. Mean-spirited wretch!—What, do you suppose that those laws could be levell'd against people of their high rank and condition? Can it be thought that any set of men would submit to lay let

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gal restraints on *themselves?*—Absurd and preposterous!

Serj. Why, by their public practice, my love, one would suspect that they thought themselves excepted by a particular clause.

Mrs. Cir. Oh, to be sure; not the least doubt can be made.

Serj. True, chuck—But then your great friends should never complain of highwaymen stopping their coaches, or thieves breaking into their houses.

Mrs. Cir. Why, what has that to do with the business?

Serj. Oh! the natural conssquence, lovee; for whilst the superiors are throwing away their fortunes, and consequently their independence *above*—you can't think but their domestics are following their examples *below*.

Mrs. Cir. Well, and what then?

Serj. Then! the same distress that throws the master and mistress into the power of any who are willing to purchase them, by a regular gradation, seduces the servants to actions, though more *criminal* perhaps not more *atrocious*.

Mrs. Cir. Pshaw! stuff!—I have no need to examine your dirty distinctions—Don't tease me with your jargon—I have told you the sums I shall want, so take care they are ready at your returning from Kingston.—Nay, don't hesitate; recollect your own state of the case, and remember my honour is in pawn, and must some way or other be redeem'd by the end of the week. [*Exit.*

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Serj. (*Solus.*) My honour is in pawn!——Good Lord! how a century will alter the meaning of words!—Formerly, *chastity* was the honour of women, and *good faith* and *integrity* the honour of men: but *now*, a lady who ruins her family by punctually paying her losses at play, and a gentleman who kills his best friend in some trifling frivolous quarrel, are your only tip-toe people of *honour*. Well, let them go on, it brings grist to our mill: for whilst both the sexes stick firm to their *honour*, we shall never want business either at Doctor's Commons or the Old Bailey. [*Exit.*

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

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ACT II.—SCENE I.

Enter Serjeant CIRCUIT, *and* JACK.

Serjeant.

JACK, let Will bring the chaise to the door.

Jack. Mr. Fairplay, Sir, the attorney, begs to speak a few words.

Serj. How often have I told you, that I will see none of these sort of folks but at chambers; you know how angry your mother is at their rapping, and littering the house.

Jack. He says, Sir, he will not detain you five minutes.

Serj. Well, bid him walk in.

Enter FAIRPLAY.

Well, Mr. Fairplay, what's your will?

Fair. I just call'd, Mr. Serjeant, to know your opinion upon the case of young Woodford, and if you like the proposal of being concern'd.

Serj. If it turns out as you state it, and that the father of the lad was really a minor, the Essex estate may without doubt be recover'd; and so may the lands in the North.

Fair. We have full proofs to that fact.

Serj. May be so; but really, Mr. Fairplay, you know the length of time that these kind of suits—

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Fair. True, Sir, but then your experience will shorten, I appreh——

Serj. That's more than I know; and then not only my fees lying dormant, but perhaps an expectation of money advanc'd.

Fair. The property, Sir, is of very great value, and, upon the recovery, any acknowledgment shall be readily made.

Serj. There again, *any!* do you know that in law, that the word *any* has no meaning at all? besides, when people are in distress, they are lavish enough of their offers; but when their business is done, then we have nothing but grumbling and grudging.

Fair. You have only to dictate your terms.

Serj. Does the lad live in town?

Fair. He has been under my care since the death of his father. I have given him as good an education as my narrow fortune would let me. He is now studying the law in the Temple, in hopes, that should he fail of other assistance, he may be able one day to do *himself* justice.

Serj. In the Temple?

Fair. Yes, Sir, in those little chambers just over your head—I fancy the young gentleman knows him.

Jack. Who? Mr. Woodford? Lord, as well as myself. He is a sweet sober youth, and will one day make a vast figure, I am sure.

Serj. Indeed!

Jack. I am positive, Sir, if you were to hear him

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speak of the Robinhood in the Butcher-row, you would say so yourself. Why, he is now reckon'd the third. Except the breeches-maker from Barbican, and Sawney Sinclair the snuffman, there is not a mortal can touch him.

Serj. Peace, puppy. Well, Mr. Fairplay, leave the papers a little longer with me, and pray who is employ'd against you?

Fair. A city attorney, one Sheepskin.

Serj. A cunning fellow; I know him. Well, Sir, if you will call at Pump-court in a week.

Fair. I shall attend you.

Serj. Jack, open the door for Mr.—[*Exeunt Fairplay and Jack.*] Something may be made of this matter. I'll use this Sheepskin myself. So much in future for carrying on the suit, or so much in hand to make it miscarry. A wise man should well weigh which party to take for.

Enter JACK.

So, Jack, any body at chambers to-day?

Jack. Fieri Facias from Fetter-lane, about the bill to be filed by Kit Crape against Will Vizard this term.

Serj. Praying for an equal partition of plunder?

Jack. Yes, Sir.

Serj. Strange world we live in, that even highwaymen can't be true to each other! (*half aside to himself.*) But we shall make master Vizard refund; we'll show him what long hands the law has.

Jack. Facias says, that in all the books he can't hit a precedent.

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Serj. Then I'll make one myself; *aut inveniam, aut faciam*, has been always my motto. The charge must be made for partnership profit, by bartering lead and gun-powder against money, watches, and rings, on Epping-forest, Hounslow-heath, and other parts of the kingdom.

Jack. He says, if the court should get scent of the scheme, the parties would all stand committed.

Serj. Cowardly rascal! but, however, the caution may'nt prove amiss. (*Aside.*) I'll not put my own name to the bill.

Jack. The declaration too is deliver'd in the cause of Roger Rapp'em against Sir Solomon Simple.

Serj. What, the affair of the note?

Jack. Yes.

Serj. Why, he is clear that his client never gave such a note.

Jack. Defendant never saw plaintiff since the hour he was born; but, notwithstanding, they have three witnesses to prove a consideration and signing the note.

Serj. They have.

Jack. He is puzzled what plea to put in.

Serj. *Three* witnesses ready, you say?

Jack. Yes.

Serj. Tell him Simple must acknowledge the note, (*Jack starts.*) and bid him, against the trial comes on, to procure *four* persons at least to prove the payment at the Crown and Anchor, the 10th of December.

Jack. But then how comes the note to remain in plaintiff's possession?

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Serj. Well put, Jack; but we have a *salvo* for that, plaintiff happen'd not to have the note in his pocket, but promis'd to deliver it up when call'd thereunto by defendant.

Jack. That will do rarely.

Serj. Let the defence be a secret; for I see we have able people to deal with. But come, child, not to lose time, have you carefully conn'd those instructions I gave you?

Jack. Yes, Sir.

Serj. Well, that we shall see. How many points are the great object of practice?

Jack. Two.

Serj. Which are they?

Jack. The first is to put a man into possession of what is his right.

Serj. The second?

Jack. Either to deprive a man of what is *really* his right, or to keep him as long as possible *out* of possession.

Serj. Good boy! To gain the last end, what are the best means to be us'd?

Jack. Various and many are the legal modes of delay.

Serj. Name them.

Jack. Injunctions, demurrers, sham-pleas, writs of error, rejoinders, sur-rejoinders, rebutters, sur-rebutters, replications, exceptions, essoigns, and imparlance.

Serj. (*to himself.*) Fine instruments in the hands of a man who knows how to use them.—But now,

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Jack, we come to the point: If an able advocate has his choice in a cause (which if he is in reputation he may readily have), which side should he choose, the right or the wrong?

Jack. A great lawyer's business is always to make choice of the wrong.

Serj. And prithee why so?

Jack. Because a good cause can speak for itself, whilst a bad one demands an able counsellor to give it a colour.

Serj. Very well. But in what respects will this answer to the lawyer himself?

Jack. In a twofold way. Firstly, his fees will be large in proportion to the dirty work he is to do.

Serj. Secondly?

Jack. His reputation will rise, by obtaining the victory in a desperate cause.

Serj. Right, boy.—Are you ready in the case of the cow?

Jack. Pretty well, I believe.

Serj. Give it then.

Jack. First of April, anno seventeen hundred and blank, John a Nokes was indicted by blank, before blank, in the county of blank, for stealing a cow, contra pacem, etcet.—And against the statute in that case provided and made, to prevent stealing of cattle.

Serj. Go on.

Jack. Said Nokes was convicted upon the said statute.

Serj. What follow'd upon?——

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Jack. Motion in arrest of judgment made by counsellor Puzzle. First, Because the field from whence the cow was convey'd is laid in the indictment as *round*, but turn'd out upon proof to be *square*.

Serj. That's well: a valid objection.

Jack. Secondly, Because in said indictment the colour of the cow is called red, there being no such things, in rerum natura, as red cows, no more than black lions, spread eagles, flying griffins, or blue boars.

Serj. Well put.

Jack. Thirdly, Said Nokes has not offended against form of the statute; because stealing of *cattle* is there provided against: whereas we are only convicted of stealing a *cow*. Now, though cattle may be cows, yet it does by no means follow that cows must be cattle.

Serj. Bravo, bravo! buss me, you rogue; you are your father's own son! go on and prosper.—I am sorry, dear Jack, I must leave thee. If Providence but sends thee life and health, I prophecy thou wilt wrest as much land from the owners, and save as many thieves from the gallows, as any practitioner since the days of king Alfred.

Jack. I'll do my endeavour. *(Exit Serjeant.)* So! —father is set off. Now if I can but lay eyes on our Charlotte, just to deliver this letter, before Madam comes home. There she is.—Hist, siter Charlotte!

Enter CHARLOTTE.

C. What have you got there, Jack?

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Jack. Something for you, sister.

Char. For me! Prithee what is it?

Jack. A thing.

Char. What thing?

Jack. A thing that will please you I'm sure.

Char. Come, don't be a boy, let me have it. (*Jack gives the letter.*) How's this! a letter! from whom?

Jack. Can't you guess?

Char. Not I; I don't know the hand.

Jack. May be not; but you know the inditer.

Char. Then tell me his name.

Jack. Break open the seal, and you'll find it.

Char. (*Opening the letter.*) "Charles Woodford;" —I am sure I know nothing of him.

Jack. Ay, but sister you do.

Char. How! when, and where?

Jack. Don't you remember about three weeks ago, when you drank tea at our chambers, there was a young gentleman in a blue sattin waistcoat, who wore his own head of hair?

Char. Well?

Jack. That letter's from he.

Char. What can be his business with me?

Jack. Read that, and you'll know.

Char. (*Reads.*) "Want words to apologize—hum, "hum—very first moment I saw you—hum, hum— "smother'd long in my breast—hum, hum—hap- "piest, or else the most wretched of men."—So, Sir, you have undertaken a pretty commission! and what do you think my father will——

Jack. Why, I hope you won't go for to tell him.

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Char. Indeed, Sir, but I shall.

Jack. No, sister, I'm sure you won't be so cross. Besides, what could I do? The poor young lad begg'd so hard; and there for this fortnight he has gone about sighing, and musing, and moping: I am satisfied it would melt you to see him. Do, sister, let me bring him this evening, now father is out.

Char. Upon my word!—The young man has made no bad choice of an agent: you are for pushing matters at once.—But, harkee, Sir, who is the spark you are so anxious about? and how long have you known him?

Jack. Oh! a prodigious long while: above a month I am certain. Don't you think him mighty genteel? I assure you he is vastly lik'd by the ladies.

Char. He is!

Jack. Yes, indeed. Mrs. Congo, at the Grecian coffee-house, says he's the soberest youth that comes to the house; and all Mrs. Mittens's 'prentices throw down their work, and run to the window every time he goes by.

Char. Upon my word!

Jack. And moreover, besides that, he has several great estates in the country; but only, for the present, he is kept out of 'em all by the owners.

Char. Ah! Jack, that's the worst part of the story.

Jack. Pshaw! that's nothing at all. His guardian, Mr. Fairplay, has been with father to-day, and says he is certain that he can set all to rights in a trice.

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Char. Well, Jack, when that point is determin'd, it will be time enough to——

Jack. Then, Lord of mercy! why, sister Charlotte, it is my private opinion, that if you don't give him some crumbs of comfort he won't live till Midsummer term.

Char. I warrant you. Either Cupid's darts were always but poetical engines, or they have been lately depriv'd of their points. Love holds no place in the modern bills of mortality. However, Jack, you may tell your friend that I have observ'd his frequent walks in our street.

Jack. Walks! Why, one should think he was appointed to relieve the old watchman; for no sooner one is *off* but the other comes *on*.

Char. And that from his eyes being constantly fixed on my window (for the information of which I presume he is indebted to you)—

Jack. He! he! he!

Char. I had a pretty shrewd guess at his business; but tell him, that unless my fa—Hush! our tyrant is return'd. Don't leave the house till I see you.

Enter Mrs. CIRCUIT *and* BETTY.

Mrs. Cir. So, Sir, what makes you loitering from chambers? I thought I told you, you should never be here but at meals? *(Exit Jack.)* One spy is enough in a family.—Miss, you may go to your room; and, d'ye hear—I shall have company, so you need not come down. *(Exit. Charlotte.)*—Betty, no message or letter.

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Betty. None, madam.

Mrs. Cir. That is amazing!—You know I expect Colonel Secret and Mrs. Simper every instant.

Betty. Yes, madam.

Mrs. Cir. Put the fruit and the wine on the table in the next room.

Betty. Very well, madam.

Mrs. Cir. And, Betty, order the fellow to let nobody in but Sir Luke.

Betty. Madam, I shall take care. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Cir. (sits down.) The ballot must be over by this time. Sure there is nothing so dreadful as a state of suspence: but should they black-ball me!—No, there's no danger of that: Miss Mattadore has insur'd me success.—Well, this is certainly one of the most useful institutions; it positively supplies the only point of time one does not know how to employ. From twelve, the hour of one's rising, to dinner, is a most horrible chasm; for though teasing the mercers and milliners, by tumbling their wares, is now and then an entertaining amusement, yet, upon repetition, it palls.—But every morning to be sure of a party, and then again at night, after a rout, to have a place to retire to; to be quite freed from all pain of providing; not to be pester'd at table with the odious company of clients and country cousins; for I am determin'd to dine and sup at the club every day. I can tell 'em they'll have but very few forfeits from me.

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Enter BETTY, *in haste, with a letter.*

Betty. By a chairman, madam, from the Thatch'd House.

Mrs. Cir. Give it me, Betty, this instant.—Ay—this is Mattadore's hand. (*opens and reads the letter.*) "My dear Circuit—it is with the utmost concern "and confusion I find myself oblig'd to acquaint "you, that notwithstanding all the pains I have "taken, the club have thought fit to reject"—Oh! (*she faints.*)

Betty. Bless my soul! my lady is gone!—John! Will! Kitty! run hither this instant.—

Enter two MAIDS *and a* MAN SERVANT.

All. What, what's the matter?

Betty. Quick! quick! some hartshorn and water. (*pats her hand.*) Madam! madam—

Serv. Here! here! here! (*bringing water.*)

Betty. John, go for the *potter-carrier* this instant—I *believes* to my soul she is dead—Kitty, fetch some feathers to burn under her nose.—There, stand further off, and give her some air—

Enter Sir LUKE.

Sir Luke. Hey day! what the deuse is the matter? What's the meaning of all this, Mrs. Betty?

Betty. Oh, Sir? is it you—my poor lady! (*cries.*) Clap the bottle hard to her nose.

Sir Luke. But how came it about?

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Betty. Some of the *continents* of that cursed letter she has there in her hand.

Sir Luke. Here, here, take some of my eu de luce. (*offering a bottle.*)

Betty. There! she recovers a little—some water—I believe it is nothing but a *satirical* fit; I have had them myself—Now she opens her eyes—so, so—bend her forward a little.

Sir Luke. My sweet Mrs. Circuit!

Mrs. Cir. Who is that?

Betty. Nobody at all, madam, but only Sir Luke.

Mrs. Cir. Oh, Sir Luke, such a stroke, so fatal, so sudden! it is not in nature I should ever survive it.

Sir Luke. Marry, heaven forbid! But what cause—what could—

Mrs. Cir. Leave the room. (*To the servants, who go out.*) Only look over that letter.

Sir Luke. Hum, hum,—(*reads.*) "fit to reject you—this—

Mrs. Cir. There! there! there!

Sir Luke. I own this is the utmost malice of fortune—but let me finish the letter.—"This calamity, "dear Circuit, is of such a nature as baffles all ad-"vice or interposition of friends: I shall therefore "leave you to time and your own good understand-"ing." (*pretty and sensible.*)—"Yours," &c.—But let us see, what says the postscript? (*reads.*) "Per-"haps it may give you some comfort to know that "you had sixteen almonds, and but two raisins "against you."

Mrs. Cir. But two!

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Sir Luke. No more.

Mrs. Cir. This must be Kitty Cribbage's doing; she has been tattling about the paltry trifle I owe her.

Sir Luke. Not unlikely: but come, bear up, my dear Madam, and consider that *two*——

Mrs. Cir. Is as bad as two thousand.

Sir Luke. Granted; but perhaps it may not be too late to repair.—Gadso! I have thought of a scheme—I'll be elected myself, and then I warrant we manage——

Mrs. Cir. You, Sir Luke? that never can be.

Sir Luke. No, Madam; and why not?—Why you don't suppose that they wou'd venture to——

Mrs. Cir. It would not only be against the spirit, but the very letter of their constitution, to choose you a member.

Sir Luke. Ay, Madam, how so!

Mrs. Cir. Their statutes are selected from all the codes that ever existed from the days of Lycurgus to the present Czarina.

Sir Luke. Well.

Mrs. Cir. The law that relates to your case they heve borrow'd from the Roman religion.

Sir Luke. As how?

Mrs. Cir. As no man can be admitted a monk who has the least corporeal spot or defect; so no candidate can be receiv'd as a member who is depriv'd of the use of any one of his limbs.

Sir Luke. Nay, then indeed I am clearly cut out; that incapacity can never be got over.

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Mrs. Cir. Indeed, the Serjeant says, if the club could be indue'd to *resolve* in your favour, then the *original law* would signify nothing.

Sir Luke. Well, well, we'll see what can be done. (*A loud knocking.*) But hush! the company's come; collect yourself, sweet Mrs. Circuit; don't give your enemies the malicious pleasure of seeing how this disappointment affects you.

Mrs. Cir. Never fear; I know a little too much of the world not to turn this defeat to my credit.

Enter Colonel SECRET *and Mrs.* SIMPER.

Mrs. Sim. Your servant, Sir Luke. My dear Circuit, I am frighten'd to death—your people tell me you are but just recover'd from a——

Mrs. Cir. Oh! nothing at all! a faintness, a kind of swimming—but those people are ever swelling mole-hills to mountains.

Mrs. Sim. I protest I was afraid that you had suffer'd your late disappointment to lay hold of your spirits.

Mrs. Cir. What disappointment, my dear?

Col. Mrs. Simper hints at the little mistake made this morning at the Thatch'd House.

Mrs. Cir. That! ridiculous! I could have told you that a fortnight ago, child—all my own doing.

Mrs. Sim. How!

Sir Luke. Entirely.

Mrs. Cir. Oh! I always detested the thoughts of the thing—They would put me up; let me say what

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I would, so I was reduc'd to the necessity of prevailing upon two of my friends to *black-ball* me.

Mrs. Sim. That, indeed, alters the case.

Col. I am vastly happy to hear it; your old acquaintances were afraid they should lose you.

Mrs. Cir. It is a sign they know but little of me—But come, my good folks, I have prepar'd a small collation in the next room, will you— [*Exeunt.*

Enter JACK *and* WOODFORD.

Jack. I'll watch sister, to see that nobody comes. Now, Woodford, make good use of your time. (*Exit Woodford.*) There, I have left 'em together; if I had staid, I don't believe they would have open'd their mouths for a month: I never saw such an alteration in a lad since the day I was born,—Why, if I had not known him before, I should not have thought he had a word to throw to a dog; but I remember the old proverb,

True lovers are shy
When people are by.

I'll take a peep to see how they go on:—There they are, just in the same posture I left them; she folding her fingers, and he twirling his hat.—Why, they don't even look at each other.—Was there ever such a couple of——Stay, stay, now he opens his mouth—pshaw!—Lord! there he shuts it again—hush! I hear somebody coming——no—nothing at all:—Mother is safe I am sure,—there is no danger from her——Now let us take t'other——(*Peeps at the door.*) Hum!—gadso, matters are mightily mend-

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ed—There, there! very well—there he lays down the law—Now he claps his hand on his heart—vastly pretty, I vow—There he swops with both his knees on the ground—Charming!—And squeezes his hat with both hands like one of the actors—Delightful! She wants him to rise, and he won't—Prodigious moving indeed!

Enter BETTY.

Betty. So, Sir, what are you doing there?

Jack. There! where?

Betty. With your eyes glew'd close to the key-hole.

Jack. I wanted to speak a word to my sister.

Betty. Then why don't you open her door?

Jack. I did not know but she might be saying her prayers.

Betty. Prayers! a likely story! Who says their prayers at this time of the day?——No, no, that wont't pass upon me.—Let me look—Very pretty! So, so, I see there's somebody else at his prayers too——fine doings!—As soon as the company goes, I shall take care to inform Madam your mother.

Jack. Nay, but Mrs. Betty, you won't be so—

Betty. Indeed, Mr. John, but I shall—I'll swallow none of your secerets, believe me.

Jack. What, perhaps your stomach is overloaded already.

Betty. No matter for that, I shall be even with Miss for telling Master about and concerning my drums,

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Jack. Why, Mrs. Betty, surely sister could not—

Betty. When she very well knows that I have not sent cards but twice the whole season.

Jack. Lord! what signi——

Betty. What would she say, if she visited the great families I do? For tho' I am, as I may say, but a commoner, no private gentlewoman's gentlewoman has a more prettier set of acquaintance.

Jack. Well, but———

Betty. My routs indeed!—There is Mrs. Allspice, who lives with Lady Cicily Sequence, has six tables every Sunday, besides loors, and braggers; and moreover proposes giving a masquerade the beginning of June, and I intends being there.

Jack. Well, but to talk calmly.

Betty. And as Miss is so fond of fetching and carrying, you may tell her we are to have a private play among ourselves, as the quality have: the *Distrustful* Mother, 'tis called—Pylades, by Mr. Thomas, Lord Catastrophe's butler—Hermione, Mrs. Allspice; and I shall do Andromache myself.

Jack. A play! Lord, Mrs. Betty, will you give me a ticket?

Betty. All's one for that—and so you may tell Miss that. (*Bell rings.*) Coming, Madam, this minute——And that, Mr. John, is the long and the short on't. (*Bell rings again.*) Lord, I am coming—

[*Exit.*

Enter WOODFORD *to* JACK.

Wood. What's the matter?

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Jack. Here, Betty, my mother's fac-totum, has just discover'd your haunts, and is gone to lay an information against you—so, depend, upon it, a search-warrant will issue directly.

Wood. Stay but a moment till I take leave of your sister.

Jack. Zooks! I tell you the constables will be here in a trice, so you have not a moment to lose.

Wood. How unlucky this is!

Jack. But I hope you have obtained a verdict, however.

Wood. No.

Jack. No!

Wood. It would not have been decent to have press'd the judge too soon for a sentence.

Jack. Soon!—You are a ninny, I tell you so:—Here you will suffer judgment to go by default.—You are a pretty practitioner indeed!

Wood. This, you may know, my dear Jack, is an equity case: I have but just fil'd my bill; one must give the parties time to put in an answer.

Jack. Time!—How you may come off in court I can't tell, but you will turn out but a poor chamber-counsel I fear.—Well, come along, perhaps I may be able to procure another hearing before it is.—But, Lord o'mercy! there is father crossing the hall—should he see us, all's over—we have nothing for't but taking shelter with sister. [*Exeunt.*

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.

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ACT III.—SCENE I.

Sir LUKE LIMP, *Mrs.* CIRCUIT, *Colonel* SECRET, *and Mrs.* SIMPER, *discover'd at a table, with a Collation before them.*

Mrs. Circuit.

OH! by-the-by, Sir Luke—Take some of these sweetmeats, my dear (*To Mrs. Simper.*)—Did not you promise to introduce to me that little agreeable piece of imperfection that belongs to the opera?—Colonel, won't you taste the champaign?

Sir Luke. Who, Signior *Piano?*—Let me assist Mrs. Simper.—Why, Madam, I made an attempt; but at present—shan't I send you a biscuit?—he is in the possession of a certain lady, who never suffers him out of her sight for a moment.

Mrs. Sim. Oh! the curmudgeon!—I am vastly fond of these custards.

Sir Luke. Yes, they have a delicate flavour—but he promis'd, if possible, to escape for an hour—won't you? (*To Mrs. Circuit*)

Mrs. Cir. No, it gives me the heart-burn.—Then let us leave him a cover.

Col. By all means in the world.

Mrs. Cir. But there is, likewise, another party, for whom a place ought to be kept.

Mrs. Sim. Another; Who can that be I wonder?

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Mrs. Cir. A small appendix of mine.

Sir Luke. How, Madam!

Mrs. Cir. You need not be jealous, Sir Luke—Taste that tart, Mrs. Simper:—It is only my husband the Serjeant.—Ha, ha, ha!—Betty makes them herself.

Mrs. Sim. Oh! you abominable creature! how could such a thought come into your head?

Sir Luke. Ma'am—(*Offering sweetmeats to Mrs. Simper.*)

Mrs. Sim. Not a bit more, I thank you.—I swear and vow I should swoon at the sight.

Mrs. Cir. And I should receive him with the polite indifference of an absolute stranger.

Sir Luke. Well said, my good Lady Intrepid! But, notwithstanding, I would venture a trifle that his appearance would give you such an electrical shock——

Mrs. Cir. You are vastly deceiv'd.

Sir Luke Dare you come to the proof? Will you give me leave to introduce Mr. Serjeant? He is not far off.

Mrs. Cir. What, my husband?

Sir Luke. Even he! I saw him as I enter'd the hall.

Mrs. Cir. Impossible!

Sir Luke. Nay, then I must fetch him.

[*Exit Sir Luke.*

Col. I can't conceive what the knight wou'd be at.

Mrs. Sim. Why he is mad.

Mrs. Cir. Or turn'd fool.

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Enter Sir LUKE, *with the Serjeant's peruke on a block.*

Sir Luke. Now, Madam, have I reason? Is this your husband or not?

Mrs. Sim. It is he; not the least doubt can be made.

Col. Yes, yes, it is the Serjeant himself.

Mrs. Cir. I own it; I acknowledge the lord of my wishes. [*Kisses the block.*

Mrs. Sim. All his features are there!

Col. The grave cast of his countenance!

Sir Luke. The vacant stare of his eye!

Mrs. Cir. The livid hue of his lips!

Mrs. Sim. The rubies with which his cheeks are enrich'd.

Col. The silent solemnity when he sits on the bench!

Mrs. Cir. We must have him at table; but pray, good folks, let my husband appear like himself.—I'll run for the gown. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Sim. By all means in the world.

Sir Luke. Dispatch, I beseech you.

Mrs. CIRCUIT *returns with a gown and band.*

Mrs. Cir. Sir Luke, lend your assistance.

Col. There, place him at the head of the table.

(*They fix the head at the back of a chair, and place it at table; then all sit.*)

Mrs. Sim. Madam, you'll take care of your husband.

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Mrs Cir. I don't want to be put in mind of my duty.

Mrs. Sim. Oh, Madam! I know that very well.

Sir Luke. Come, Hob or Nob, Master Circuit—let us try if we can't fuddle the Serjeant.

Col. O! fye! have a proper respect for the coif.

Mrs. Sim. Don't be too facetious, Sir Luke: it is not quite so safe to sport with the heads of the law; you don't know how soon you may have a little business together.

Sir Luke. But come, the Serjeant is sulky.—I have thought of a way to divert him:—You know he is never so happy as when he is hearing a cause: suppose we were to plead one before him; Mrs. Circuit and I to be counsel, the Colonel the clerk, and Mrs. Simper the cryer.

Mrs. Cir. The finest thought in the world! And, stay, to conduct the trial with proper solemnity, let's rummage his wardrobe; we shall there be able to equip ourselves with suitable dresses.

Sir Luke. Alons! alons!

Mrs. Sim. There is no time to be lost. (*All rise.*

Mrs. Cir. (*Stopping short as they are going out.*) But won't my husband be angry if we leave him alone? Bye dearee——we shall soon return to thee again. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Serjeant CIRCUIT, *not perceiving the Collation*

Serj. So, my lord not being able to sit, there was no occasion for me.—I can't put that girl's nonsense out of my head—My wife is young to be sure, and

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loves pleasure I own; but as to the *main* article I have not the least ground to suspect her in that—No, no!—And then, Sir Luke? my *prosien ami*, the dearest friend I have in the—Heyday! (*Seeing the collation.*) What the deuse have we here?—A collation!—So, so—I see Madam knows how to divert herself during my absence. What's this? (*Seeing the block.*) Oh, ho! ha! ha! ha!—Well, that's pretty enough, I protest.—Poor girl, I see she could not be happy without having something at table that resembled me.—How pleas'd she will be to find me here in *propria persona*.—By your leave, Mrs. Circuit—(*Sits down and eats.*) Delicate eating, in troth—and the wine (*Drinks.*)—Champaign as I live—must have t'other glass—They little think how that gentleman there regales himself in their absence—Ha! ha! ha!—quite convenient, I vow—the heat of the weather has made me—Come, brother Coif, here's your health—(*Drinks.*)—I must pledge myself I believe—(*Drinks again.*)—devilish strong—pshut!—Somebody's coming—(*Gets up, and goes towards the wings.*)—What do I see? Four lawyers! What the devil can be the meaning of this? I should be glad to get at the bottom of—Hey! By your leave, brother Serjeant—I must crave the use of your robe—(*Sits down, and gets under the gown*)——Between ourselves, this is not the first time this gown has cover'd a fraud.

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Enter Sir LUKE, COLONEL, *Mrs.* CIRCUIT, *and Mrs.* SIMPER, *dressed as Counsellors.*

Sir Luke. Come, come, gentlemen, dispatch, the court has been waiting some time. Brother Circuit, you have look'd over your brief?

Mrs. Cir. What, do you suppose, Sir, that like some of our brethren I defer that till I come into court? No, no.

Sir Luke. This cause contains the whole marrow and pith of all modern practice.

Mrs. Cir. One should think, Sir Luke, you had been bred to the bar.

Sir Luke. Child, I was some years in the temple; but the death of my brother robb'd the robe of my labours.

Mrs. Sim. What a loss to the public!

Sir Luke. You are smart, Mrs. Simper. I can tell you, Serjeant Snuffle, whose manner I study'd pronounc'd me a promising youth.

Mrs. Simper. I don't doubt it.

Sir Luke. But let us to business. And, first, for the state of the case: The parties you know are Hobson and Nobson; the object of litigation is a small parcel of land, which is to decide the fate of a borough.

Mrs. Cir. True; call'd Turnbury Mead.

Sir Luke. Very well. Then to bring matters to a short issue, it was agreed, that Nobson should on the premises cut down a tree, and Hobson bring his action of damage.

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Mrs. Cir. True, true.

Sir Luke. The jury being sworn, and the counsellors feed, the court may proceed.—Take your seats—But bold—I hope no gentleman has been touch' on both sides.

All. Oh! fye!

Sir Luke. Let silence be call'd.

Mrs. Sim. Silence in the court!

Sir Luke. But stop. To be regular, and provide for fresh causes, we must take no notice of the borough and lands, the real objects in view, but stick fast to the tree, which is of no importance at all.

All. True, true.

Sir Luke. Brother Circuit, you may proceed.

Mrs. Cir. Gentlemen of the jury.—I am in this cause counsel for Hobson the plaintiff.—The action is brought against Nebuchadnezzar Nobson, That he the said Nobson did cut down a tree, value twopence, and to his own use said tree did convert.—Nobson justifies, and claims tree as his tree. We will, gentlemen, first state the probable evidence, and then come to the positive: and, first, as to the probable.—When was this tree here belonging to Hobson, and claim'd by Nobson, cut down? Was it cut down publicly in the day, in the face of the sun, men, women, and children, all the world looking on?—No; it was cut down privately, in the night, in a dark night, nobody *did* see, nobody *could* see.—Hum—And then with respect and regard to this tree, I am instructed to say, gentlemen, it was a beautiful, an ornamental tree to the spot

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where it grew. Now can it be thought that any man would come for to go in the middle of the night, nobody seeing, nobody *did* see, nobody *could* see, and cut down a tree, which tree was an ornamental tree, if tree had been his tree?—Certainly no. —And again, gentlemen, we moreover insist, this tree was not only ornamental to the spot where it grew, but it was a useful tree to the owner: it was a plum-tree, not only a plum tree, but I am authoriz'd to say the best of plum-trees, it was a damsin plum.—Now can it be thought, that any man wou'd come for to go, in the middle of the night, nobody seeing, nobody *did* see, nobody *could* see, and cut down a tree; which tree was not only an ornamental tree, but a useful tree; and not only a useful tree, but a plum-tree; and not only a plum-tree, but the best of plum-trees, a damsin-plum? Most assuredly no. —If so be then that this be so, and so it most certainly is, I apprehend no doubt will remain with the court, but my client a verdict will have, with full costs of suit, in such a manner, and so forth, as may nevertheless appear notwithstanding.

Sir Luke. Have you done, Mr. Serjeant?

Mrs. Cir. You may proceed.

Sir Luke. Gentlemen of the jury—I am in this cause counsel for Hob—Zouns! I think the head moves.

All. Hey!

Col. No, no, Mrs. Simper jogg'd the chair with her foot, that was all.

Sir Luke. For Hercules Hobson—(I cou'd have

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sworn it had stirr'd)—I shan't, gentlemen, upon this occasion, attempt to move your passions, by flowing periods and rhetorical flowers, as Mr. Serjeant has done; no, gentlemen, if I get at your hearts, I will make my way through your heads, however thick they may be.—In order to which, I will pursue the learned gentleman thro' what he calls his probable proofs: and, first, as to this tree's being cut down in the night; in part we will grant him that point, but, under favour, not a dark night, Mr. Serjeant; no, quite the reverse, we can prove that the moon shone bright, with uncommon lustre that night—So that if so be as how people did not see that was none—(*Serjeant sneezes.*) Nay, Mrs. Circuit, if you break the thread of my—

Mrs. Cir. Me break!—I said nothing I'm sure.

Sir Luke. That's true, but you sneez'd.

Mrs. Cir. Not I.

Sir Luke. I am sure somebody did; it could no be the head—consider the least interruption puts one out of one's—None of our faults, they might have look'd on and seen if they would. And then as to this beautiful tree, with which Mr. Serjeant has ornamented his spot. No, gentlemen, no such matter at all; I am instructed to say quite the reverse: a stunted tree, a blighted, blasted tree; a tree not only limbless, and leafless, but very near lifeless; that was the true state of the tree; and then as to its use, we own it was a plum-tree indeed, but not of the kind Mr. Serjeant sets forth, a damsin plum; our proofs say loudly a bull plum; but if so be and

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it had been a damsin plum, will any man go for to say, that a damsin plum is the best kind of plum? not a whit. I take upon me to say it is not a noun substantive plum—with plenty of sugar it does pretty well indeed in a tart; but to eat it by itself, will Mr. Serjeant go to compare it with the queen-mother, the padrigons—

Serj. *(Appearing suddenly from under the gown.)* The green gages, or the orlines.

Mrs. Cir. As I live 'tis my husband!

Ser. Nay, Sir Luke, don't you run away too—give me a buss—since I was born, I never heard a finer reply; I am sorry I did not hear your argument out—but I cou'd not resist.

Sir Luke. This I own was a little surprise—Had you been long here, Mr. Serjeant?

Serj. But the instant you enter'd.

Sir Luke. So, then all is safe. [*Aside.*

Serj. But come, won't you refresh you, Sir Luke —you have had hard duty to-day.

Sir Luke. I drank very freely at table.

Serj. Nay, for the matter of that, I han't been idle; (*both drink.*) But come, throw off your gown, and let us finish the bottle: I han't had such a mind to be merry I can't tell the day when.

Sir Luke. Nay then, Mr Serjeant, have at you —Come, here's long life and health to the law.

(*Drinks.*

Serj. I'll pledge that toast in a bumper.—— (*Drinks.*)—I'll take Charlotte's hint, and see if I can't draw the truth out of the knight by a bottle.

[*Aside.*

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Sir Luke. I'll try if I can't fuddle the fool, and get rid of him that way. [*Aside.*

Serj. I could not have thought it: why, where the deuse did you pick up all this? But by-the-by, pray who was the cryer?

Sir Luke. Did not you know her? Mrs. Simper, your neighbour.

Serj. A pestilent jade! she's a good one, I warrant.

Sir Luke. She is thought very pretty: what say you to a glass in her favour?

Serj. By all means in the world! (*they drink.*) And that spark the clerk?

Sir Luke. Colonel Secret, a friend to the lady you toasted.

Serj. A friend! oh, ay—I understand you—Come, let us join 'em together.

Sir Luke. Alons. (*Drink.*) Egad, I shall be caught in my own trap, I begin to feel myself flustered already. [*Aside.*

Serj. Delicate white wine, indeed! I like it better every glass. (*Sings.*)

Drink and drive care away,
Drink and be merry.

Sir Luke. True, my dear Serjeant—this is the searcher of secrets—the only key to the heart.

Serj. Right boy, in veritas vino.

Sir Luke. No deceit in a bumper. (*Sings.*) Drink and be merry.

Serj. Merry! dammee, what a sweet fellow you are, what would I give to be half so jolly and gay.

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Sir Luke. (*appearing very drunk.*) Would you? and yet do you know, Serjeant, that at this very juncture of time, there is a thing has popp'd into my head, that distresses me very much.

Serj. Then drive it out with a bumper (*Drink.*) Well, how is it now?

Sir Luke. Now!—the matter is not mended at all.

Serj. What the deuse is the business that so sticks in your stomach?

Sir Luke. You know, my dear Serjeant, I am your friend, your real, your affectionate friend.

Serj. I believe it, Sir Luke.

Sir Luke. And yet, for these six months I have conceal'd a secret, that touches you near, very near—

Serj. Me near! That was wrong, very wrong; friends should have all things in common.

Sir Luke. That's what I said to myself; Sir Luke, says I, open your heart to your friend. But to tell you the truth, what sealed up my lips, was the fear that this secret should make you sulky and sad.

Serj. Me sulky and sad! ha! ha! how little you know of me.

Sir Luke. Swear then thou won't be uneasy.

Serj. Well, I do.

Sir Luke. (*Rising.*) Soft! let us see that all's safe. Well, Mr. Serjeant, do you know that you are—a fine, honest fellow.

Serj. Is that such a secret?

Sir Luke. Be quiet; a damn'd honest fellow—but as to your wife—

Serj. Well?

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Sir Luke. She is an infamous strum—

Serj. How! it is a falsehood Sir Luke, my wife is as virtuous a wom—

Sir Luke. Oh! if you are angry, your servant—I thought that the news would have pleas'd you—for after all, what is the business to me? What do I get by the bargain?

Serj. That's true; but then would it not vex any man to hear his wife abus'd in such a—

Sir Luke. Not if its true, you old fool.

Serj. I say it is false: prove it; give me that satisfaction, Sir Luke.

Sir Luke. Oh! you shall have that pleasure directly; and to come at once to the point—you remember last New-year's-day how severely it froze.

Serj. I do recollect.

Sir Luke. Very well; we are all invited to dine at Alderman Inkle's.

Serj. Very right.

Sir Luke. Well, and I did not go: Mrs. Circuit made me dine here in this house—Was it my fault?

Serj. No, no, Sir Luke, no.

Sir Luke. At table says she—she said, I was the picture of you—Was it my fault?

Serj. Well, and suppose you are; where's the mischief in that?

Sir Luke. Be quiet, I tell you.—Then throwing her arms round my neck,—it is my husband himself I embrace, it is my little old man that I kiss!—for she has a prodigious affection for you at bottom—Was it my fault?

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Serj. But what is there serious in this? dost think I mind such trifles?

Sir Luke. Hold your tongue, you fool, for a moment—Then throwing her teresa aside—upon my soul she is prodigious fine every where here——Was it my fault?

Serj. My fault! my fault! I see no fault in all this.

Sir Luke. (*Hatching a cry.*) No! why then, my dear friend, do you know that I was so unworthy, so profligate, so abandon'd—as to—(*Rises.*) say no more, the business is done.

Serj. Ay, indeed!

Sir Luke. Oh! fact! there is not the least doubt of the matter; this is no *hear-say*, dy'e see, I was by all the while.

Serj. Very pretty! very fine upon my word.

Sir Luke. Was it my fault? what cou'd I do? put yourself in my place; I must have been more or less than man to resist.

Serj. Your fault, Sir Luke, no, no—you did but your duty—But as to my wife—

Sir Luke. She's a diabolical fiend; I shall hate her as long as I live.

Serj. And I too.

Sir Luke. Only think of her forcing me, as it were with a sword at my breast, to play such a trick; you, my dear Serjeant, the best, truest friend I have in the world. [*Weeps.*

Serj. (*Weeping.*) Dry your tears, dear Sir Luke; I shall ever gratefully acknowledge your confidence

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in trusting *me* with the secret—(*Taking him forward.*) But I think it might be as well kept from the rest of the world.

Sir Luke. My dear soul, do you think I would tell it to any mortal but *you?* No, no, not to my brother himself—You are the only man upon earth I wou'd trust.

Serj. Ten thousand thanks, my dear friend! sure there is no comfort, no balsam in life like a friend—but I shall make Madam Circuit remember—

Sir Luke. We neither of us ought to forgive her ——Were I you, I'd get a divorce.

Serj. So I will—provided you will promise not to marry her after.

Sir Luke. Me! I'll sooner be torn to pieces by wild horses—No, my dear friend, we will retire to my house in the country together, and there, in innocence and simplicity, feeding our pigs and pigeons, like Pyramus and Thisbe, we will live the paragons of the age.

Serj. Agreed; we will be the whole earth to each other; for, as Mr. Shakespur says,

"The friend thou hast and his adoption try'd,
"Clasp to thy soul, and quit the world beside."—

Sir Luke. Zouns, here comes Madam Serjeant herself.

Enter Mrs. CIRCUIT.

Mrs. Cir. So, Gentlemen! a sweet tete a tete you have been holding—but I know it all, not a syllable you have said has been lost.

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Sir Luke. Then, I hope you have been well entertained, Mrs. Circuit?

Mrs. Cir. And you, you mean spirited, dastardly wretch, to lend a patient ear to his infamous, improbable tales, equally shameful both to you and me.

Serj. How, Madam? have you the assurance—

Mrs. Cir. Yes, Sir, the assurance that innocence gives. There is not a soul, I thank heaven, that can lay the least soil, the least spot, on my virtue; nor is there a man on earth but yourself would have sat and silently listen'd to the fictions and fables of this intemperate sot.

Serj. Why to be sure the knight is overtaken a little; very near drunk.

Sir Luke. I hope he believes it is a lie. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Cir. Do me instant justice on this defamer, this liar, or never more expect to see me in your house.

Serj. I begin to find out the fraud; this is all a flam of the knight's.

Mrs. Cir. I'll drive this instant to a friend of mine in the Commons, and see if no satisfaction can be had, for blasting the reputation of a woman like me —And, hark you, Sir, what inducement, what devil could prompt?—

Serj. Ay; what devil could prompt——

Sir Luke. Heyday!

Mrs. Cir. But I guess at your motive; you flatter'd yourself, that by marrying Charlotte, and discarding of me, you should engross all his affections and——

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Serj. True, true——Stop, my life, let me come at him a little: Hark you, Mr. Knight, I begin to discover that you are a very sad dog.

Sir Luke. Et tu brute!

Serj. Brute!—you'll find I am not the brute you would have made me believe——I have consider'd both sides of the question.

Sir Luke. Both sides of the question?

Serj. Both. If your story is true, you are a scoundrel to debauch the wife of your friend; and if it is false, you are an infamous liar.

Sir Luke. Well argued.

Serj. So in both cases, get out of my house.

Sir Luke. Nay, but Serjeant——

Serj. Troop I tell you, and never again enter these walls——you have libelled my wife, and I will see you no more.

Sir Luke. Was there ever such a——

Serj. March! And as to my daughter, I would as soon marry her to a forma pauperis client.

[*Exit Sir Luke.*

Mrs. Cir. Do you consider, Mr. Circuit, where you are pushing the fellow?——That chamber is Charlotte's.

Enter Sir LUKE, WOODFORD, CHARLOTTE, *and* JACK.

Sir Luke. Heyday! who the deuse have we here? —Pray walk in, my good folks—Your servant, Miss Charlotte; your servant, Mr. What-dy'e-call-um.—Mr. Serjeant, you need not trouble yourself to cater

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for Miss; your family you see can provide for themselves.

Serj. Heyday! What the deuse is all this! Who are you, Sir, and how came you here? [*To Woodford.*

Jack. It was I, father, that brought him.

Serj. How, sirrah!

Sir Luke. Well said my young limb of the law.

Jack. Come, let us have none o'your—tho' I brought Mr. Woodford, you could not persuade me to do the same office for you—Father, never stir if he did not make me the proffer, if I would let him into the house the night you was at Kingston, of a new pair of silk stockings, and to learn me a minuet.

Sir Luke. Me! I should never have got you to turn out your toes.

Jack. Ay, and moreover you made me push out my chest, and do so with my fingers, as if I was taking two pinches of snuff.

Sir Luke. You see, Mr. Serjeant, what a fondness I have for every twig of your family.

Serj. I shall thank *you* hereafter—But from you, Charlotte, I expected other guess——

Char. When, Sir, you hear this whole matter explain'd, you will acquit me I am sure.

Wood. Indeed, Sir, *I* am wholly to blame; my being here was as much a surprise upon Miss Charlotte as——

Serj. But now you are here, pray what's your business?

Jack. O! father, I can acquaint you with that—he

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wanted me to bring a love-letter to Charlotte, so I told him he might bring it himself, for that I would not do any such thing for never so much, for fear of offending you.

Serj. You mended the matter indeed—But, after all, who, and what are you?

Jack. Its the young gentleman that lives over our heads, to whom Mr. Fairplay is guardian.

Serj. Who, Woodford?

Jack. The same.

Serj. And are you, young man, in a situation to think of a wife?

Wood. I am flatter'd, Sir, that as *justice* is with me, I shall one day have no contemptible fortune to throw at her feet.

Serj. Justice is! What signifies justice?—Is the *law* with you, you fool?

Wood. With your help, Sir, I should hope for their *union*, upon this occasion at least.

Serj. Well, Sir, I shall re-consider your papers; and if there are probable grounds, I may be induc'd to hear your proposals.

Wood. Nay then, Sir, the recovering my paternal possessions makes me anxious indeed.——Could I hope that the young lady's good wish would attend me?

Char. I have a father, and can have no will of my own.

Sir Luke. So then it seems poor Pil Garlick here is discarded at once,

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Serj. Why, could you have the impudence, after what has happen'd, to hope that——

Mrs. Cir. He has given wonderful proofs of his modesty.

Sir Luke. Be quiet, Mrs. Circuit,—Come, good folks, I will set all matters to rights in a minute; and first, Mr. Serjeant, it becomes me to tell you, that I never intended to marry your daughter.

Serj. How! never!

Sir Luke. Never. She is a fine girl I allow; but would it now, Mr. Serjeant, have been honest in me, to have robb'd the whole sex of my person, and confin'd my favours to her?

Serj. How!

Sir Luke. No! I was struck with the immorality of the thing; and therefore to make it impossible that you should ever give me your daughter, I invented the story I told you concerning Mrs. Circuit and me.

Serj. How!

Sir Luke. Truth, upon my honour.—Your wife there will tell you the whole was a lie.

Serj. Nay, then indeed.—But with what face can I look up to my dear? I have injur'd her beyond the hopes of forgiveness.—Wou'd you, lovee, but pass an act of oblivion—

Sir Luke. See me here prostrate to implore your clemency in behalf of my friend.

Mrs. Cir. Of that I can't determine directly.—— But as you seem to have some sense of your guilt, I shall grant you a reprieve for the present, which

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contrition and amendment may, perhaps, in time swell into a pardon:

But if again offending you are caught,
Serj. Then let me suffer, dearee, as I ought.

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TASTE.
Act 1. Sc. 1.

Printed for J. Parsons, 21, Paternoster Row. March 1794.

CHILD MEMORIAL LIBRARY

TASTE.

A COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS,

WRITTEN BY SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL DRURY-LANE.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

London:

PRINTED BY J. JARVIS,

FOR J. PARSONS, N° 21, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1794.

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TASTE.

IN this pleasant comedy, which came from the satirical pen of Samuel Foote, we meet with "much to approve, and little to condemn."

It was brought before the public in the year 1752; *and from the cast of the characters our readers will perceive it has not been performed for a considerable time*; *indeed the scene between Lady* Pentweazle *and* Carmine *has been occasionally represented to answer the purpose of a benefit night*; *but as the Comedy throughout is rich in satire of the first description, it is to be regretted that it has been suffered to lay so long dormant.*

Mr. Worsdale, by profession a painter, was the first representative of Lady Pentweazle; *and to this gentleman it is said Mr. Foote made a present of the piece, as well as all the profits arising from its representation.*

It must be confessed that our author has started fair game, *and pursued the* chace *with vigour throughout two spirited and equally interesting acts.*

The nicest judgment is not proof against the arts put in practice, to deceive those who indulge a passion for rarities, rendered venerable by age.

Here the field of invention is spread far and wide for the needy adventurer; *and here he may find frequent opportunities for imposing upon the most knowing in their favourite search, and pocket his gains without the fear of detection.*

It has been our author's task to hold up to ridicule the deceived, and to point out the practice of the deceiver. To check the progress of imposition is the writer's noblest employment, and on this ground the production before us has a powerful claim on public encomium.

March 1, 1794. T. B.

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Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

Carmine,	-	MR. PALMER
Puff,	-	MR. YATES
Brush,	-	MR. CROSS
Novice,	-	MR. BLAKES
Lord Dupe,	-	MR. SHUTER
Alderman Pentweazel,	-	MR. TASWELL
Caleb,	-	MR. COSTOLLO
Boy,	-	MASTER CROSS
Lady Pentweazel,	-	MR. WORSDALE.

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PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK,

And spoken by him in the character of an Auctioneer.

BEFORE this Court, I PETER PUFF appear,
A *Briton* born, and bred an *Auctioneer*;
Who for myself, and eke a hundred others,
My useful, honest, learned, bawling brothers
With much humility and fear implore ye,
To lay our present desp'rate case before ye.
'Tis said this night a certain wag intends
To laugh at us, our calling, and our friends:
If lords and ladies, and such dainty folks,
Are cur'd of auction-hunting by his jokes;
Should this odd doctrine spread throughout the land,
Before you buy, be sure to understand;
Oh, think on us what various ills will flow,
When great ones only purchase—what they know?
Why laugh at TASTE? It is a harmless fashion,
And quite subdues each detrimental passion;
The fair ones hearts will ne'er incline to man,
While thus they rage for—China and Japan,
The *Virtuoso*, too, and *Connoisseur*,
Are ever decent, delicate, and pure;

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The smallest hair their looser thoughts might hold,
Just warm when single, and when married, cold:
Their blood at sight of beauty gently flows;
Their *Venus* must be old, and want a nose!
No am'rous passion with deep knowledge thrives;
'Tis the complaint, indeed, of all our wives!
'Tis said *Virtu* to such a height is grown,
All artists are encourag'd—but our own.
Be not deceiv'd, I here declare on oath,
I never yet sold *goods* of *foreign* growth:
Ne'er sent commissions out to *Greece* or *Rome*;
My best antiquities are made at home.
I've *Romans*, *Greeks*, *Italians* near at hand,
True *Britons* all—and living in the *Strand*.
I ne'er for trinkets rack my pericranium,
They furnish out my room from *Herculaneum*.
But hush———
Should it be known that *English* are employ'd,
Our manufacture is at once destroy'd;
No matter what our countrymen deserve,
They'll thrive as ancients, but as moderns starve—
If we should fall—to you it will be owing;
Farewell to *Arts*—they're *going*, *going*, *going*;
The fatal hammer's in your hand, oh Town!
Then set *us* up—and knock the POET down.

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TASTE

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Painting room.*

Enter CARMINE, *followed by the* BOY.

Carmine.

LAY these colours in the window, by the pallet. Any visitors or messages?

Boy. 'Squire Felltree has been here, and insists upon Miss Racket's pictures being immediately finish'd and carry'd home—As to his wife and children, he says, you may take your own time.

Car. Well——

Boy. Here has been a message too from my lady Pen——I can't remember her name, but 'tis upon the slate. She desires to know if you will be at home about noon.

Car. Fetch it. (*Exit Boy.*) Was the whole of our profession confined to the mere business of it, the employment would be pleasing as well as profitable; but, as matters are now managed, the art is the last

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thing to be regarded. Family connections, private recommendations, and an easy genteel method of flattering, is to supply the delicacy of a Guido, the colouring of a Rubens, and the design of a Raphael——all their qualities centring in one man, without the first requisites, would be useless; and with these, not one of them is necessary.

Enter Boy, *with the slate.*

Car. Let's see——Oh! lady Pentweazel from Blow-bladder-street——Admit her by all means; and if Puff or Varnish should come, I am at home. (*Exit Boy.*) Lady Pentweazel! ha, ha! Now here's a proof that avarice is not the only or last passion old age is subject to.——This superannuated beldame gapes for flattery like a nest of unfledg'd crows for food; and with them, too, gulps down every thing that's offered her—no matter how coarse. Well, she shall be fed; I'll make her my introductory key to the whole bench of aldermen.

Enter Boy *with* Puff.

Boy. Mr. Puff, Sir.

Car. Let us be private. What have you there?

Puff. Two of Rembrandt's etching, by Scrape in May's Buildings: a paltry affair, a poor ten-guinea job; however a small game——you know the proverb——What became of you yesterday?

Car. I was detained by Sir Positive Bubble. How went the pictures? The Guido, what did that fetch?

Puff. One hundred and thirty.

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Car. Hum! Four guineas the frame, three the painting; then we divide just one hundred and twenty-three.

Puff. Hold—not altogether so fast—Varnish had two pieces for bidding against Squander, and Brush five for bringing Sir Tawdry Trifle.

Car. Mighty well! Look ye, Mr. Puff, if these people are eternally quarter'd upon us, I declare off Sir; they eat up the profit. There's that damn'd Brush—but you'll find him out. I have upon his old plan given him copies of all the work I executed upon his recommendation; and what was the consequence? He clandestinely sold the copies, and I have all the originals in my lumber-room.

Puff. Come, come, Carmine, you are no great loser by that. Ah! that lumber-room! that lumber-room out of repair, is the best condition'd estate in the county of Middlesex. Why now there's your Susannah, it could not have produc'd you above twenty at most; and by the addition of your lumber-room dirt and the salutary application of the 'spalt-ham-pot, it became a Guido, worth a hundred and thirty pounds. 'Besides, in all traffic of this kind, 'there must be combinations.—Varnish and Brush 'are our jackals, and it is but fair they should par-'take of the prey. Courage, my boy! never fear. 'Praise be to folly and fashion, there are in this town 'dupes enough to gratify the avarice of us all.'

Car. Mr. Puff, you are ignorant and scurrilous, and very impertinent, Mr. Puff; and, Mr. Puff, I have a strange mind to leave you to yourselves, and

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then see what a hand you would make of it—Sir, if I do now and then add some tints of antiquity to my pictures, I do it in condescension to the foible of the world; for, Sir, age, age, Sir, is all my pictures want to render 'em as good pieces as the masters from whom they are taken: and let me tell you, Sir, he that took my Susannah for a Guido, gave no mighty proofs of his ignorance, Mr. Puff.

Puff. Why, thou post-painter, thou dauber, thou execrable white-washer, thou——'Sirrah,' have you so soon forgot the wretched state from whence I dragg'd you? The first time I set eyes on you, 'rascal!' what was your occupation then? Scribbling, in scarce legible letters, *Coffee, tea, and chocolate*, on a bawdy-house window in Goodman's-fields.

Car. The meanness of my original demonstrates the greatness of my genius.

Puff. Genius! Here's a dog. Pray, how high did your genius soar? To the daubing diabolical angels for ale-houses, dogs with chains for tanners yards, rounds of beef and roasted Pigs for Porridge island.

Car. Hannibal Scratchi did the same.

Puff. From that contemptible state did not I raise you to the Cat and Fiddle in Petticoat-lane; the Goose and Gridiron in Paul's church-yard; the first *live* things you ever drew, 'dog?'

Car. Pox take your memory. Well, but, Mr. Puff——you are so——

Puff. Nor did I quit you then: Who, sirrah, recommended you to Prim Stiff, the mercer upon Ludgate-hill; how came you to draw the queen there?

[*Loud knocks at the door.*

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Car. Mr. Puff, for Heaven's sake! Dear Sir, you are so warm, we shall be blown—

Enter BOY.

Boy. Sir, my lady Pen——

Car. Send her to the———Show her up stairs. Dear Puff——

Puff. Oh! Sir, I can be calm; I only wanted to let you see I had not forgot, tho' perhaps you may.

Car. Sir, you are very obliging. Well, but now as all is over, if you will retreat a small time—Lady Pentweazel sits for her picture, and she's——

Puff. I have some business at next door; I suppose in half an hour's time—

Car. I shall be at leisure. Dear Puff——

Puff. Dear Carmine—— [*Exit Puff.*

Car. Son of a whore—Boy, show the lady up stairs.

Enter Lady PENTWEAZEL.

L. Pen. Fine pieces!—very likely pieces! And indeed all alike. Hum! Lady Fussock—and, ha, ha, ha! Lady Glumstead, by all that's ugly—Pray, now, Mr. Carmine, how do you limners contrive to overlook the ugliness and yet preserve the likeness?

Car. The art, Madam, may be convey'd in two words: where nature has been severe, we soften; where she has been kind, we aggravate.

L. Pen. Very ingenius, and very kind, truly. Well, good Sir, I bring you a subject that will demand the whole of the first part of your skill; and, if you are at leisure, you may begin directly.

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Car. Your ladyship is here a little ungrateful to nature, and cruel to yourself; even lady Pentweazel's enemies (if such there be) must allow that she is a fine woman.

L. Pen. Oh, your servant, good Sir. Why, I have had my day, Mr. Carmine; I have had my day.

Car. And have still, Madam. The only difference I shall make between what you were, and what you are, will be no more than what Rubens has distinguished between Mary de Medicis, a virgin and a regent.

L. Pen. Mr. Carmine, I vow you are a very judicious person, I was always said to be like that family. When my piece was first done, the limner did me after Venus de Medicis, 'which, I suppose, 'might be one of Mary's sister's:' but things must change; to be sitting for my picture at this time of day; ha, ha!—But my daughter Sukey, you must know, is just married to Mr. Deputy Dripping, of Candlewick-ward, and would not be said nay; so it is not so much for the beauty, as the similitude. Ha, ha!

Car. True, Madam; ha, ha! But if I hit the likeness, I must preserve the beauty.—Will your ladyship be seated? [*She sits.*

L. Pen. I have heard, good Sir, that every body has a more betterer and more worserer side of the face than the other—now which will you choose?

Car. The right-side, Madam—the left—now, if you please, the full——Your ladyship's countenance

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is so exactly proportion'd, that I must have it all; no feature can be spar'd.

L. Pen. When you come to the eyes, Mr. Carmine, let me know, that I may call up a look.

Car. Mighty well, Madam—your face a little nearer to the left, nearer me—your head more up—shoulders back—and chest forward.

L. Pen. Bless me, Mr. Carmine, don't mind my shape this bout; for I'm only in jumps. Shall I send for my tabbies?

Car. No, Madam, we'll supply that for the present—Your ladyship was just now mentioning a daughter—Is she—your face a little more towards me—Is she the sole inheritor of her mother's beauty? Or—have you—

L. Pen. That? Ha, ha, ha!—Why, that's my youngest of all, except Caleb. I have had, Mr. Carmine, live-born and christen'd—stay—don't let me lie now—One—two—three—four—five——'then 'I lay fallow——but the year after I had twins—— 'they came in Mr. Pentweazel's sheriffalty; then 'Roger, then Robin, then Reuben——' in short, I have had twenty as fine babes as ever trod in shoe of leather.

Car. Upon my word, Madam, your ladyship is an admirable member of the commonwealth; 'tis a thousand pities that, like the Romans, we have not some honours to reward such distinguish'd merit.

L. Pen. Ay, ay, Mr. Carmine, if breeding amongst Christians was as much encouraged as amongst dogs and horses, we need not be making laws to let in a parcel of outlandish locusts to eat us all up.

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Car. I am told, Madam, that a bill for some such purpose is about to pass, 'and that we begin now to 'have almost as much regard for the propagation of 'the species, as the preservation of the game in these 'kingdoms'—Now, Madam, I am come to the eyes —Oh!—that look, that, that I must despair of imitating.

L. Pen. Oh! oh! good Sir, have you found out that? Why, all my family by the mother's side were famous for their eyes: I have a great aunt among the beauties at Windsor; she has a sister at Hampton-court, a perdigious fine woman—she had but one eye, indeed, but that was a piercer; that one eye got her three husbands—we were call'd the gimlet-ey'd family. Oh! Mr. Carmine, you need not mind these heats in my face; they always discharge themselves about Christmas—my true carnation is not seen in my countenance. That's carnation! Here's your flesh and blood. [*Showing her arm.*

Car. Delicate, indeed! finely turn'd, and of a charming colour!

L. Pen. And yet it has been employ'd enough to spoil the best hand and arm in the world——Even before marriage never idle; none of your galloping, gossiping, Ranelagh romps, like the forward minxes of the present age. I was always employ'd either in painting your lamskips, playing upon the haspicols, making paste, or something or other——All our family had a geno; and then I sung! Every body said I had a monstrous fine voice for music.

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Car. That may be discern'd by your ladyship's tones in conversation.

L. Pen. Tones——You are right, Mr. Carmine; that was Mr. Purcel's word. Miss Molly Griskin, says he, (my maiden name), you have tones.

Car. As your ladpship has preserv'd every thing else so well, I dare swear you have not lost your voice. Will you favour me with an air?

L. Pen. Oh! Sir, you are so polite, that it's impossible——But I have none of your new playhouse songs—I can give you one that was made on myself by Laurence Lutestring, a neighbour's son.

Car. What you please, Madam.

L. Pen. (Sings.)

As I was walking by the side of a river,
I met a young damsel so charming and clever;
Her voice to please it could not fail,
She sung like any nightingale.
Fal, de, rol; hugh, hugh, &c.

Bless me! I have such a cough; but there are tones.

Car. Inimitable ones.

L. Pen. But, Mr. Carmine, you limners are all ingenuis men—you sing.

Car. A ballad, or so, Madam; music is a sister art; and it would be a little unnatural not to cultivate an acquaintance there.

L. Pen. Why, truly, we ought not to be asham'd of our relations unless they are poor; and then, you know——

Enter BOY.

Boy. Alderman Pentweazel, and Mr. Puff.

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L. Pen. Oh, he was to call upon me; we go to the auction. Desire him to walk up—Mr. Pentweazel, you must know, went this morning to meet Caleb my youngest boy, at the Bull and Gate: The child has been two years and three quarters at school, with Dr. Jerk, near Doncaster, and comes to-day by the York waggon: for it has always been my mazum, Mr. Carmine, to give my children learning enough; for, as the old saying is,

When house and land are gone and spent,
Then learning is most excellent.

Car. Your ladyship is quite right. Too much money cannot be employed in so material an article.

L. Pen. Nay, the cost is but small;—but poor ten pounds a-year, for head, back, books, bed, and belly; and they say the children are all wonderful Latiners, and come up, lack-a-day, they come up as fat as pigs.——Oh! here they are;—odds me! he's a thumper. You see, Mr. Carmine, I breed no starvelings—Come hither, child.—Mind your haviours. Where's your best bow? Turn out your toes.—One would think he had learnt to dance of his father. I'm sure my family were none so aukward.—There was my brother George, a perfect picture of a man: he danc'd, lud!—But come all in good time——Hold up thy head, Caleb.

Ald. Pr'ythee, sweet honey, let the child alone. His master says he comes on wonderful in his learning; and as to your bows and your congees, never fear, he'll learn them fast enough at home.

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L. Pen. Lack-a-day!——well said—We now—If he does, I know who must teach him. Well, child, and dost remember me? hey? Who am I?

Caleb. Anon?

L. Pen. Dost know me?

Caleb. Yes; you be mother.

L. Pen. Nay, the boy had always a good memory. And what hast learnt, Caleb, hey?

Caleb. I be got into Æsop's Fables, and can say all *As in presenti* by heart.

L. Pen. Upon my word--that's more than ever thy father could.

Ald. Nay, nay, no time has been lost; I question'd the lad as we came along; I ask'd him himself——

L. Pen. Well, well; speak when you are spoken to, Mr. Alderman. How often must I—Well, Caleb, and hadst a good deal of company in the waggon, boy?

Caleb. O la! powers of company, mother. There was Lord Gorman's fat cook, a blackamore drumming man, two actor people, a recruiting serjeant, a monkey, and I.

L. Pen. Upon my word, a pretty parcel.

Caleb. Yes, indeed; but the———the fat cook got drunk at Coventry, and so fell out at the tail of the waggon; so we left she behind. The next day the serjeant ran away with the showman's wife; the t'other two went after; so only the monkey and I came to town together.

Car. Upon my word the young gentleman gives a good account of his travels.

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L. Pen. Ay, ay, Mr. Carmine, he's all over the blood of the Griskins. I warrant the child will make his way. Go, Caleb, go and look at them pretty paintings——Now, Mr. Carmine, let us see if my goodman can find me out.

Ald. Lack-a-day:——Well, I profess they are all so handsome, that I am puzzled to know which is thine, chuck.

Puff. I am surprised at your want of discernment, Mr. Alderman; but the possession of a jewel destroys its value with the wearer: now to me it seems impossible to err; and though Mr. Carmine is generally successful, in this instance he is particularly happy. Where can you meet with that mixture of fire and softness, but in the eyes of Lady Pentweazel?

L. Pen. Oh, Sir!

Puff. That clearness and delicacy of complexion, with that flow of ruddinesss and health.

L. Pen. Sir! Sir! Sir!

Puff. That fall of shoulders, turn of neck, set-on head, full chest, taper waist, plump——

L. Pen. Spare me sweet Sir!——You see, Mr. Pentweazel, other people can find out my charms, though you overlook them——Well, I profess, Sir, you are a gentleman of great discernment: and, if business should bring you into the city; for, alas! what pleasure can bring a man of your refin'd taste there!——

Puff. Oh! Ma'am!

L. Pen. I say, Sir, if such an accident should happen, and Blowbladder-street has any charms——

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Puff. Oh! Ma'am! Ma'am! Ma'am! Ma'am!—

L. Pen. It is not impossible but we may receive you, though not equal to your merits——

Puff. Ma'am!

L. Pen. Yet in such a manner as to show our sense of them. Sir, I'm your very obedient.

Puff. Your ladyship's most——

L. Pen. Not a step.

Puff. Ma'am——

L. Pen. Sir——Mr. Alderman, your bow to the gentleman. The very finest.

Puff. Ma'am!

L. Pen. Sir——your most obedient.

Puff. Your devoted. [*Exeunt Alder. and Wife.*

Car. Ha, ha! Well said, Puff. What a calamity hast thou drawn upon the knight! Thou hast so tickled the vanity of the harradan, that the poor helpmate will experience a double portion of her contempt.

'*Puff.* Rot them.

'*Car.* Come, Puff, a matrimonial assistant to a 'rich alderman is no contemptible employment.

'*Puff.* Ay, if it were a sinecure.

'*Car.* No, that you must not expect; but unless 'I am greatly mistaken in the language of the eyes, 'her ladyship's were addressed to you with most 'persuasive tenderness.

'*Puff.* Well, of that hereafter——' But to our business. The auction is about beginning; and I have promised to meet Mr. David Dusledorpe, Sir Positive Bubble, and Lord Dupe, to examine the pictures, and fix on those for which they are to bid

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—But since, we have settled the German plan; so Varnish or Brush must attend them.

Car. Oh! by all means pursue that. 'You have 'no conception how dear the foreign accent is to 'your true virtuoso; it announces taste, knowledge, 'veracity, and in short every thing——' But can you enough disguise the turn of your face, and tone of your voice? A discovery of Mr. Puff, in Mynheer Groningen, blasts us at once.

Puff. Never fear me. I wish you may have equal success in the part of Canto.

Car. Pho! mine's a trifle. A man must have very slender abilities indeed, who can't for ten minutes imitate a language and deportment that he has been witness to for ten years.

Puff. 'But you must get their tones, their tones; 'tis easy enough. Come, hand up here that there 'Corregio; an inimitable piece, gentlemen and la- 'dies: the very best work of the best master; sub- 'ject agreeable, highly finished, and well preserved; 'a seat for the ladies; hand it to Sir Positive; a- 'going for fifty: speak or its going for fifty; Joy to 'your ladyship: Come, the next.' But remember, let your bob be bushy and your bow low.

Car. Enough, enough; we are strangers to each other, you know.

Puff. Absolute. Oh! but what pictures of yours are in the sale?

Car. There's my Holy Family, by Raphael; the Marriage in Cana, by Reuben Rouge; Tom Jack-

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son's Teniers; and for busts, Taylor's head without a nose from Herculaneum.

Puff. Are the antique seals come home?

Car. No; but they will be finish'd by next week.

Puff. You must take care of Novice's collection of medals—he'll want them by the end of the month.

Car. The coins of the first emperors are now steeping in copperas; and I have an Otho, a Galba, a Nero, and two Domitians, reeking from the dunghill.——The rest we can have from Dr. Mummy; a never-failing chap, you know.

Puff. Adieu.

Car. Yours, Sir——A troublesome fellow, this—confounded memory—useful, tho'—Rounds of beef and roasted pigs!——Must get rid of him—Ay, but when?——Why, when—when I have gain'd my point. But how, how then?——Oh, then it does not signify two pence.

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

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ACT II.

SCENE I. *Auction-Room.*

Enter PUFF *as Monsieur Baron de Groningen,* CARMINE *as Canto, and* BRUSH.

Carmine.

COME, bustle, bustle. Brush, you introduce Puff. Puff, how are you in your German?

Puff. I canno speak for Englandt, but I can mak understand very mightily. Will that do?

Brush. To a hair. Remember you are come hither to purchase pictures for the elector of Bavaria, Carmine, you must clap lord Dupe's coat of arms on that half-length of Erasmus; I have sold it him as his great-grandfather's third brother for fifty guineas.

Car. It shall be done—Be it my province to establish the baron's reputation as a connoisseur.—— Brush has seen you abroad at the court of the reigning prince of Blantin.

Puff. Yes; I was do business mightily for prince Blantin.

Brush. Your portraits go first, Carmine. Novice, Sir Positive Bubble, Jack Squander, Lord Dupe, and

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Mordecai Lazarus the Jew-broker, have appointed me to examine with them the history-pieces.—— Which are most likely to stick?

Car. Here's a list.

Brush. Hush! hide the Erasmus; I hear the company on the stairs. [*Exit Carmine. And re-enters anon.*

Enter Lord DUPE, BUBBLE, SQUANDER, *&c.*

L. Dupe. Mr. Brush, I am your devoted servant. You have procured my ancestor.

Brush. It is in my possession, my lord; and I have the honour to assure your lordship, that the family-features are very discernible; and allowing for the difference of dress, there's a strong likeness between you and your predecessor.

L. Dupe. Sir, you have oblig'd me. All these you have mark'd in the catalogue are originals?

Brush. Undoubted. But, my lord, you need not depend solely on my judgment: here's Mynheer Baron de Groningen, who is come hither to survey, and purchase for the elector of Bavaria; an indisputable connoisseur: his bidding will be a direction for your lordship. 'Tis a thousand pities that any 'of these masters should quit England. They 'were conducted hither at an immense expence; 'and if they now leave us, what will it be but a pub-'lic declaration, that all taste and liberal knowledge 'is vanish'd from amongst us?

L. Dupe. 'Sir—leave the support of the national 'credit to my care.'—Could you introduce me to Mynheer?—Does he speak English?

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Brush. Not fluently, but so as to be understood. Mynheer, Lord Dupe—the patron of arts, the Petronius for taste, and for well-tim'd generosity the Leo—and the Mæcenas—of the present age, desires to know you.

Puff. Sir, you honour me very mightily. I was hear of Lord Dupes in Hollandt. I was tell he was one delatant, one curieuse, one pricieuse of his country.

L. Dupe. The Dutch are an obliging, civiliz'd, well-bred, 'pretty' kind of people. But pray, Sir, what occasions us the honour of a visit from you?

Puff. I was come to bid for paints for de elector of Bavaria.

L. Dupe. Are there any here that deserve your attention?

Puff. O, dare are good pieces; but dare is one I likes mightily; de off-sky, and home track is fine, and de maister is in it.

L. Dupe. Whas is the subject?

Puff. Dat I know not; vat I minds, vat you call the draws and and the colours.

L. Dupe. Mr. Canto, what is the subject?

Car. It is, my Lord, St. Anthony of Padua exorcising the devil out of a ram-cat: it has a companion somewhere——oh, here!—which is the same saint in a wilderness, reading his breviary by the light of a glow-worm.

Brush. Invaluable pictures both! and will match your lordship's Corregio in the saloon.

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L. Dupe. I'll have them. What pictures are those, Mr. Canto?

Car. They are not in the sale; but I fancy I could procure them for your lordship.

L. Dupe. This I presume, might have been a landskip; but the water, and the men, and the trees, and the dogs, and the ducks, and the pigs, they are all obliterated, all gone.

Brush. An indisputable mark of its antiquity; its very merit; besides, a little varnish will fetch the figures again.

L. Dupe. Set it down for me——The next.

Car. That is a Moses in the bulrushes. The blended joy and grief in the figure of the sister in the corner, the distress and anxiety of the mother here, and the beauty and benevolence of Pharoh's daughter, are circumstances happily imagined, and boldly express'd.

Brush. Lack-a-day, 'tis but a modern performance; the master is alive and an Englishman.

L. Dupe. Oh, then I would not give it house room.

Puff. Here is a pretty piece I find stick up here in de corner: I was see in Hollandt, at Loo, a piece mighty like; there was little mices, that was nibble, nibble, nibble, upon vat you call frumage, and little shurels all vit brush tails ran up de trees; and there was great things, vat you call——psha, that have long bearts, and cry *Ba.*

Brush. What! goats?

Puff. Ay, dat was de name.

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L. Dupe. I should think, by the cheese and the goats, Mynheer, yours was a Welsh piece instead of a Dutch.

Puff. Ah, 'twas good piece. I wish to my heart Lord Dupes was have that piece.

Enter NOVICE.

Nov. Where's Mr. Brush? My dear Brush, am I too late?

Brush. In pretty good time.

Nov. May I lose my Otho, or be tumbled from my phæton the first time I jehup my sorrels, if I have not made more haste than a young surgeon to his first labour. But the lots, the lots, my dear Brush, what are they? I'm upon the rack of impatience till I see them, and in a fever of desire till I possess them.

Brush. Mr. Canto, the gentleman would be glad to see the busts, medals, and precious relics, of Greece and ancient Rome.

Car. Perhaps, Sir, we may show him something of greater antiquity——Bring them forward——The first lot consists of a hand without an arm, the first joint of the forefinger gone, supposed to be a limb of the Apollo Delphos——The second, half a foot, with the toes entire, of the Juno Lucina——The third, the Caduceus of the Mercurius Infernalis——The fourth, the half of a leg of the infant Hercules ——All indisputable antiques, and of the Memphian marble.

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Puff. Let me see Juno's half-foot. All the toes entire?

Car. All.

Puff. Here is a little swelt by this toe, dat looks bad proportion.

All. Hey, hey!

Puff. What's dat?

Car. That! Psha! that! Why, that's only a corn.

All. Oh!

Puff. Corn! dat was extreme natural; dat is fine; de maister is in it.

All. Very fine! invaluable!

Puff. Where is de Hercules' calf? Upon my word, 'tis a very large calf; big, big, big, all de way up, all de way down.

L. Dupe. I believe this Hercules was an Irishman.

Nov. But where are your busts? Here, here, gentlemen, here's a curiosity! a medal of Oriuna; got for me by Doctor Mummy; the only one in the visible world; there may be some under ground.

L. Dupe. Fine indeed! Will you permit me to taste it! It has the relish. [*All taste.*

Nov. The relish! Zooks, it cost me a hundred guineas.

Puff. By gar, it is a dear bit, tho'.

Nov. So you may think; but three times the money should not purchase it.

L. Dupe. Pray, Sir, whose bust is it that dignifies this coin?

Nov. The empeess Oriuna, my Lord.

L. Dupe. And who, Sir, might she be? I don't recollect to have heard of the lady before.

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Nov. She, my Lord? Oh, she was a kind of what-d'ye-call-em—a sort of a queen, or wife, or something or other to somebody that liv'd a damn'd while ago—Mummy told me the whole story; but, before gad, I've forgot it. But come, the busts.

Car. Bring forward the head from Herculaneum. Now, gentlemen, here is a jewel.

All. Ay, ay, let's see.

Car. 'Tis not entire, though.

Nov. So much the better.

Car. Right, Sir—the very mutilations of this piece are worth all the most perfect performances of modern artists.——Now, gentlemen, here's a touch-stone for your taste!

All. Great! great indeed!

Nov. Great! amazing! divine! Oh, let me embrace the dear dismember'd bust! A little farther off. I'm ravish'd! I'm transported! What an attitude! But then the locks! How I adore the simplicity of the ancients! How unlike the present, piggish, crop-ear'd puppets! How gracefully they fall all adown the cheek! so decent and so grave, and—— Who the devil do you think it is, Brush? Is it a man or a woman?

Car. The connoisseurs differ. Some will have it to be the Jupiter Tonans of Phidias, and others the Venus of Paphos from Praxiteles: but I don't think it fierce enough for the first, nor handsome enough for the last.

Nov. Yes, handsome enough.

All. Very handsome; handsome enough.

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Car. Not quite—therefore I am inclin'd to join with Signor Julio de Pampedillo, who, in a treatise dedicated to the king of the two Sicilies, calls it the Serapis of the Egyptians; and supposes it to have been fabricated about eleven hundred and three years before the Mosaic account of the creation.

Nov. Prodigious! and I dare swear true.

All. Oh! true, very true.

Puff. Upon my honour, 'tis a very fine bust; but where is de nose?

Nov. The nose; what care I for the nose? Where is de nose? Why, Sir, if it had a nose, I would not give sixpence for it—How the devil should we distinguish the works of the ancients, if they were perfect?—The nose indeed! Why, I don't suppose now, but, barring the nose, Roubiliac could cut as good a head every whit——Brush, who is this man with his nose? The fellow should know something of something too, for he speaks broken English.

Brush. It is Mynheer Groningen, a great connoisseur in painting.

Nov. That may be; but as to sculpture, I am his very humble servant. A man must know damn'd little of statuary, that dislikes a bust for want of a nose.

Car. Right, Sir—The nose itself, without the head, nay, in another's possession, would be an estate—— But here are behind, gentlemen and ladies, an equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius without the horse, and a complete statue of the emperor Trajan with only the head and legs missing; both from Herculaneum.—This way, gentlemen and ladies.

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Enter Lady PENTWEAZEL, ALDERMAN, *and* CALEB.

L. Pen. Now, Mr. Pentweazel, let us have none of your Blowbladder breeding. Remember you are at the court-end of the town. This is a quality-auction.

Ald. Where of course nothing is sold that is useful—I am tutor'd, sweet honey.

L. Pen. Caleb, keep behind, and don't be meddling. Sir—— [*To Brush.*

Brush. Your pleasure, Ma'am?

L. Pen. I should be glad you would inform me if there are any lots of very fine old China. I find the quality are grown infinitely fond of it; and I am willing to show the world that we in the city have taste.

Brush. 'Tis a laudable resolution, Ma'am; and, I dare say, Mr. Canto can supply—Bless me! what's that? [*Caleb throws down a china-dish.*

L. Pen. That boy, I suppose! Well, if the mischievous brat has not broke a—and look how he stands—Sirrah, sirrah, did I not bid you not meddle ——Leave sucking your thumbs. What, I suppose you learnt that trick of your friend the monkey in the waggon?

Cal. Indeed I did not go to do it, mother.

Ald. Pr'ythee, sweet honey, don't be so passionate. What's done can't be undone. The loss is not great; come, come.

Brush. Mr. Alderman is in the right. The affair is a trifle; but a twenty guinea job.

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L. Pen. Twenty guineas! You should have twenty of my teeth as——

Car. You mean if you had them.——Your ladyship does not know the value of that piece of China. It is the right old Japan of the pea-green kind. Lady Mandarin offer'd me, if I could match it, fourscore guineas for the pair.

L. Dupe. A fine piece, indeed!

Puff. 'Tis ver fine!

Caleb. Indeed, father, I did not break it.——'Twas crack'd in the middle, and so fell a-two in my hand.

L. Pen. What! was it crack'd?

Caleb. Yes, indeed, mother.

L. Pen. There, gentlemen!

L. Dupe. Ma'am, I would willingly set you right in this affair:—you don't seem acquainted with these kind of things; therefore, I have the honour to tell you, that the crack in the middle is a mark of its antiquity, and enhances its value; and these gentlemen are, I dare say, of the same opinion.

All. Oh, entirely.

L. Pen. You are all of a gang, I think. A broken piece of china better than a whole one!

L. Dupe. Ma'am, I never dispute with a lady; but this gentleman has taste; he is a foreigner, and so can't be thought prejudic'd; refer it to him: the day grows late, and I want the auction to begin.

All. Sweet honey, leave it to the gentleman.

L. Pen. Well, Sir,

Puff. Madam, I love to serve de lady. 'Tis a ver fine piece of china.. I was see such another piece sell

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at Amsterdam for a hundred ducats.——'Tis ver well worth twenty guinea.

Caleb. Mother!—father! never stir if that gentleman ben't the same that we see'd at the painting-man's, that was so zivil to mother; only he has got a black wig on, and speaks outlandish. I'll be fur-enough if it en't a May-game.

L. Pen. Hey! let me die but the boy's in the right. My dear, as I'm alive, Mr. Puff, that we saw at the limner's. I told you he was a more cleverer man than I ever saw. Caleb is right; some matter of merriment, I warrant.

Puff. I wish it was. (*Aside.*) I no understand.

Car. So, Mr. Puff, you are caught. [*Aside.*

L. Dupe. This is a most unfortunate old lady.——Ma'am, you are here under another mistake. This is Mynheer Baron de——

L. Pen. Mynheer Figs-end. Can't I believe my own eyes?——What! do you think because we live in the city, we can't see?

Nov. Fire me, my Lord, there may be more in this than we can guess. Its worth examining into. Come, Sir, if you are Mynheer, who the devil knows you?

Puff. I was know Mr. Canto mightily.

Nov. Mr. Canto, do you know this Baron?

Car. I see the dog will be detected, and now is my time to be even with him for his rounds of beef and roasting pigs. (*Aside.*)——I can't say I ever saw the gentleman before.

Nov. Oh, oh!

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L. Dupe. The fellow is an impostor; a palpable cheat. Sir, I think you came from the Rhine;——pray, how should you like walking into the Thames?

Nov. Or what think you, my Lord? The rascal complain'd but now that the bust wanted a nose;—suppose we were to supply the deficiency with his?

L. Dupe. But justice, Mr. Novice.

Car. Great rascal, indeed, gentlemen!—If rogues of this stamp get once a footing in these assemblies, adieu to all moral honesty. I think an example should be made of him.——But, were I to advise, he is a properer subject for the rabble to handle than the present company.

All. Away with him,

Puff. Hands off.——If I must suffer, it shall not be singly. Here is the obsequious Mr. Brush, and the very courtly Mr. Canto, shall be the partners of my distress. Know then, we all are rogues, if the taking advantage of the absurdities and follies of mankind can be call'd roguery. I own I have been a cheat, and I glory in it. But what point will you virtuosi, you connoisseurs, gain by the detection? Will not the publishing of our crimes trumpet forth your folly?

L. Dupe. Matchless impudence!

Puff. My noble lord here, the dilletanti, the curieu, the precieu of this nation! what infinite glory will he acquire from this story, that the Leo, the Mæcenas, the Petronius, notwithstanding his exquisite taste, has been drawn in to purchase, at an immense expence, a cart-load of—rubbish!

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L. Dupe. Gentlemen and ladies—I have the honour to take my leave.

Puff. Your Lordship's most obedient—When shall I send you your Corregio, your St. Anthony of Padua, your Ram Cat, my good lord?

L. Dupe. Rascal! [*Exit.*

Nov. This won't do, Sir.—Though my lord has not spirit enough, damn me if I quit you.

Puff. What, my sprightly squire! Pray favour me with a sight of your Oriuna.—It has the relish; an indisputable antique; being a Bristol farthing, coin'd by a soap-boiler to pay his journeymen in the scarcity of cash, and purchased for twopence of a travelling tinker by, Sir, your humble servant, Timothy Puff. Ha, ha, ha!

Nov. My Oriuna a Bristol farthing!

Puff. Most assuredly.

Nov. I'll be reveng'd. [*Going.*

Puff. Stay, stay, and take your bust, my sweet squire; your Serapis. Two heads, they say, are better than one; lay them together. But the locks! how gracefully they fall all adown? so decent, and so—ha, ha, ha!

Nov. Confound you!

Puff. Why, Sir, if it had a nose, I would not give six-pence for it.—Pray, how many years before the creation was it fabricated, squire?

Nov. I shall live to see you hang'd, you dog. [*Exit.*

Puff. Nay, but, squire; ha, ha, ha!—Now, Madam, to your ladyship I come; to whose dis-

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cernment, aided by the sagacity of your son Caleb, I owe my discovery.

Ald. Look you, don't think to abuse my lady. I am one of the——

Puff. Quorum——I know it, Mr. Alderman; but I mean to serve your worship, by humbling a little the vanity of your wife.

L. Pen. Come along, chuck. I'll not stay to hear the rascallity of the fellow.

Puff. Oh, my lady *Pentweazel*, correct the severity of that frown, lest you should have more of the Medusa than the Medicis in your face.

L. Pen. Saucy jackanapes!

Puff. What, then, I have quite lost my city acquaintance; why, I've promis'd all my friends tickets for my lord mayor's ball through your ladyship's interest.

L. Pen. My interest, indeed, for such a——

Puff. If Blowbladder-street has any charms—Sir—Ma'am—not a step—The finest gentleman! ha, ha, ha!——And what can you say for yourself, you cowardly ill-looking rascal? *(to Carmine.)* Desert your friend at the first pinch—your ally—your partner!——No apology, Sir—I have done with you. From poverty and shame I took you, to that I restore you. 'Your crime be your punishment.' *(Turning to the audience.)* Could I be as secure from, the censure of this assembly, as I am safe from the resentment of Dupe, Novice, Squander, from the alluring baits of my amorous city lady, and the

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dangerous combination of my false friend, I should be happy.

'Tis from your sentence I expect my fate;
Your voice alone my triumph can complete.

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EDGAR & EMMELINE.
Act 1. Scene 2.

Printed for J. Parsons, 21, Paternoster Row. 1794.

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EDGAR AND EMMELINE.

A COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS.

WRITTEN BY DR. HAWKESWORTH.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY-LANE.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

London:

PRINTED BY J. JARVIS,

FOR J. PARSONS, No 21, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1794.

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J. HAWKESWORTH, L. L. D.

HAD this gentleman left only his Adventurer behind him, that production would have transmitted his name to posterity, and have ranked it among those, whose works, more durable than the ſculptured monument, will remain a treaſure to the mind of taſte and elegance, when the latter ſhall have crumbled to decay, and even its place forgotten.

Mr. Hawkesworth was born in the year 1720, and arriving at the proper age, he was articled to a watchmaker, an employment every way foreign to his inclinations, and in which he did not long continue. At a very early period he married; and although his circumſtances at this time were at a very low ebb, we have reaſon to believe that in this important change he conſulted his inclination more than his intereſt.

The lady he made choice of for a partner, being qualified by education and accompliſhments for the undertaking, ſet up a ſchool at Bromley, in Kent, in which, by addreſs and aſſiduity, ſhe proved very ſucceſsful.

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The profits arising from the school, joined to those produced by the literary engagements of Mr. Hawkesworth, enabled them to make a genteel appearance, and none were more respected in the neighbourhood than themselves.

In this situation they continued for some time, when two ladies of family and considerable connections made choice of their house, from the desirable spot on which it stood, and offered very advantageous terms to Mr. and Mrs. H. if they would relinquish the school, and dispose of their mansion. They accordingly listened to, and accepted of the terms proposed; in doing which they reaped a considerable advantage.

In thus exchanging a state of continued hurry and anxiety for one of uninterrupted repose, Mr Hawkesworth was enabled to pursue the natural bent of a mind replete with genius, and disposed to encourage the dictates of a rich and glowing fancy, even to their most romantic extent; for at this period, it is said, he laid the ground work of those impressive and interesting Eastern Tales, which dignify and embellish his Adventurer, and which are allowed to be equal to those of Doctor Johnson in the Rambler.

About this time our author was chosen one of the directors of the East India Company. To this appointment he was indebted to the friendship of a lady whose interest was very considerable, on account of her having a large property in that concern.

The life of Mr. Hawkesworth presents but few

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traits of sufficient interest to justify our setting them down in this place. It was not till verging on its close that he was employed in preparing for the public an account of the discoveries in the South Seas, which then engaged the public mind.

Of this work great expectations were formed; artists of the first description were engaged, at an expence hitherto unprecedented in this country: but when the long promised volumes made their appearance, the tongue of envy employed itself in running them down, setting forth, that the engravers had made more of their materials, than the compiler had done of those entrusted to his arrangement and description.

But the attempts of his disappointed brothers of the quill, to injure him in a pecuniary way, proved abortive, and the sum of £. 6000 rewarded his labours.

Disappointed in their endeavours to injure his reputation as an author, they changed the mode of attack, and levelled all their force against his peace of mind; and here, indeed, they proved but too successful.

Mr. Hawkesworth had ever employed his pen in the cause of virtue and its best interests.

As a TRANSLATOR, his Telemachus, the only one that is worthy of a place in an English library, reflects the highest honour on the mind, that could so fully conceive the beauties of its excellent author, and give them, not only unimpaired, but consider-

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ably improved and heightened, to such of his countrymen whose confined education prevented their perusing the original. This is a work which ought to be in every school and in every family, as the moral sentiments which enrich every page are such which young minds cannot be too conversant in.

As a POET, his Hermit of Warkworth exhibits a display of every thing dear to the melancholy muse he loved to cherish; its fable is expressive of a fine imagination, and its moral (the crown of human invention) is at once pure, conspicuous, and unaffected.

As a PROSE WRITER, the short novels in the Adventurer are written in a stile at once elegant and natural, and the lessons they inculcate are worthy of the attention of the rising generation.

The Eastern Tales, in the same work, have been already mentioned: these must be read; for an attempt to point out their beauties would only be doing injury to some of the finest compositions of the kind in the English language.

In all he has written, Mr. Hawkesworth appears to have been desirous of leaving nothing behind him but what would better the heart, and improve the understanding. This was worthy of a great and a good man, and as such we are inclined to consider the subject of these pages.

From a consciousness that he did not merit censure, upon the score of morality, as a writer, Mr. Hawkesworth could but ill brook the charge of

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swerving from its principles in certain passages of his narrative; the meaning of which his illiberal antagonists perverted with more ingenuity than candour; this preyed upon his peace, and considerably impaired his health: but he had not long to repine beneath the insinuations of calumny, for in the year 1773 he was removed by a fever from this world to a better.

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EDGAR AND EMMELINE.

THIS ingenious, and equally amusing Fairy Tale, was first represented on Drury-Lane stage, in the year 1761.

The celebrated J. Hawkesworth is the author. To this gentleman the world is considerably indebted for the best English translation of Telemachus. As a poet, his Hermit of Warkworth does him honour, while, as an elegant prose writer, his beautiful Eastern Tales bear ample testimony; and these will remain lasting monuments of a fertile and creative genius, gifted with the choicest stores of fancy, taste, and sentiment.

On this ground the elegant drama of Edgar and Emmeline demands a place in our collection; although it has not for many years been exhibited on the stage.

"Friendship leads to love."—This well known sentiment is pleasingly illustrated in the persons of the hero and heroine of the scenes which occupy the following pages; and which we hope and trust will be honoured with the approbation of our much respected and numerous patrons.

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Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

		Men.
Edgar,	-	Mr. Obrien
Florimond,	-	Mr. King.
		Women.
Emmeline,	-	Mrs. Yates
Elfina,	-	Mr. Kennedy
Grotilla,	-	Miss Rogers.

Other Fairies, Servants, &c.

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EDGAR AND EMMELINE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A dark part of Windsor Forest.*

Enter GROTILLA *meeting* ELFINA.

Several Fairies enter, moving to light music, and at length forming a ring and dancing.

Enter another Fairy.

RECITATIVE.

NOW no more in dells we sleep;
Here our revels now we keep:
By the moon, our silver sun——
See, our sports are now begun!

AIR.

Welcome, with the lambent light,
Welcome, lovely queen of night!
To thy gentle reign belong
Love, and mirth, and dance, and song.

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' War, and strife, and toil, and care,
' Now their works of woe forbear:
' Night shall now for day atone;
' Give the night to joy alone!
' [*The Fairy mixes with those that dance.*

' *Enter* ELFINA, *an old Fairy.*

' *Elf.* Hist—break off!—My charge receive;
' Then renew the sports ye leave.
' (*They leave off dancing: the music ceases;*
' *and Elfina beckons first one, then another,*
' *speaking to them separately.*)
' When the midnight hour is nigh,
' Duteous to your tasks apply.
' You, the miser's haunts be near,
' Break his rest with causeless fear;
' Creak his doors, his windows shake,
' Till his iron heart shall quake.
' You, as gouty humours flow,
' Pinch the glutton by the toe.
' You, with boding dreams molest
' Proud ambition's anxious breast.
' You, with fancied ghosts affright
' Atheists in their own despight:
' Bold by day, the blust'ring spark
' Turns believer in the dark.
' Hence—of vice to work the wo,
' And the weal of virtue, go!
' (*The Fairies go out at one side; and as Elfina*
' *is going out at the other.*

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Enter GROTILLA, *another old Fairy.*

Grot. Sister! sister!

Elf. Whence com'st thou?

Grot. I come far.

Elf. What to do? Tell me—

Grot. To confer with you.

Elf. Yonder—— [*Pointing to the Castle.*

Grot. What!

Elf. The castle there——

Grot. Well——

Elf. Contains my present care.

Grot. Briefly, then, thy care unfold.

Elf. Mark! it shall be briefly told.
Edgar, Emmeline, you knew.

Grot. Youthful both, and fair and true.

Elf. Thus their destiny was read,
While the sisters spun their thread:
" This youth a maid, this maid a youth must find,
" The best, the fairest, both in form and mind;
" Each, as a friend, must each esteem, admire;
" Yet catch no spark of amorous desire!
" Till this be done, no chance shall bliss bestow;
" When this is done, no chance shall work them woe!"

Grot. This was publish'd at their birth.

Elf. Right; and well 'tis known on earth.

Grot. Blest I wish them—

Elf. So do I.

Grot. Can you help them?

Elf. Certainly.

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Grot. Search the island round and round
None like either can be found.
Elf. Each by each must then be seen;
But not lov'd———.
Grot. Hard task, I ween!
Elf. Hard the task; I know it well.
Grot. How perform it?—
Elf. I can tell.
Here the King pursues the chace;
All his nobles crowd the place:
Emm'line here a youth appears,
Gondibert the name she bears:
Edgar is a maid in dress,
Call'd Elfrida———
Grot. Now I guess.
Elf. To the youth, the virgin seems,
Like himself, a youth; and deems,
Like herself, the youth a maid;
Neither thus to love betray'd.
Grot. You contriv'd———
Elf. I did——
Grot. But——
Elf. Stay!
Mortal footsteps mark the way.
Vanish—quick: and leave me here:
If conjur'd, I must appear.

[*Exit Grotilla*; *Elfina retires.*

Enter EMMELINE, *disguised in a man's habit as Gondibert.*

Emm. What a situation am I in?——Is this figure

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really and truly Emmeline—the beloved and only daughter of great Northumberland? Every thing about me is so like a dream, that I am frighted to think I am awake.——Oh how weary I am of this dress! If I had known half that I should have suffered in it, all the fairies in the world should not have persuaded me to put it on.—If I resided here in this disguise, the month of the king's hunting, I was to break the spell I was born under, and my life was to be happy—so the fairy told me!——Yet the time expires to-morrow, and nothing has happened to me but vexation and disappointment. I must once more see this powerful yet decrepit being, who, though invisible, is always within my call.—This ring, which she gave me, convenes her: if I take it off and touch it thrice, she appears.—Once—twice—thrice!

[*Elfina comes forward, and touches her.*

Emm. O fairy! my situation is such as I can bear no longer.

Elf. Patience; for it ends to-morrow.

Emm. To-morrow!——to-morrow is a thousand years.——When the horse has all he can bear, a feather will break his back.

Elf. What's the matter!

Emm. Matter! why, in the first place, I have lived almost a month in a court———

Elf. That your sorrow?

Emm. That my sorrow! Yes—I that have always lived in my father's principality, fair Northumberland, where a noble simplicity of manners showed

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the heart to be open and undesigning, have, by your persuasion and assistance, left it for a place where hypocrisy is avowed by the name of good-breeding; where the most shameful licentiousness is justified as gallantry; dissimulation and perfidy as address and good management; where self-interest is professed as the first principle of wisdom, and virtue and public spirit derided as extravagance and superstition.

Elf. But your dress was your defence.

Emm. O! it is my dress that exposes me to more than half that I suffer. When one of my own sex is in company, I am comparatively happy; but how unfit for a woman's ear is the conversation of men, when it is not restrained by knowing that a woman is present: I begin to fear that I should not have thought so well even of those men I have been used to converse with, if they had appeared to me as they appear to each other.—The friendship and confidence of these lords of the creation have almost robbed me, a weak woman, of my allegiance: I am frighted at the thought of living among them.

Elf. Fear not vices you detest.

Emm. Fear not! but what must I hope? O fairy! if I have implicitly followed your instructions, if I have hidden them in my breast from every friend, and even from good Northumberland my father, let me no longer suffer the anguish of suspense.

Elf. Persevere; believe; confide.

Emm. But I have yet found no object worthy of my love.

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Elf. You must find, and know it not.
Such the fates ordain'd thy lot!

Emm. I know the mystery of my fate—that the happiness of my life depends upon my seeing and making a friend of the most beautiful and accomplish'd of men, without one thought of love—Alas! —forgive my doubts, my fear—should you——

Elf. Hold? of foul mistrust beware—To-morrow.

Emm. Well, then, till to-morrow——

Elf. Soft——unhallow'd feet are nigh!——
Florimond——

Emm. O! that wretch haunts me like my shadow. To rally me for what he calls my virtue, seems to be his supreme delight; he is proud of his own insensibility to what gives me pain: the confusion he throws me into, he considers as a test of his own abilities and accomplishments; and as vanity is his predominant passion, he is so assiduous to secure the enjoyment of his superiority, that I can scarce escape him one hour in the day.

Elf. He shall work thee wo and weal,
As to-morrow shall reveal.

Emm. But how? where?—dear, dear fairy!—

Elf. Ha, ha, ha! How and where must still perplex ye;
And, in kindness, I must vex ye—Ha, ha, ha!
[*Elfina disappears.*

Emm. Gone!—Mystery, perplexity, and distress! She sports, too, with my anxiety! I almost wish I had not trusted her: but 'tis too late—Here comes Florimond, and my torment begins.

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Enter FLORIMOND *singing.*

Flor. Ha! my little Gondibertus! have I found you?——What, all alone? (*Peeping about.*) Egad, I was in hopes there had been a wench in the case, and that I might have given thee joy of thy reformation.

Emm. Sir, I chose to be alone. Solitude is sometimes not only useful but pleasant.

Flor. Why, tis a fine moon-light evening, indeed —But what the devil——

Emm. I have sufficient subject for meditation, Sir; and I hope that, as there is to be a ball at the castle to-night, you would have been better engaged than to watch my privacy.

Flor. What! better engag'd than to raise such a recruit for the *beau monde* as thou art?——Come, come, thou shalt not thus steal away from good company to thyself.

Emm. Sir, upon my word, I'm fit company for none but myself at present.

Flor. Psha!—What, always muzzy, with a dismal countenance as long as a taylor's bill! Come, cheer up, boy, I've news for thee.

Emm. For me, Sir? [*Alarm'd.*

Flor. Ay, to divert thee, I mean; that's all.

Emm. What, is it any thing uncommon then?

Flor. No, faith, not very uncommon neither; though, perhaps, thou may'st make a wonder of it. —'Tis only an heiress that's just run away with a young fellow.

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Emm. That, indeed, is not so uncommon as might be wish'd. But who is she? is she of any fashion?

Flo. Yes, faith, she is of some fashion; Northumberland's fair daughter Emmeline, that's all—

Emm. Oh!

Flor. What, thy virtue is shock'd at the licentiousness of the age? Ha, ha, ha!—Or art thou a lover of the fair Emmeline's? hey!

Emm. (*Aside.*) What shall I say? My confusion will certainly betray me—'Twas only a sudden pain shot across my breast. But what particulars do you hear?

Flor. Why, it seems she got leave of her father to follow him hither; and it is just accidentally discovered, that she left his castle the next day, tho' she has not been here yet.

Emm. Well; but why do you therefore conclude that she's gone off with a man?

Flor. Why, only because the duke of Kent's son, Edgar, disappeared upon the same pretence, just at the same time; and both have been missing ever since.

Emm. And is this sufficient to authorise a positive assertion to the prejudice of a reputation, which hitherto not slander itself has presum'd to stain?

Flor. Ha, ha, ha! Not slander itself has presum'd to stain! Ha, ha, ha! [*Mimicking her.*

Emm. (*Aside.*) O my heart! What new insult am I doom'd to suffer?—You'll excuse me, Sir, if up-

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on this occasion I take the liberty to tell you, that your mirth is rather ill-tim'd, and—

Flor. Sir—do you know this fair lady, that you are so much dispos'd to become her knight-errant?

Emm. (Aside.) I must be cautious, or my zeal may discover me.—Sir, though I should not know her, it is my point of honour never to suffer the reputation of the absent to be wantonly sported away upon mere circumstances and surmise.

Flor. Your point of honour!—why, to be sure, all this is very fine. But I'll tell you a secret, my dear—As unstain'd as you may think the fair Emmeline's reputation, there is a certain humble servant of yours, that shall be nameless, who has some small reason to think, that a certain piece of brittle ware, which she had the keeping of, may be a little crack'd—or so.

Emm. (Aside.) A wretch! who never saw me but in this disguise—You are well acquainted with her then?

Flor. Why—I am——

Emm. And pray, what kind of a woman is she?

Flor. Why she's a pretty———upon my word, a very pretty wench.

Emm. But is she tall, or short, or brown, or fair?

Flor. You have never seen her, you say?

Emm. No more than I do this moment.

Flor. (Aside.) Then I may venture—Why, she is fair, tall, and slender; has a fine neck, a very fine neck! her limbs remarkably well-turn'd; her leg and ancle the finest I ever saw ———

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Emm. (distressed and confounded.) Oh!

Flor. Ay—I thought I should set you a-longing; but come, she's not to be had at present, it seems; —so no more of her.

Emm. I cannot so easily dismiss her as you may imagine; and yet, perhaps, you may mistake the reason.

Flor. Very likely, faith; but what is it?

Emm. Why, I am astonish'd that you make so light of what has happen'd to her; whether you consider it as the loss of a mistress, or whether as a misfortune to a woman you must be suppos'd to have lov'd, and to whom you must have had obligations of the strongest and most tender kind: one of these lights you must see it in.

Flor. Why, my dear, as to that, I am extremely easy about losing her; for between you and I—I cou'd spare her. I must, indeed, confess, that I was very fond of her once; but, 'faith, the obligations were all on her side—'Tis among ourselves.

Emm. (*Aside.*) O, my heart! what a monstrous compound of vanity and lies is this?—How so, pray Sir?

Flor. Why, I us'd to meet her in her father's park night after night, at the risque of my life; and, i'gad, what with the danger, and what with the fatigue, I grew tir'd of her; and, to tell you the truth, provided her another lover, to make good my retreat. 'Tis among ourselves.

Emm. Well said—and who was that, Sir?

Flor. The very same Edgar that she is now run

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away with. I thought it would he a pretty thing for him; for he is one of your fighting fellows, that is never so happy as when he's in danger—but I'm sorry he has been so indiscreet.

Emm. Pray, Sir—excuse me—I don't pretend to question the truth of what you say: but there are some difficulties in the story that I should be glad to have clear'd up—If you was so much in the lady Emmeline's good graces, and had, as you say, no dislike to her person, how came you not to think of marrying her? Such an alliance, I presume, would not have dishonour'd you.—I shall confound him now. [*Aside.*

Flor. Marrying her!—I'gad, she knew a trick worth two o' that: I would have married her; and I told her so. "My dear Florimond," says she—her arm was then lying negligently cross my shoulder, thus—and she look'd archly at me, thus—— "My dear, Florimond," says she, "why should "you and I, that have now only the power of "making each other happy, suffer a doating old "priest to give us the power of making each other "miserable? If you were to be my husband, you "might cease to be my lover; and then," says she, "with a most roguish leer, "perhaps I might be "tempted to take another; you would tyrannize, "I should rebel; you would enjoy nothing but the "hope of breaking my heart, and I should enjoy "nothing but the hope of breaking yours."

Emm. (Aside.) Still, still I draw upon myself more confusion.—But why, then, did she run away

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with Edgar? That must ruin her schemes both of interest and pleasure.

Flor. Nay, how the devil can I tell that?

[*Emmeline walks apart, confus'd and embarrass'd.*

Flor. What, in your reveries!—Thou art now musing on some vartuous love, like an ever faithful lovyer tell death—ha, ha, ha!—Come, come;—psha, don't be a fool; some kind wench now would cure you—I'gad, what think you of Elfrida?—Come along, we'll call at her apartment: perhaps she's dressing, and we shall be admitted to her toilet. Upon my soul, a fine figure of a woman! a little masculine, that's all; but, take my word for it, a delicious morsel for all that!—Hark ye—if you are not sheepish, she'll not be coy: 'tis among ourselves,—I tell you as a friend; faith, I don't love to monopolize—I'll just tickle up her fancy a little, and leave you together. Come———

Emm. Pray, Sir———

Flor. I will, faith.

Emm. I must insist———

Flor. Nay, come along, come along.

[*Lays hold of her.*

Emm. Sir, I must absolutely be excus'd at present.

Flor. Why, what a plague is it now that thou hast taken into thy head?

Emm. Sir, I have an affair that at present requires me to be alone; which I cannot further explain, than———

Flor. Say no more, say no more. *(Aside.)* I'gad,

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I have guess'd it now—A challenge?—Why, there's light enough for two people to cut one another's throats by, to be sure—I'll away—Well, my dear, if I must leave you to the dew and the moonshine, I must;—but d'ye hear, 'faith, I'll to Elfrida—will you follow me? If you don't stay too long, you'll find an *attendrissement* that you may be oblig'd to your humble servant for;—that's all—'tis among ourselves.———Adieu. [*Exit.*

Emm. Why, fare thee well, thou---wretch, without a name.—What will, what can become of me! What is it that prompts this fool, whom as I never knew I never could provoke, to wrong me thus?—Is it a sacrifice to his vanity? or is it mere wantonness and sport? Pray heav'n this fairy don't deceive me!—What shall I do?——I must see her, and take her counsel in this new distress.

(*She takes off her ring, and touches it thrice; but the Fairy does not appear.*)

Ha!---sure I dream!---Forlorn, deserted!---this perfidious goblin!---Again I touch it; once---and twice---and thrice---and yet she is not here---O! I could---But though I see her not, she may be near me, to hear and punish the complaints which her unkindness forces from me---To whom can I now ease my heart?---O! sacred friendship!---but here I have no friend. Elfrida---yes, she indeed, as if by some secret sympathy, claims my confidence: and my heart tells me she deserves it---Yes, I will trust her with my secret: she will be a witness for me against this slander, and assist me with her advice. [*Exit.*

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The Scene changes to Edgar's apartment, and discovers him at a toilet, dressing in the character of Elfrida; a woman attending.

Edg. Here, give me the ribbons.—Get you gone ——I'll call you when I want you.

Wom. (*aside.*) This lady has the strangest humours! [*Exit.*

Edg. Was ever man in such ridiculous distress? I'm sure I ne'er knew any thing like it since I was Edgar the son of Kent. Here have I had a young tempting girl fiddle-faddling about me these two hours to dress me, forsooth—with an officious handiness so provoking, that no virtue under that of a stock-fish could endure it patiently.——Yet an old woman upon these occasions I cannot bear:—and in short, I can no longer bear a young one.—It is my fate, they say, to be miserable if I don't get acquainted with the finest girl in England, without wishing for her; and I was told by a little goblin that started up before me, after it had led me, under the appearance of a Jack o' Lantern, into a wood, that if I could spend the king's hunting-month here in this disguise, all would be right: but how my being in petticoats should make me less likely to love a fine girl, I cannot conceive! A fine girl, indeed, may be less likely to love me; but as to myself, it is high time for me to get into breeches, that I may get out of temptation.—Here they flock about me—one sits down just before me, and without any ceremony,

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ties her garter—another gets me to adjust her tucker. —I'm the witness of so many pranks, and the confident of so many secrets!—Then I have my hours of mortification too: I am tormented by a swarm of profligate fops, who try to debauch every woman they see with as little concern as they take snuff;—wretches who are as destitute of love as they are of virtue, and have as little enjoyment as they have understanding!—And here I am oblig'd to mince, and pish, and fie—and affect to blush——'sdeath, when I'm bursting with indignation, and long to knock 'em down——I'll bear it no longer.

(*Elfina suddenly appears from under the toilet, and places herself before him.*)

Edg. Ha! what, again!

Elf. Again.

Edg. Art thou my good or evil genius? Tell me.

Elf. As you think me, you shall find me.

Edg. I will think thee, then, my good genius; for I would fain find thee so.

Elf. You must trust me too, or else——

Edg. Trust you!—Look at the figure I make here, and then judge if I have not trusted you.

Elf. But your virtue must be tried.

Edg. Tried!—By what new torments would you try it? Have I not suffered the two worst things in nature, temptation and suspence? Have not I——

Elf. No—you have not persevered: all is lost if you give out.

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Edg. Resolve my doubts, then; torment me no longer with suspense: let me be certain of the event and I will be an anchorite, in spite of this habit and all its works, a month longer.

Elf. Well—Observe me, then, and learn.

Edg. (*eagerly.*) What shall I learn?

Elf. Patience, Edgar!—Fare thee well. Ha, ha!

(*A machine rises under her and carries her away.*)

Edg. Derided, and forsaken!—I doubt this is one of the wanton and mischievous elves that tantalize poor mortals for their own diversion: however, as I have played in the farce so long, I'll not stop in the last scene.———,

Enter WOMAN.

Wom. Ma'am, here's my Lord Trifle has sent his compliments to your la'ship, and begs to know whether he shall have the honour of waiting upon your la'ship to the ball.

Edg. (*recovering his female attitude and accent.*) My compliments, am much oblig'd to his lordship but am engag'd.

Wom. Yes, Ma'am.

Edg. Hark ye—

Wom. Ma'am.

Edg. Has Gondibert call'd here this evening?

Wom. No, Ma'am.

Edg. Nor sent?

Wom. No, Ma'am. [*Exit.*

Edg. There's a man, now, who might atone for the vices of the whole sex! I am so anxious to recom-

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mend myself to him, even in this disguise; and feel such a reluctance to do any thing that may disgust him, even while he thinks me a woman: that when he is present, I labour to make my manner suit with my appearance, I know not how, by a kind of involuntary effort. How strange is the rapidity with which some minds unite!

Enter WOMAN.

Wom. Ma'am, there's Count Florimond.

Edg. Did not I tell you——

Wom. Yes, Ma'am; and I told him—But he said he knew your la'ship was at home, and that he must see you.

Edg. Must see me!

Wom. Yes, Ma'am; and though I told him your la'ship was a-dressing, yet he would follow me——O Lord, he's the strongest man—He's here, an please your la'ship—

Enter FLORIMOND.

Edg. (*Aside.*) What a farce must I now act! Pray heav'n it has not a tragical catastrophe!

Flor. My dear goddess!

Edg. Lord, how can you be so monstrous rude!—bursting into one's dressing room—and putting one into such flurries——

(*He fumbles at pinning on a breast-knot.*)

Flor. That your heart beats in concert with mine—The dear toilet is not more the altar of beauty than of love—Permit me the honour, Ma'am, of asisting to place that envied ornament on your bosom.

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Edg. Lord, Sir!—I beg—not for the world—you quite confound me———

Flor. (*pressing.*)My life! my angel———

(*Catches him hastily round the waist, and endeavours to kiss him; upon which, Edgar gives him a smart blow on the ear.*)

Edg. Nay, then there is no expedient—

Flor. (*retreating backward.*) Ma'am!—

[*Edgar stamps, and Florimond starts and retreats farther back at the same time.*

EMMELINE, *as Gondibert, appears at the door.*

Flor. I protest Ma'am——— [*Frighted.*

Edg. (*sternly.*) And I protest, Sir———

Flor. Ma'am, I beg———

Edg. And I beg, Sir———

Flor. (*turning and seeing Gondibert.*) O——— Ma'am your most humble servant. [*Going.*

Emm. (*Aside to Flor.*) Sir—I am under very great obligations to you—but I would not have you tickle up her fancy any more, upon my account.

Flor. Deuse take you!—I wish you had been as near her as I was.

(*Is going, but again stops and adjusts his wig by a pocket mirror.*)

Edg. (*to Emmeline, recovering himself, and adjusting his dress.*) Lord, Sir—I'm in such a flurry—I, I, I I'm very sorry I should have been provok'd to ny thing so unbecoming the delicacy of my sex.

Flor. Upon my soul, so am I too——Sir, your humble servant. [*Exit.*

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Emm. You have no reason to apologize for your indignation, Madam; though your blow was something spirited, I must confess.

Edg. I'm in such confusion, Sir—and he has made me such a figure!—to treat me with indecent familiarities!

Emm. Dear Madam, compose yourself, and think no more of him. He has not been much better company to me than he has to you, I'll assure you.

Edg. Lord, Sir, you surprise me!——Pray, what impertinence has he been guilty of to you?

Emm. He has been filling my ears with scandal, Madam; a subject which seems to be equally suitable both to his abilities and disposition! He has been telling me, that Edgar——

Edg. Who, Sir? [*Hastily.*

Emm. Edgar, Madam, the son of the earl of Kent—

Edg. What of him, Sir?—What scandal has he spread of Edgar?—

Emm. (*Aside.*) Ha! so interested!—She loves him, sure.

Edg. Let me conjure you, Sir, if this wretch has said any thing to dishonour Edgar, you would tell it to me.

Emm. (*Aside.*) It must be so—Your very earnestness forbids me, Madam.

Edg. I know I'm mov'd and you must think it strange.

Emm. (*surpriz'd at the masculine tone and manner into which his earnestness involuntarily betrays him.*) Strange! indeed!—

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Edg. Perhaps, 'tis stranger still than you can think.

Emm. Your manner, Madam———

Edg. No, matter—Forms and modes become trifles too small for notice, when they stand in competition with a friend's good name.

Emm. [*Aside.*] Her love is to distraction—She frights me, and is not to be trusted——

Edg. Let me conjure you—tell me—

Emm. I cannot tell you, Madam.

Edg. Cannot!

Emm. I ought not—Trust me, there are reasons—Let it suffice, that in the story I have heard, a lady's honour is as much concerned as Edgar's; that the slander cannot interest you more than me; that I will do my utmost to make its falsehood so notorious, that it cannot be believ'd; and I intreat that, as you tender your peace, you would as yet inquire no farther—I know myself not proof against your importunity; and therefore you will excuse me, if, having no other way, I save myself by flight. [*Exit.*

[*Edgar runs out after her, but returns.*

Edg. Curse on this cumbersome habit! I cannot overtake him. Was ever any thing so vexatious! I have been defam'd by some scandalous falsehood, and I must do my honour justice—I can at a small expense of dissimulation, get that wretch, Florimond, to repeat to me all that he has told to Gondibert: I will do it—and I will as yet lie in ambush under this disguise, to make sure of my blow. [*Exit.*

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EMMELINE, *as Gondibert, re-enters.*

Emm. She's gone!—What can I, or what ought I to do? if I had told her the story, I must have discovered myself to convince her it could not be true: but who knows what a jealous woman might have thought upon finding the very person who is said to have gone off with her lover in so strange a disguise? —Yet she will certainly contrive to hear it from Florimond; and then, good heaven! what will she suffer if I do not convince her that it is false!—I must, I will trust her—I have no other chance to save her, but by making a discovery, which, if I had really gone off with Edgar, it is certain, I should not have made, especially to her. But I must not intrude upon her now: I will plant myself where I may intercept her before she can see Florimond, and trust to generous friendship for the event. [*Exit.*

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

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ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Terrace at Windsor Castle.*

Enter FLORIMOND, *with a letter.*

Florimond.

AYE——she was oblig'd to be angry, because that fool Gondibert appear'd just in the critical minute at the door—Pox take him!—I might have known it was not natural by her overdoing it— it was, indeed, overdone with a vengeance! But now she's in the panicks, lest I should resent it. Now she has something to say—and—if I am disengag'd—she will be glad to meet me upon the terrace. If I should humble her now, and not meet her—but that would be cruel. I will, however, take some state upon me—I will look a little formal; it may save me some trouble in my future advances—Here she comes.

Enter EDGAR, *still disguis'd as Elfrida.*

(*Florimond receives him with an air of negligent haughtiness, and makes a formal bow.*)

Edg. Sir, I hope you will not take any advantage of my weakness——

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Flor. (*turning from her.*) Weakness! pox on you! —Your weakness don't lie in your arm, I'm sure o' that.

Edg. (*following.*) Or suppose, Sir, that whatever reason I may have for desiring this meeting——What airs the wretch gives himself! (*Aside.*)——I say, Sir, that you would not suppose——I cannot contain myself— [*Aside.*

Flor. Poor soul! what confusion! I will relax a little of my severity. (*Aside.*)—Madam, I will suppose nothing, but that you have given me another opportunity of hearing your commands.

Edg. I think, Sir, you was telling Gondibert a certain affair between you and Edgar and a lady; and something that, by his manner of telling it, I could not very well understand.

Flor. (*Aside.*) Aye——a very good introduction ——a love-story is a most excellent prelude to a love-scene——I perceive we are to adjourn—— Why, Madam, a certain fair lady call'd Emmeline has thought fit to make Edgar as happy as any man can be made, except him, Madam, whom you shall please to honour with the same favour———Upon my soul, she's a fine creature!

Edg. Sir, your compliments really put me so out of countenance—that I shall blush to death—

Flor. Your blushes are so becoming, Madam, that—

Edg. Give me leave, Sir, to intreat that you would at present spare my confusion, and tell me all the particulars of that affair which have come to your knowledge.

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Flor. Aye——She wants a luscious description, now. (*Aside.*)—Why, Madam, I presume that Edgar, being fir'd with the charms of Emmeline first gaz'd languishingly upon her; caught her eyes the first time they were casually turn'd upon him; when, to a soft confusion, she hastily turn'd her look downward, and blush'd; he took her hand, first pressing it gently in his own, then raising it to his lips; then, Madam, I presume he might proceed in——

Edg. Sir!——I shall certainly be out of patience, and knock him down. (*Aside.*)——Sir, if you have any desire to oblige me——or have any expectations, Sir, of favours——Not, Sir, that I——

Flor My dear angel, keep me no longer in suspense; let me know your commands, that I may fulfil the condition of—— [*Pressing.*

Edg. (*drawing back.*) Hold, Sir—You must then, without farther delay or interruption, give me a direct answer to a few short questions.

Flor. Why, Madam, it shall then be in your own way.

Edg. First then, Sir, are you acquainted with Edgar, the young heir of Kent?

Flor. Why, Madam, to proceed implicitly as you direct, I believe there are few persons who know more of that gentleman than your humble servant.

Edg. (*Aside.*) Matchless impudence!——And pray, Sir, what kind of a youth is he?

Flor. (*Aside.*) I see by her curiosity she don't know him.——Why, Madam, the youth is a, a, a, rather soft——a green youth, Madam, as we say——

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Edg. Sir, these are terms that I do not perfectly comprehend; and therefore I beg you would be more explicit.

Flor. Why then, explicitly, Madam, he is, upon my soul, a shallow fellow—a very shallow fellow, faith——'Tis among ourselves.

Edg. He is?

Flor. He is indeed, Madam——The poor devil has some aukward good-nature, and I have a kindness for him; but, between you and I, he'll never be so much a man of honour as I could wish him.

Edg. (forgetting his feminine character, and running up to him.) How, villain!——

Flor. (frightened, and drawing back.) Ma'am!—

Edg. (*Aside.*) What have I done! (*He draws himself again into form.*) To think of villainy in people that, by their rank, are set up as examples to others, quite transports me out of myself—Heigh ho!—It has quite overcome me.

[*Affects to be faint, and takes out a smelling-bottle.*

Flor. (*Aside.*) What a terrible virago it is!—— May I presume, Madam, to lend you my hand?

[*Approaching cautiously.*

Edg. It is over, Sir——I'm so subject to flurries—and my poor nerves are so shattered——I'm extremely oblig'd to you for this character of Edgar—— To have been guilty of any thing base!——

Flor. Very base, I assure you, Madam.

Edg. Sir!——(*Assuming a fierce masculine air, but instantly correcting himself.*)

Flor. Ma'am! (*Starting back.*)——Fore gad, she's

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mad!——and, upon my soul, in my opinion, damnably mischievous. [*Aside.*

Edg. Give me leave, Sir——as well as I am able ——to ask you what in particular has——but I see company coming——If we walk this way, we shall avoid them.

Flor. (*Aside.*) Avoid them!——Heaven forbid——Perhaps, Madam, another time——

Edg. Sir, I shall die if my curiosity is not gratified.

Flor. Madam——at present, I am——

Edg. Sir, I beg——for my reputation, that we may not be surpris'd together while I'm in this disorder.

Flor. By no means, Madam——let us part this moment——If you'll go off one way, I'll go the other.

Edg. O not for the world!——To be seen to part hastily, upon being observed together, would be the subject of eternal scandal——Let me beg the favour of your arm—— [*Lays hold of his arm.*

Flor. (*crying out.*) Lard Gad, Madam!——

Edg. Sir!

Flor. You'll pinch it through.

Edg. Lord, Sir, 'tis my fright—One naturally clasps any thing hard in a fright.

Flor. Madam, you do me honour——

[*Edgar holds his arm; he keeps as far off as he can, and fixes his eyes upon him as they go out.*

By the heavens! she has the gripe of a bum-bailiff. (*Aside.*) [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE. *The dark Grove.*

' *Enter* ELFINA.

' *Elf.* Sister! sister! [*Grotilla suddenly appears.*
' *Grot.* ——————Here am I.
' *Elf.* Now the fated hour is nigh,
' Keep the lovers in your eye.
' Each to each shall soon be known;
' Each for each was born alone.
' *Grot.* Florimond, the caitiff vile——
' *Elf.* They shall prosper by his guile:
' (Evil we for good permit)
' This their friendship's knot shall knit.
' But the fated hour is nigh——
' Come, ye elves, whose minds perceive,
' By secret impulse, what I will;
' Come, your sports this moment leave,
' And what I ordain fulfil.
' [*Many Fairies suddenly appear.*
' Now the fated hour is nigh,
' To rites that charm from ill apply.
' Form the circle on the dew,
' [*They form a ring.*
' Round, and round, the track renew——
' [*They dance.*
' Mark it thrice, and thrice again——
' Join with me the magic strain.

' SONG.

' By the bat's nocturnal flight
' O'er the sleeping plants and flow'rs;

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'By the moon's inconstant light,
'Potent spell of midnight-hours——
'By the ring of various dyes,
'Circling oft the silver ball;
'By the genial mists that rise,
'By the virgin dews that fall——
'By the meteor's gleamy spark,
'Wand'ring o'er the reedy lake;
'Stars that shoot athwart the dark,
Lights from polar skies that break;
'By night, and all things that to night pertain—
'Ye rival powers, from adverse arts abstain!
'Intrude not now my purpose to contest;
'But let the pair that I would bless, be blest.
'*Elf.* Cease, the fated hour is nigh!
'Cease, and to the castle fly!
'Careful watch the great event,
'Finish'd ere the day be spent.
'[*Fairies and the scene disappear together.*

Enter EMMELINE, *still disguised as* GONDIBERT.

Emm. She's gone out, and I have unfortunately missed her——She's certainly gone to Florimond——Ha! yonder they are——Yes, it is certainly so——What violent emotion!——Now they move hastily forward—Now she stops short—her gestures are scarce feminine—Now she recovers herself—Florimond, too, seems to be frighted out of his gallantry, and extremely willing to put an end to the conversation——'Tis over! he leaves her, and she comes this way.——Yes, I will open my whole heart to

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her; not for my sake now, but her own. Whatever are the first sallies of her surprise and passion, she must at length feel and return my friendship.——— Here she comes: I must not accost her too abruptly.

[*Retires to a little distance.*

Enter EDGAR, *still as* ELFRIDA. *Seeing* EMMELINE, *he stops short.*

Edg. Ha! Gondibert—I know the generous reason, now, of his reserve. In this disguise, what could my interest in Edgar appear to him but love? —and if it had been so, how must I have been hurt by what he had to tell me!—But he is not less interested in the lady—so he said——Sure then he is to Emmeline what he thought Edgar was to me!---Let me, then, repay his generous kindness; let me discover, not only what, but who I am, to convince him that the tale is false, which, if true, must destroy his peace. [*Going up to Emmeline*]---You need not shun me, Sir; I have now nothing to ask that you would wish to conceal; I have only to request, that you would forgive me for having violated your injunction not to satisfy the curiosity you had raised. I am apprised of your kind, your generous motive; and it has inspired my breast with all that it is possible I should feel for you, a grateful and ardent friendship.

Emm. Your love, Madam, I make no doubt is fixed on a much nobler and more deserving object. Edgar, I presume———

Edg. My connection with Edgar, Sir, is indeed,

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in some sense, the reason why your merit cannot make an impression, which I am not ashamed to say it might otherwise have done: and yet, Sir, let me confess that I am not affected by the story of his disappearing with Emmeline, as you might reasonably imagine, because I know for certain that it cannot be true.

Emm. (hastily.) Ha! that it cannot be true---

Edg. I now owe your friendship a discovery, if indeed it is a discovery, which I was prompted by mere regard to myself to have made before: I think there is a connection between you and Emmeline, that———

Emm. There is indeed, a connection, Madam---a secret which you convice me it is now in vain to affect to hide———

Edg. Let me, then, claim it---But let me first, as a pledge of that friendship which I hope shall end but with our lives, give for your secret mine——

Emm. Do not, then, keep me longer in suspense; for still the more we talk, the more I am perplex'd. ---(*Aside.*) What can her secret be?

Edg. Why, then, in the first place, Sir,---I am--- a man ———

Emm. (*Aside, with great emotion, which she labours to conceal.*) A man!---Good Heaven! what will become of me?

Edg. And now let me at once embrace you as a friend: punctilios and forms no longer part us---

[*As Edgar advances eagerly to Emmeline, she hides her face, and appears in great confusion.*

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Edg. (*hastily.*) What ails my friend?

Emm. O! you have ruin'd all my pleasing project ---prevented---but no matter———

Egd. This is amazing! For Heav'n's sake, what d'ye mean?---You was not, sure, enamour'd of my person---

Emm. O! no---You still mistake——

Edg. Then tell me my mistake; for we may now converse on even terms: our hearts may now be opened to each other, without the forms and the reserve prescribed in friendships with the softer sex.

Emm. O! still you wander, wider and wider still ---I cannot speak——

Edg. You must---There is a secret which, but now, your heart was ready to reveal——

Emm. And then I thought it known---but now---

Edg. Now my warm heart has claim'd you for my friend-----

Emm. And now to tell it, is impossible---I cannot tell it--and if I could, you would not find the friendship that you hope-----

[*Edgar looks earnestly at her, wondering and embarrass'd.*

(*Aside.*) I sicken at his sight---Oh my heart!

Edg. I'm all perplexity and wonder!---Your colour comes and goes, like a sick girl's---(*She becomes more confused, as he marks her confusion*)-----You tremble!---Heavens! he faints!---(*He catches her in his arms, and discovers her breast.*) By all my wonder and my joy, a woman!---How lovely her confusion! ---O let my bosom warm thee back to life! Look

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up, and trust the honour of my love: you shall not whisper what you would conceal; nor will I seek to know it. [*She recovers.*

Emm. O! let me hide me from myself---my sex thus known---in this disguise! Where shall my conscious blushes find a veil?---Who are you? Tell me, that I may hide me from your sight for ever.

Edg. Oh! no---On that condition, let me ne'er be known.

Emm. Yet tell me---trust me———

Edg. Trust thee! Yes, with my life I'd trust thee. ---Thy friend!---O! know me by a softer name---is Kent's young heir; that Edgar you have heard so falsely and so wantonly traduc'd.

Emm. Still wonders crowd on wonders!

Edg. I dream myself, or this is all enchantment.

Emm. So might you think, indeed, if more you knew me.

Edg. Let me, then, know thee more, whom now I know as the most fair and gentle of thy sex; whom yet I saw and loved without desire---my pledge of happiness!---May I be thine!---But yet I rave---thy fate was not like Edgar's———

Emm. Spare me---thy words have pow'r, which yet thou know'st not.

Edg. O! take me from the rack! My thoughts grow wild!---There is, indeed, a maid, whose fate I've heard was such as mine---that Emmeline---O! Heav'n, that Emmeline, in whom I thought thy interest, love!-----O! yes, it must, it shall---thou, thou art she!

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Emm. Leave me, or I shall die with my confusion.

Edg. Let me support thee, hide thee in my breast, where thou shalt breathe thy answer in a sigh.----- Art thou not Emmeline, my fated love?

Emm. If Emmeline be thy fated love---I am---

Edg. Still let me clasp thee closer, and closer still; calm all the tumults of thy feeling mind, and soothe thee into confidence by love.

Emm. No; let me now retire; for in this dress I cannot bear to see myself or you.

Edg. Yet stay---forgive the violence I do you. My fame and yours are wantonly traduc'd; 'tis fit that we do justice to them both, and punish the traducer.

Emm. He is not worth resentment.

Edg. He is for others sakes, though not his own. --I have a thought, would Emmeline but join——

Emm. Tell me, then, quickly.

Edg. Send him a challenge in behalf of Emmeline, as Gondibert; and meet him, not as Gondibert, but Emmeline: I will take care to be present, not as Elfrida, but Edgar: he will then be self-convicted as a liar, by knowing neither of the persons he has defam'd; and we may farther punish him as we please.

Emm. Well, I will try at this; but now dismiss me. [*She breaks from his hand, and runs off.*

Edg. Farewel, my love!——How has the hand of heav'n vouchsafed to guide me through all the mazes of my fate to bliss! Even my revenge, my justice rather, upon that wretch, whose very folly is envenom'd, shall be complete----But a mind so

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base can never be brave---Suppose he should not come---He's here.

Enter FLORIMOND. *Seeing* EDGAR, *he stops short.*

Flor. Gad take me---this damn'd madwoman is certainly fated to be my death.

[*Edgar advances towards him; he draws back, and looks frighted.*

Edg. Sir, I am so shock'd when I reflect upon the indecorums that my passions have made me guilty of to you, and my poor spirits are so flurried, that I really am not able to make my apology.

Flor. Ma'am, I am extremely sorry-----and, Ma'am, I must absolutely fly from your ladyship's apology--- [*Going.*

Edg. Sir, I must beg the favour of your ear for a few minutes----I hope, Sir, you will pardon my confusion---I have something to say to you, Sir, that -----Let me beg, Sir, that you would come a little nearer-----

Flor. (*Aside.*) Pox on her---she wants to fasten her damn'd claws upon me again----(*To her.*) Your commands, Madam, always do me honour----and, upon my soul, always leave me black and blue.

[*Aside.*

Edg. I have just heard, Sir, something that has flustered me to such a degree---

Flor. (*Aside.*) Ay---another fright! she'll certainly lay hold of me---(*Retiring.*) Ma'am---a, a, a, I hope there's no danger threatens your ladyship---

Edg. Not directly me, Sir; nor indeed much dan-

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ger to you: but I was willing you should be prepar'd---

Flor. Danger---prepar'd-----For heav'n's sake, Madam, what d'ye mean?

Edg. Why, Gondibert, Sir----you'll excuse my freedom---Lard, that I should be so indiscreet---- I'm sensible that the interest I take in this affair may be liable to constructions of such a nature--- that---

Flor. Lord, Ma'am, if there is any villainous design against me, I beseech you to let me know it--- (*Looking about.*) Perhaps we had better change our ground; some villain may be taking aim at me as I stand.

Edg. You need not be under such apprehensions, Sir; it is a matter of no consequence---It is only that Gondibert is to send you a challenge for the liberty you have taken with lady Emmeline; that's all---

Flor. Oh, if 'tis only an intention of Gondibert to cut my throat, to be sure, that's a matter of no consequence---A bloody-minded ruffian! [*Aside.*

Edg. Why, Sir, to my certain knowledge, Gondibert knows no more of a sword than a girl of eighteen; and has not a grain more courage.

Flor. (*taking courage.*) Why, as to that, Madam---

Edg. As to that, Sir, I am confident it would make no difference to you; but as I know he won't fight, and only presumes upon an insolent opinion that Count Florimond's courage is as questionable as his own.

Flor. (*blustering.*) How, Madam!

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Edg. Lard, Sir, if you are so violent, I shall certainly fall into my tremors---I shall certainly want the support of your arm.

Flor. (*Aside.*) Mercy upon me! and I shall want but very little killing afterwards if you do.

Edg. I say, Sir, I think he should be properly expos'd; and I hope you'll act accordingly.

Flor. Madam---excuse me---a coward is my aversion; and you may depend upon his being chastised with most exemplary severity----But I should be sorry to mistake his character. (*Aside.*)---You know he won't fight?---

Edg. (*a little hastily.*) Sir, if you suspect my veracity----

Flor. O Lord, Madam---no, not in the least.

Edg. You'll excuse me, Sir: I am really asham'd ---of the liberty I have taken-----Sir, your humble servant. [*Exit.*

Flor. Madam, your most obedient---Thank heav'n she's gone----It was a lucid interval; but it would not have been of much longer continuance. I'm oblig'd to her though for her information---indeed am I---Egad, I'll make a figure in this business---- But if the challenge is coming, I must be at home to receive it. [*Exit.*

Enter several FAIRIES.

1 *Fairy.* Come away, come away!
We have jubilee to-day.
2 *Fairy.* Wherefore, wherefore?
3 *Fairy.* Tell me.
4 *Fairy.* Tell me.

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' 1 *Fairy.* Ere the ev'ning sheds the dew,
' You shall know; and you, and you.
' 2 *Fairy.* What is finish'd?
' 3 *Fairy.* What is plan'd?
' 1 *Fairy.* Peace—the sisters are at hand.'

Enter ELFINA ' *and* GROTILLA, *with many* FAIRIES ' *in grotesque characters.*'

Elf. Now we triumph!—now 'tis past!
Spells are broken, joy shall last!
Let the voice of music rise;
Music, grateful to the skies.

AIR, *with Chorus.*

We triumph, we triumph, with victory blest;
And beauty and truth are of pleasure possess'd.
Let mortals be told, and rejoice in the sound,
" No lovers henceforward by fate shall be bound:"
There's now no conditions of pleasure but two,
Which they all may fulfil—to be tender and true.
Da capo.

' *Elf.* Now let ev'ry elf and fay
' Dance the laughing hours away:
' Let your nimble feet rebound,
' Lightly from the daisied ground;
' Trip it round, and round, and round.
[*A dance.*
' *Elf.* (*stopping suddenly.*) Hist---a mortal foot is
' nigh;
' None must here remain but I.
[*Exeunt all but Elfina, who retires to the back of*
' *the stage.*'

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Enter FLORIMOND.

Flor. This is the place, and this is the time—but I see no signs of my little Gondibertus——Ha! here comes a *bona roba*, whom I have not the honour to know.—Egad, this affair will turn out with an eclat —very much to my honour—I'll make the most of it: I'll let her into my business here, without seeming to see her.

[*Emmeline enters in her own habit, and observes him. He affects not to see her; but walks hastily to and again, often looking on his watch, affecting great impatience, and speaking as to himself.*

A paltroon! not to meet me upon his own challenge —I'll make him know what it is to insult a man of honour——If the wretch had met me, I would have given him his life; but now to spare him—a scandal to mankind! Ha! (*Affects to be surprised at seeing Emmeline.*) Death! interrupted and discovered!—(*Half aside.*) Madam—I protest---I am confounded---I am afraid that my natural impetuosity has a, a, a——

Emm. Sir, I am very sorry that I should have intruded upon your privacy; but, perhaps, I have prevented something that would have had worse consequences.

Flor. Madam, I am not at liberty——

Emm. By the few words, Sir, which now involuntarily escaped you, I know that you are waiting here upon an affair of honour---but I entreat----

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Flor. Madam, it is impossible---nothing but his life can atone for the insult.

Emm. You will excuse a woman, tho' a stranger, Sir, upon such an occasion: may I entreat to know, Sir, who has had the misfortune to incur the resentment of a gentleman, who seems so little to deserve ill treatment and so able to punish it?

Flor. Madam, you do me honour.---She is making advances already. (*Aside.*)---Why, Madam, as the treatment I have received makes it an act of justice to tell what I should otherwise rather die than discover, I will comply with your request---- Hem! A little dirty dependant upon the court, here, Madam, one Gondibert, thought fit to send me a challenge, upon account of something I happened to say concerning a lady, in whose good graces I happened to be, and whom a foolish young fellow that I was a friend to, has thought fit to run away with; and, Madam, though I have so far treated him like a gentleman as to accept his challenge, he has not come to the place appointed, and it is now half an hour past the time.

Emm. (looking out.) Methinks I see somebody at a distance coming this way; perhaps that may be the gentleman-----

Flor. (starting, and looking out as afraid.) Ah! egad that's certainly he---(*Aside.*) Now, if he should not be a coward at last---Madam, a, a, a, for God's sake retire---for---a, a, a.

Emm. Sir, I believe it will not be necessary; for I'm pretty sure now that the gentleman is a friend of mine----

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Flor. A friend of yours, Madam! pray, who is he?

Emm. A gentleman, Sir, who, I am sure, will be extremely glad to be better known to you.

Enter EDGAR, *in his proper dress.*

Emm. (*Aside.*) Yes, 'tis he, 'tis Edgar! with what elegance and dignity he looks the man.

Edg. (*Aside.*) How soft, how lovely, in her female dress!

Emm. (*to Florimond.*) Sir, as we are now no longer alone, I may confess that I am not altogether a stranger to your person or your merit.—(*To Edgar.*) Sir, this is Florimond, a gentleman to whom both you and I have some obligations, which I believe he is not at present aware of.

Flor. Upon my word, Madam, you absolutely confound me—this excessive honour—is it possible that I should have been so happy as to confer obligations—Pray, Madam, may I crave the honour of your name?

Edg. Do you not at all recollect that lady, Sir?

Flor. Upon my soul, Sir, I cannot say that I do.

Edg. Who, now, do you think it can possibly be, of all that your polite generosity has oblig'd?

Flor. Let me perish, Sir, if I can tell.

Edg. Why, Sir, that lady is one Emmeline; with whom, as she tells me, you was formerly most intimately acquainted; and whom you lately conversed with, Sir, in disguise, by the name of Gondibert:

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'tis among ourselves——What! quite confounded, Sir?

Flor. (*recovering himself.*) Ha, ha, ha! confounded! Ha, ha, ha! No, no, Sir: you have had your jest, and I have had mine. I knew well enough who I was talking to when I play'd upon the little Gondibertus—Ah! I thought I should make you smart for your frolic—I told Elfrida my whole scheme—

Edg. You told Elfrida your whole scheme—

Emm. But pray, Sir, as you did not know my person in my own dress, how came you to know me in disguise?

Flor. Why, Madam, to confess the truth, I was let into the secret by a friend—(*Aside.*) Egad, this goes swimmingly——

Edg. Well, Sir; but pray, give me leave to bring you acquainted with a person, who, I'm sure, you are at present totally a stranger to—Pray, who do you think I am?

Flor. (*Aside.*) Heaven knows! but I wish I was fairly out of your clutches—Upon my soul, Sir, I have not the honour to know you, any otherwise than as a gentleman whom I should be extremely proud to consider as my friend.

Edg. Why, Sir, I have the honour to be one Edgar; a very shallow fellow, Sir, that you had some kindness for, because he was aukwardly good-natured: I have also had the honour to receive several of your civilities, under the name of Elfrida—'Tis among ourselves.

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Flor. Sir, your most humble servant—I have at this time some urgent business—

Edg. So have I, Sir; and therefore you must not leave me yet—You may remember, Sir, that you told me your whole scheme to punish Emmeline for her frolic, and to mortify her with stories of herself by way of joke.

Flor. Sir, I beseech you—

Edg. Sir, I am extremely sorry for the occasion; but as this lady has not got her fighting cloaths on, you must excuse me if I take her challenge upon myself; and so, Sir—(*Draws.*) 'Tis among ourselves.

Emm. What has my thoughtless indiscretion done!

Flor. Ah, dear Sir, now you are too serious—

Emm. This must not be—For heav'n's sake, Edgar, hear me!

Edg. Fear not, my love—Sir, whatever you may think, this is but sport, to what is to follow—and so, Sir, without more words—

Flor. O Lord, Sir!—I beseech you, Madam—

Emm. For my sake, Edgar—

Edg. Trust me.—Draw, Sir, or—

Flor. Sir, I don't desire, to do you any harm; I don't, upon my soul, Sir.

Edg. Scoundrel, coward, draw!

Emm. Consider, Edgar—

Flor. Ay, do, dear Sir, consider—

Edg. Consider what?

Flor. That I am but a poor, miserable, lying coxcomb, Sir—Indeed, Sir, I am—

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Emm. It is better to dismiss him, Edgar, as beneath your resentment.

Flor. So it is, indeed, Sir—a great deal better.

Emm. He is worthy only of contempt.

Flor It is very true indeed, Sir.

Edg. Art not thou a wretch, without the least principle of truth or honour?

Flor. Yes, Sir.

Edg. Art thou not infamous, as a slanderer and a coward?

Flor. Yes, Sir.

Edg. Have not thy very follies the malignity of vices? and is it not a disgrace to nature, to consider thee as a man?

Flor. Any thing, dear Sir, if you will but spare my life—If you choose any other satisfaction, Sir; if you would be content to kick me into some dark corner, and leave me, I should think myself under infinite obligations to you.

Edg. Hence then—and be thyself thy punishment!

[*Florimond runs off.*

As Florimond runs off, Elfina comes forward.

Ha!—Fear not, my Emmeline! It is a friendly pow'r, familiar to my sight.

Emm. What! is she known to you?—my friend! my guide!

Edg. And mine!— [*Both run and kneel to her.*

Elf. Rise both, both blest——

Emm. Forgive my diffidence—When my heart accused you, I was overwhelm'd with distress!—— Your promise to come at my call was not fulfill'd.

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Elf. I came not, that I might send you hither *(pointing to Edgar.)* Your friendship was the parent of your love.

Edg. I too have need of your forgiveness; pardon my distrust.

Elf. Say no more—your fathers now
Ought to hear your mutual vow;
Both the royal presence grace,
Heroes both of British race!
Go, your duties there present;
I will answer for the event.
Long may virtue guard your breast!
Joy shall then be long your guest.

[*The Fairy disappears.*

Edg. She's gone! the kind propitious spright, that has led us, hoodwink'd, to the happiness which, seeing, we had miss'd.

Emm. Let us then haste to follow her last advice; for I can trust her now.

'*A* FAIRY *behind the scenes.*

'Edgar, Edgar, Edgar!

'*Emm.* Hark! What voice?

'*Edg.* Perhaps some other kind and invisible be-
'ing—There's music too— [*An overture to a song,*

'*Emm.* It comes, another tiny spright—It cannot
'mean us ill—It becons you——

'RECITATIVE.

'*Fairy.* Hear me Edgar; hear, and trust!
'Still be kind, and still be juſt;

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'Truth and fondness that endure,
'Love from jealousy secure.

'AIR.

'Take and keep the fated fair,
'Born to give supreme delight;
'Make her ever all thy care,
'And secure thy envied right.
'Clasp her to thy beating breast,
'Round her lock thy faithful arms;
'These will guard her virtue best,
'These will best secure her charms.

'[*The Fairy disappears.*'

Edg. Come then, my fair, whom fate my love ordains,
By whom kind heav'n o'erpays my fears and pains!
Chos'n as thou art for graces of the mind,
Ere gold could influence, or desire could bind;
Whose charms, unsought, unknown, are friendship's dow'r;
Whose love on reason founds its lasting pow'r.
O! might each pair thus work what fate intends,
And none be lovers but who first were friends!

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EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

SPOKEN BY MRS. YATES.

OLD times, old fashions, and the Fairies gone;
Let us return, good folks, to sixty-one——
To this blest time, ye fair, of female glory,
When pleasures unforbidden lie before ye!
No sprites to fright you now, no guardian elves;
Your wise directors are—your own dear selves—
And ev'ry fair one feels, from old to young,
While these your guides—you never can do wrong.
Weak were the sex of yore—their pleasures few—
How much more wise, more spirited are You?
Would any Lady Jane, or Lady Mary,
Ere they did this or that, consult a Fairy?
Would they permit this saucy pigmy crew,
For each small slip, to pinch them black and blue?
Well may you shudder—for, with all your charms,
Were this the case—good Heav'n, what necks and arms!

Thus did they serve our grandames heretofore—
The very thought must make us moderns sore!
Did their poor hearts for cards or dancing beat,
These elves rais'd blisters on their hands and feet:

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Tho' Loo the game, and fiddles play'd most sweetly—
They could not squeeze dear Pam nor foot Moll Peatly.
Were wives with husbands but a little wilful,
Were they at that same Loo a little skilful;
Did they with pretty fellows laugh or sport—
Wear ruffs too small, or petticoats too short:
Did they, no matter how, disturb their cloaths;
Or, over-lilied, add a little rose!
These spiteful Fairies rattled round their beds,
And put strange frightful nonsense in their heads!
Nay, while the husband snor'd and prudish aunt,
Had the fond wife but met the dear gallant—
Tho' lock'd the door, and all as still as night—
Pop thro' the key-hole whips the Fairy sprite,
Trips round the room—"My husband!" Madam cries—
"The devil! where?" the frighted beau replies—
Jumps thro' the window—she calls out in vain—
He, cur'd of love, and cool'd with drenching rain,
Swears—"Dem him if he'll e'er intrigue again."
These were the tricks of old—But all allow,
No childish fears disturb our fair ones now.
Ladies, for all this trifling, 'twould be best
To keep a little Fairy in your breast:
Not one that should with modern passions war;
But just to tweak you—when you go too far.

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PARSONS's MINOR THEATRE.

AUTHOR.

Vicy. del. Printed for J. Parsons, n. Paternoster Row. [illegible] Basham sc.

CHILD MEMORIAL LIBRARY
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THE AUTHOR,

A COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS,

WRITTEN BY SAMUEL FOOTE, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL DRURY-LANE.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

London:

PRINTED BY J. JARVIS,

FOR J. PARSONS, No 21, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1794.

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THE AUTHOR.

IN the year 1757 this comedy, written by Mr. Samuel Foote, was performed, for the first time, to a full house, and with great applause.

In the life of this celebrated wit and mimic, given in the first volume of our collection, it is remarked that his satire, in many instances, aimed at a partial mark. In the Author; an unoffending and respectable character was held up to public ridicule, on account of some peculiarities which created no more than a smile among his friends, but which did not in the least act as a drawback upon their private esteem. The person alluded to was Mr. Aprice, a gentleman of family and fortune.

The inimitable humour of a Foote, however, could make even the wrong appear the better reason. The part of Cadwallader, in his hands, produced crouded houses, while even those inclined to blame, were diverted from their purpose by his irresistible point and pleasantry.

At length, the jest becoming very serious to the repose of the party it exposed in so public a manner, application was made for its suppression, and for some years it was withdrawn from the boards; it has, however, of late, been represented occasionally, and we know of few afterpieces that are better received.

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Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

	Men.
Governor Cape,	Mr. Aiken
Young Cape,	Mr. J. Bannister
Sprightly,	Mr. Hollingworth
Cadwallader,	Mr. Bannister
Poet	Mr. Waldron
'Vamp,'	Mr. Baddeley
Printer's Devil,	Mr. Lyons
Robin,	Mr. Jones.
	Women.
Mrs. Cadwallader,	Mrs. Wells
Arabella,	Miss Collins.

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PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY MR. FOOTE.

SEVERE their task, who, in this critic age,
With fresh materials furnish out the stage!
Not that our fathers drain'd the comic store;
Fresh characters spring up as heretofore——
Nature with novelty does still abound;
On every side fresh follies may be found.
But then the taste of every guest to hit,
To please at once the gallery, box, and pit;
Requires at least—no common share of wit.
Those who adorn the orb of higher life,
Demand the lively rake or modish wife;
Whilst they who in a lower circle move,
Yawn at their wit, and slumber at their love.
If light, low mirth employs the comic scene,
Such mirth as drives from vulgar minds the spleen;
The polish'd critic damns the wretched stuff,
And cries, "'Twill please the galleries well enough."
Such jarring judgments who can reconcile,
Since fops will frown where humble traders smile?
To dash the poet's ineffectual claim,
And quench his thirst for universal fame,
The Grecian fabulist, in moral lay,
Has thus address'd the writers of this day.
Once on a time, a son and sire, we're told,
The stripling tender, and the father old,
Purchas'd a jack-ass at a country fair,
To ease their limbs and hawk about their ware:

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But as the sluggish animal was weak,
They fear'd, if both should mount, his back wou'd break:
Up gets the boy; the father leads the ass,
And thro' the gazing crowd attempt to pass:
Forth from the throng the Grey-beards hobble out,
And hail the cavalcade with feeble shout.
"This the respect to reverend age you show?
"And this the duty you to parents owe?
"He beats the hoof, and you are set astride:
"Sirrah, get down, and let your father ride."
As Grecian lads were seldom void of grace,
The decent, duteous youth resign'd his place.
Then a fresh murmur thro' the rabble ran;
Boys, girls, wives, widows, all attack the man.
"Sure, never was brute-beast so void of nature!
"Have you no pity for the pretty creature?
"To your own baby can you be unkind?
"Here—Suke, Bill, Betty—put the child behind."
Old Dapple next the clowns compassion claim'd:
"'Tis wonderment them boobies ben't asham'd,
"Two at a time upon a poor dumb beast!
"They might as well have carry'd he at least."
The pair, still pliant to the partial voice,
Dismount and bear the ass—Then what a noise?
Huzzas, loud laughs, low gibe, and bitter joke,
From the yet silent sire these words provoke:
"Proceed, my boy, nor heed their farther call,
"Vain his attempt who strives to please them all!"

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THE AUTHOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Governor CAPE *and* ROBIN.

Governor.

AND he believes me dead, Robin?

Rob. Most certainly.

Gov. You have given him no intimation that his fortunes might mend?

Rob. Not a distant hint.

Gov. How did he receive the news?

Rob. Calmly enough: when I told him that his hopes from abroad were at an end, that the friend of his deceased father thought he had done enough in putting it in his power to earn his own livelihood, he replied, 'twas no more than he had long expected, charged me with his warmest acknowledgments to his concealed banefactor, thanked me for my care, sighed, and left me.

Gov. And how has he lived since?

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Rob. Poorly, but honestly: to his pen he owes all his subsistence. I am sure my heart bleeds for him: consider, Sir, to what temptations you expose him.

Gov. The severer his trials, the greater his triumph. Shall the fruits of my honest industry, the purchase of many perils, be lavish'd on a lazy luxurious booby, who has no other merit than being born five-and-twenty years after me? No, no, Robin; him, and a profusion of debts, were all that the extravagance of his mother left me.

Rob. You lov'd her, Sir?

Gov. Fondly, nay, foolishly, or necessity had not compell'd me to seek for shelter in another climate. 'Tis true, fortune has been favourable to my labours; and when George convinces me that he inherits my spirit, he shall share my property, not else.

Rob. Consider, Sir, he has not your opportunities.

Gov. Nor had I his education.

Rob. As the world goes, the worst you cou'd have given him. Lack-a-day! Learning, learning, Sir, is no commodity for this market: nothing makes money here, Sir, but money; or some certain fashionable qualities that you wou'd not wish your son to possess.

Gov. Learning useless! Impossible!---Where are the Oxfords, the Halifaxes, the great protectors and patrons of the liberal arts?

Rob. Patron!---The word has lost its use; a gui-

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nea-subscription at the request of a lady, whose chambermaid is acquainted with the author, may be now and then pick'd up----Protector!---Why, I dare believe there's more money laid out upon Islington turnpike in a month than upon all the learned men in Great Britain in seven years.

Gov. And yet the press groans with their productions! How do they all exist?

Rob. In garrets, Sir; as, if you will step to your son's apartment in the next street, you will see.

Gov. But what apology shall we make for the visit?

Rob. That you want the aid of his profession; a well-penn'd address now from the subjects of your late government, with your gracious reply, to put into the newspapers.

Gov. Ay! is that part of his practice?---Well, lead on, Robin.

SCENE II. *draws, and discovers* YOUNG CAPE *with the* PRINTER'S DEVIL.

Cape. Prithee, go about thy business---Vanish, dear devil.

Devil. Master bid me not come without the proof; he says as how there are two other answers ready for the press; and if yours don't come out a Saturdry, 'twont pay for the paper. But you are always so lazy: I have more plague with you—— There's Mr. Guzzle, the translator, never keeps me a minute---unless the poor gentleman happens to be fuddled.

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Cape. Why, you little, sooty, sniv'ling, diabolical puppy, is it not sufficient to be plagu'd with the stupidity of your absurd master, but I must be pester'd with your impertinence?

Devil. Impertinence:—Marry come up, I keep as good company as your worship every day in the year—There's Mr. Clench, in Little Britain, does not think it beneath him to take part of a pot of porter with me, tho' he has wrote two volumes of Lives in quarto, and has a folio a-coming out in numbers.

Cape. Harky', sirrah, if you don't quit the room this instant, I'll show you a shorter way into the street than the stairs.

Devil. I shall save you the trouble—Give me the French book that you took the story from for the last Journal.

Cape. Take it——— [*Throws it at him.*

Devil. What, d'ye think it belongs to the circulatiug library, or that it is one of your own performances, that you———

Cape. You shall have a larger—*(Exit Devil)* 'Sdeath! a pretty situation I am in! And are these the fruits I am to reap from a long, laborious, and expensive———

Re-enter DEVIL.

Devil. I had like to have forgot, here's your week's pay for the newspaper, five and fivepence; which, with the two-and-a-penny master pass'd his word for, to Mrs. Suds your washerwoman, makes the three half-crowns.

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Cape. Lay it on the table.

Devil. Here's a man on the stairs wants you; by the sheepishness of his looks, and the shabbiness of his dress, he's either a pickpocket or a poet—— Here, walk in, Mr. What-d'ye-call-um, the gentleman's at home. [*Surveys the figure, laughs, and exit.*

Enter POET.

Poet. Your name, I presume, is *Cape?*

Cape. You have hit it, Sir.

Poet. Sir, I beg pardon, you are a gentleman that writes?

Cape. Sometimes.

Poet. Why, Sir, my case, in a word, is this: I, like you, have long been a retainer of the muses, as you may see by their livery.

Cape. They have not discarded you, I hope?

Poet. No, Sir; but their upper servants, the booksellers, have.—I printed a collection of jests upon my own account, and they have ever since refused to employ me; you, Sir, I hear, are in their graces: Now I have brought you, Sir, three Imitations of Juvenal in prose; Tully's oration for Milo, in blank verse; two essays on the British Herring-fishery, with a large collection of rebuses; which if you will dispose of to them, in your own name, we'll divide the profits.

Cape. I am really, Sir, sorry for your distress; but I have a larger cargo of my own manufacturing than they choose to engage in.

Poet. That's pity; you have nothing in the com-

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piling or index way, that you wou'd entrust to the care of another?

Cape. Nothing.

Poet. I'll do it at half price.

Cape. I'm concern'd it is not in my power at present to be useful to you; but if this trifle———

Poet. Sir, your servant. Shall I leave you any of my———

Cape. By no means.

Poet. An essay or an ode?

Cape. Not a line.

Poet. Your very obedient——— [*Exit Poet.*

Cape. Poor fellow! and how far am I removed from his condition? Virgil had his Pollio; Horace, his Mecænas; Martial, his Pliny. My protectors are, Title-page the publisher, Vamp the bookseller, and Index the printer. A most noble triumvirate; and the rascals are as proscriptive and arbitrary as the famous Roman one, into the bargain.

Enter SPRIGHTLY.

Spri. What! in soliloquy, George—reciting some of the pleasantries, I suppose, in your new piece?

Cape. My disposition has at present very little of the *vis comica.*

Spri. What's the matter?

Cape. Survey that mass of wealth upon the table; all my own, and earn'd in little more than a week.

Spri. Why, 'tis an inexhaustible mine!

Cape. Ay, and delivered to me too with all the soft civility of Billingsgate by a printer's prime minister, call'd a *devil.*

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Spri. I met the imp upon the stairs. But I thought these midwives to the muses were the idolizers of you their favourite sons.

Cape. Our Tyrants, Tom! Had I indeed a posthumous piece of infidelity, or an amorous novel, decorated with luscious copper-plates, the slaves would be civil enough.

Spri. Why don't you pulish your own works?

Cape. What! and paper my room with 'em? No, no, that will never do; there are secrets in all trades: ours is one great mystery; but the explanation wou'd be too tedious at present.

Spri. Then why don't you divert your attention to some other object?

Cape. That subject was employing my thoughts.

Spri. How have you resolved?

Cape. I have, I think, at present, two strings to my bow: if my comedy succeeds, it buys me a commission; if my mistress, my Laura, proves kind, I am settled for life; but if both my cords snap—adieu to the quill, and welcome the musket.

Spri. Heroically determined?—But *a propos*—how proceeds your honourable passion?

Cape. But slowly—I believe I have a friend in her heart, but a most potent enemy in her head: you know I am poor, and she is prudent. With regard to her fortune, too, I believe her brother's consent is essentially necessary—But you promised to make me acquainted with him.

Spri. I expect him here every instant. He may, George, be useful to you in more than one capa-

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city; if your comedy is not crouded, he is a character, I can tell you, that will make no contemptible figure in it.

Cape. His sister gave me a sketch of him last summer.

Spri. A sketch can never convey him. His peculiarities require infinite labour and high finishing.

Cape. Give me the outlines.

Spri. He is a compound of contrarieties; pride and meanness, folly and archness: At the same time that he wou'd take the wall of a prince of the blood, he wou'd not scruple eating a fry'd sausage at the Mews-gate. There is a minuteness now and then in his descriptions, and some whimsical unaccountable turns in his conversation, that are entertaining enough: but the extravagance and oddity of his manner, and the boast of his birth, complete his character.

Cape. But how will a person of his pride and pedigree relish the humility of this apartment?

Spri. Oh, he's prepar'd—You are, George, tho' prodigiously learn'd and ingenious, an abstracted being, odd and whimsical; the case with all your great geniuses: You love the snug, the chimney-corner of life; and retire to this obscure nook merely to avoid the importunity of the great.

Cape. Your servant—But what attraction can a character of this kind have for Mr. Cadwallader?

Spri. Infinite! next to a peer, he honours a poet; and modestly imputes his not making a figure in the learned world himself to the neglect of his educa-

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tion—Hush! he's on the stairs—On with your cap, and open your book. Remember great dignity and absence.

' *Enter* VAMP.

' *Cape.* Oh, no; 'tis Mr. Vamp. Your commands, good Sir?

' *Vamp.* I have a word, Master Cape, for your ' private ear.

Cape. You may communicate; this gentleman is a ' friend.

' *Vamp.* An author?

' *Cape.* Voluminous.

' *Vamp.* In what way?

' *Cape.* Universal.

' *Vamp.* Bless me! he's very young, and exceed- ' ingly well rigg'd; what, a good subscription, I ' reckon?

' *Cape.* Not a month from Leyden; an admirable ' theologist! he study'd it in Germany; if you ' should want such a thing now as ten or a dozen ' manuscript sermons, by a deceased clergyman, I ' believe he can supply you.

' *Vamp.* Warranted originals?

' *Cape.* No.

' *Vamp.* No, no; I don't deal in the sermon-way ' now; I lost money by the last I printed, for all ' 'twas wrote by a Methodist; but I believe, Sir, ' if they ben't long, and have a good deal of Latin ' in 'em, I can get you a chap.

' *Spri.* For what, Sir?

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'*Vamp.* The manuscript sermons you have wrote,
'and want to dispose of.

'*Spri.* Sermons that I have wrote!

'*Vamp.* Ay, ay; Mr. Cape has been telling me——

'*Spri.* He has? I am mightily oblig'd to him.

'*Vamp.* Nay, nay; don't be afraid: I'll keep
'counsel; old Vamp had not kept a shop so long
'at the Turnstile, if he did not know how to be
'secret: why, in the year fifteen, when I was in
'the treasonable way, I never squeak'd; I never
'gave up but one author in my life, and he was
'dying of a consumption; so it never came to a
'trial.

'*Spri.* Indeed!

'*Vamp.* Never—look here, (*shows the side if his head*), crop'd close!—bare as a board!—and for
'nothing in the world but an innocent book of
'bawdy, as I hope for mercy: Oh! the laws are
'very hard, very severe upon us.

'*Spri.* You have given me, Sir, so positive a
'proof of your secrecy, that you may rely upon
'my communication.

'*Vamp.* You will be safe—But, gadso! we must
'mind business, tho'. Here, Mr. Cape, you must
'provide me with three taking titles for these pam-
'phlets; and if you can think of a pat Latin motto
'for the largest——

'*Cape.* They shall be done.

'*Vamp.* Do so, do so. Books are like women,
'Mr. Cape; to strike, they must be well dressed:

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'fine feathers make fine birds; a good paper, an 'elegant type, a handsome motto, and a catching 'title, has drove many a dull treatise thro' three 'editions—Did you know Harry Handy?

'*Spri.* Not that I recollect.

'*Vamp.* He was a pretty fellow; he had his La-'tin *ad anguem*, as they say; he wou'd have turn'd 'you a fable of Dryden's, or an epistle of Pope's, 'into Latin verse in a twinkling; except Peter 'Hasty the voyage-writer, he was as great a loss to 'the trade as any within my memory.

'*Cape.* What carry'd him off?

'*Vamp.* A halter; hang'd for clipping and coin-'ing, Mr. Cape; I thought there was something 'the matter by his not coming to our shop for a 'month or two: he was a pretty fellow.

'*Spri.* Were you a great loser by his death?

'*Vamp.* I can't say—as he had taken to another 'course of living, his execution made a noise; it 'sold me seven hundred of his translations, besides 'his last dying speech and confession; I got it; he 'was mindful of his friends in his last moments: 'he was a pretty fellow?

'*Cape.* You have no farther commands, Mr. 'Vamp?

'*Vamp.* Not at present; about the spring I'll 'deal with you, if we can agree, for a couple of vo-'lumes in octavo.

'*Spri.* Upon what subject?

'*Vamp.* I leave that to him; Mr. Cape knows 'what will do, tho' novels are a pretty light sum-

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'mer-reading, and do very well at Tunbridge, 'Bristol, and the other watering-places: no bad 'commodity for the West-India trade neither; let 'em be novels, Mr. Cape.

'*Cape.* You shall be certainly supply'd.

'*Vamp.* I doubt not; pray, how does Index go 'on with your Journal?

'*Cape.* He does not complain.

'*Vamp.* Ah, I knew the time—but you have 'over-stock'd the market. Titlepage and I had 'once liked to have engag'd in a paper. We had 'got a young Cantab for the essays; a pretty histo-'rian from Aberdeen; and an attorney's clerk for 'the true intelligence: but, I don't know how, it 'dropp'd for want of a politician.

'*Cape.* If in that capacity I can be of any—

'*Vamp.* No, thank you, Mr. Cape; in half a 'year's time, I have a grandson of my own that will 'come in; he is now in training as a waiter at the 'Cocoa-tree coffee-house; I intend giving him the 'run of Jonathan's for three months, to understand 'trade and the funds; and then I'll start him—'No, no, you have enough on your hands; stick 'to your business; and, d'ye here, 'ware clipping 'and coining; remember Harry Handy: he was a 'pretty fellow! [*Exit.*

'*Spri.* And I'm sure thou art a most extraordi-'nary fellow! But prythee, George, what cou'd 'provoke thee to make me a writer of sermons?

'*Cape.* You seemed desirous of being acquainted with our business, and I knew old Vamp would

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'let you more into the secret in five minutes than I 'could in as many hours. [*Knocking below, loud.*

'*Spri.* Cape, to your post; here they are, i'faith, 'a coachful! Let's see, Mr. and Mrs. Cadwallader, and your flame, the sister, as I live!'

Cad. (*without.*) Pray, by the by, han't you a poet above?

(*Without.*) Higher up.

Cad. (*without.*) Egad, I wonder what makes your poets have such an aversion to middle floors—they are always to be found in extremities; in garrets, or cellars—

Enter Mr. and Mrs. CADWALLADER *and* ARABELLA.

Cad. Ah, Sprightly!

Spri. Hush!

Cad. Hey, what's the matter?

Spri. Hard at it; untwisting some knotty point; totally absorb'd!

Cad. Gadso! what! that's he! Beck, Bell, there he is, egad, as great a poet, and as ingenious a—what's he about?—Hebrew?

Spri. Weaving the whole Æneid into a tragedy; I have been here this half hour, but he has not mark'd me yet.

Cad. Cou'd not I take a peep?

Spri. An earthquake wou'd not rouse him.

Cad. He seems in a damn'd passion.

Cape. The belt of Pallas, nor prayers, nor tears, nor supplicating gods, shall save thee now.

Cad. Hey! zounds! what the devil! who?

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Cape. —— *Pallas! te hoc vulnere, Pallas immolat, & pœnam scelerato ex sanguine sumit!*

Cad. Damn your palace! I wish I was well out of your garret.

Cape. Sir, I beg ten thousand pardons: ladies, your most devoted. You will excuse me, Sir; but, being just on the catastrophe of my tragedy, I am afraid the poetic furor may have betray'd me into some indecency.

Spri. Oh, Mr. Cadwallader is too great a genius himself, not to allow for these intemperate sallies of a heated imagination.

Cad. Genius! Look you here! Mr. What's-your-name?

Cape. Cape.

Cad. Cape! True; tho' by the bye here, hey! you live devilish high; but perhaps you may chuse that for exercise, hey! Sprightly! Genius! Look'e here, Mr. Cape, I had as pretty natural parts, a fine talents!—but, between you and I, I had as damn'd fool of a guardian, an ignorant, illiterate, ecod—he cou'd as soon pay the national debt as write his own name, and so was resolv'd to make his ward no wiser than himself, I think.

Spri. O fie, Mr. Cadwallader, you don't do yourself justice,

Cape. Indeed, Sir, we must contradict you, we can't suffer this defamation. I have more than once heard Mr. Cadwallader's literary acquisitions loudly talk'd of.

Cad. Have you?—no, no, it cannot be, hey! tho', let me tell you, last winter, before I had the

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measles, I cou'd have made as good a speech upon any subject, in Italian, French, German—but I am all unhing'd!—all—Oh Lord, Mr. Cape, this is Becky; my dear Becky, child, this is a great poet—ah, but she does not know what that is—a little foolish or so, but of a very good family—here, Becky, child, won't you ask Mr. Cape to come and see you?

Mrs. Cad. As Dicky says, I shall be glad to see you at our house, Sir.

Cape. I have too great a regard for my own happiness, Ma'am, to miss so certain an opportunity of creating it.

Mrs. Cad. Hey! what?

Cape. My inclinations, as well as my duty, I say, will compel me to obey your kind injunctions.

Mrs. Cad. What does he say, our Bell?

Arab. Oh, that he can have no greater pleasure than waiting on you.

Mrs. Cad. I'm sure that's more his goodness than my desert; but when you ben't better engag'd, we shou'd be glad of your company of an evening, to make one with our Dicky, sister Bell, and I, at whisk and swabbers.

Cad. Hey, ecod, do, Cape, come and look at her grotto and shells, and see what she has got—Well, he'll come, Beck—ecod do, and she'll come to the third night of your tragedy, hey! won't you, Beck?—Isn't she a fine girl? hey, you; humour her a little, do—Hey, Beck; he says you are as fine a woman as ever he—ecod, who knows but he may make

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a copy of verses on you?—There, go and have a little chat with her, talk any nonsense to her, no matter what; she's a damn'd fool, and won't know the difference—there, go, Beck—Well, Sprightly, hey! what! are you and Bell like to come together? Oh, ecod, they tell me, Mr. Sprightly, that you have frequently lords, and viscounts, and earls, that take a dinner with you; now I shou'd look upon it as a very particular favour, if you wou'd invite me at the same time, hey! will you?

Spri. You may depend on it.

Cad. Will you? Gad, that's kind: for between you and I, Mr. Sprightly, I am of as ancient a family as the best of them; and people of fashion shou'd know one another, you know.

Spri. By all manner of means.

Cad. Hey! should not they so? When you have any lord or baron, nay, egad, if it be but a baronet or a member of parliament, I shou'd take it as a favour.

Spri. You will do them honour; they must all have heard of the antiquity of your house.

Cad. Antiquity! hey! Beck, where's my pedigree?

Mrs. Cad. Why, at home, lock'd up in the butler's pantry.

Cad. In the pantry! What the devil! how often have I bid you never come out without it?

Mrs. Cad. Lord! what signifies carrying such a lumbering thing about?

Cad. Signifies! you are a fool, Beck. Why, suppose we should have any disputes when we are

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abroad about precedence, how the devil shall we be able to settle it? But you shall see it at home. Oh Becky, come hither, we will refer our dispute to—

They go apart.

Arab. Well, Sir, your friend has prevail'd; and you are acquainted with my brother; but what use you propose—

Cape. The pleasure of a more frequent admission to you.

Arab. That all!

Cape. Who knows but a strict intimacy with Mr. Cadwallader may in time incline him to favour my hopes?

Arab. A sandy foundation!—Cou'd he be prevail'd upon to forgive your want of fortune; the obscurity, or at least uncertainty, of your birth, will prove an unsurmountable bar.

Cad. Hold, hold, hold, Beck;—zouns! you are so——

Spri. Well, but hear him out, Ma'am.

Cape. Consider, we have but an instant. What project? What advice?

Arab. O fie! You wou'd be asham'd to receive succour from a weak woman!—Poetry is your profession, you know; so that plots, contrivances, and all the powers of imagination, are more peculiarly your province.

Cape. Is this a season to rally?

Cad. Hold, hold, hold; ask Mr. Cape.

Arab. To be serious then; if you have any point to gain with my brother, your application must be to his better part.

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Cape. I understand you; plough with the heifer?

Arab. A delicate allusion, on my word! but take this hint—Amongst her passions, admiration, or rather adoration, is the principal.

Cape. Oh! that is her foible?

Arab. One of them; against that fort you must plant your batteries—But here they are.

Mrs. Cad. I tell you, you are a nonsense man, and I won't agree to any such thing:---Why, what signifies a parliament man? You make such a rout, indeed.

Cad. Hold, Becky, my dear, don't be in a passion now, hold; let us reason the thing a little, my dear.

Mrs. Cad. I tell you I won't;---what's the man an oaf? I won't reason, I hate reason; and so there's an end on't.

Cad. Why then you are obstinate, ecod, perverse. Hey, but my dear now, Becky, that's a good girl:---Hey! come, hold, hold---Egad, we'll refer it to Mr. Cape.

Mrs. Cad. Defer it to who you will, it will signify nothing.

Cape. Bless me! what's the matter, Madam?---Sure, Mr. Cadwallader, you must have been to blame; no inconsiderable matter could have ruffled the natural softness of that tender and delicate mind.

Arab. Pretty well commenced.

Mrs. Cad. Why he's always a fool, I think; he

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wants to send our little Dicky to school, and make him a parliament-man.

Cape. How old is master, Ma'am?

Mrs. Cad. Three years and a quarter, come Lady-day.

Cape. The intention is rather early!

Cad. Hey! early? hold, hold; but, Becky mistakes the thing—Egad, I'll tell you the whole affair.

Mrs. Cad. You had better hold your chattering, so you had.

Cad. Nay, prythee, my dear; Mr. Sprightly, do stop her mouth, hold, hold. The matter, Mr. Cape, is this. Have you ever seen my Dicky?

Cape. Never.

Cad. No! Hold, hold, egad he's a fine, a sensible child; I tell Becky he's like her, to keep her in humour; but, between you and I, he has more sense already than all her family put together. Hey! Becky, is not Dicky the picture of you? He's a sweet child. Now, Mr. Cape, you must know, I want to put little Dicky to school; now between----hey! you, hold, you, hold, the great use of a school is, hey! egad, for children to make acquaintances that may hereafter be useful to them: For between you and I, as to what they learn there, does not signify two-pence.

Cape. Not a farthing.

Cad. Does it, hey?---Now this is our dispute, whether poor little Dicky (he's a sweet boy) shall go to Mr. Quæ-Genius's at Edgware, and

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make an acquaintance with my young Lord Knap, the eldest son of the Earl of Frize, or to Dr. Ticklepitcher's at Barnet, to form a friendship with young Stocks, the rich broker's only child.

Cape. And for which does the lady determine?

Cad. Why I have told her the case!—says I, Becky, my dear, who knows, if Dicky goes to Quæ-Genius's, but my lord Knap may take such a fancy to him, that upon the death of his father, and he comes to be Earl of Frize, he may make poor little Dicky a member of parliament? Hey, Cape!

Mrs. Cad. Ay, but then if Dicky goes to Ticklepitcher's, who can tell but young Stocks, when he comes to his fortune, may lend him money if he wants it?

Cad. And if he does not want it, he won't take after his father, hey! Well, what's your opinion, Mr. Cape?

Cape. Why, Sir, I can't but join with the lady; money is the main article; it is that that makes the mare to go.

Cad. Hey! egad, and the aldermen too, you: so Dicky may be a member, and a fig for my Lord: Well, Becky, be quiet, he shall stick to Stocks.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, let'n; I was sure as how I was right.

Cad. Well, hush, Becky. Mr. Cape, will you eat a bit with us to-day, hey! will you?

Cape. You command me.

Cad. That's kind: why then Becky and Bell shall step and order the cook to toss up a little nice——Hey! will you, Becky? Do, and I'll bring Cape.

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Mrs. Cad. Ay, with all my heart. Well, Mr. What-d'ye-call-um, the poet; ecod the man's well enough—Your servant.

Cape. I am a little too much in dishabille to offer your ladyship my hand to your coach.

Cad. Psha! never mind, I'll do it——Here you have company coming.

[*Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Cadwallader and Arabella.*

Enter GOVERNOR *and* ROBIN.

Cape. Ah, Mr. Robin!

Rob. Why, you have had a great levee this morning, Sir.

Cape. Ay, Robin, there's no obscuring extraordinary talents.

Rob. True, Sir; and this friend of mine begs to claim the benefit of them.

Cape. Any friend of yours: but how can I be serviceable to him?

Rob. Why, Sir, he is lately return'd from a profitable government; and, as you know the unsatisfied mind of man, no sooner is one object possess'd, but another starts up to—

Cape. A truce to moralizing, dear Robin, to the matter; I am a little busy.

Rob. In a word then, this gentleman, having a good deal of wealth, is desirous of a little honour.

Cape. How can I confer it?

Rob. Your pen may.

Cape. I don't understand you.

Rob. Why touch him up a handsome complimen-

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tary address from his colony, by way of praising the prudence of his administration, his justice, valour, benevolence, and———

Cape. I am sorry 'tis impossible for me now to misunderstand you. The obligations I owe you, Robin, nothing can cancel; otherwise, this would prove our last interview.—Your friend, Sir, has been a little mistaken, in recommending me as a person fit for your purpose. Letters have been always my passion, and indeed are now my profession; but tho' I am the servant of the public, I am not the prostitute of particulars: As my pen has never been ting'd with gall to gratify popular resentment, or private pique, so it shall never sacrifice its integrity to flatter pride, impose falsehood, or palliate guilt. Your merit may be great; but let those, Sir, be the heralds of your worth who are better acquainted with it.

Gov. Young man, I like your principles and spirit; your manly refusal gives more pleasure than any honours your papers could have procur'd me.

Spri. Now this business is dispatch'd, let us return to our own affairs——You dine at Cadwallader's?

Cape. I do.

Spri. Wou'd it not be convenient to you to have him out of the way?

Cape. Extremely.

Spri. I have a project that I think will prevail.

Cape. Of what kind?

Spri. Bordering upon the dramatic; but the time

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is so pressing, I shall be at a loss to procure performers. Let's see—Robin is a sure card—a principal may easily be met with; but where the deuse can I get an interpreter?

Rob. Offer yourself, Sir; it will give you an opportunity of more closely inspecting the conduct of your son.

Gov. True. Sir, though a scheme of this sort may ill suit with my character and time of life, yet from a private interest I take in that gentleman's affairs, if the means are honourable.

Spri. Innocent, upon my credit.

Gov. Why then, Sir, I have no objection, if you think me equal to the task——

Spri. Most happily fitted for it. I should not have taken the liberty—But hush! he's return'd.

Enter CADWALLADER.

Spri. My dear friend! the luckiest circumstance!

Cad. Hey! how? Stay, hey!

Spri. You see that gentleman?

Cad. Well, hey!

Spri. Do you know who he is?

Cad. Not I.

Spri. He is interpreter to Prince Potowowsky.

Cad. Wowsky!—Who the devil is he?

Spri. Why the Tartarian prince that's come over ambassador from the Cham of the Calmucks.

Cad. Indeed!

Spri. His highness has just sent me an invitation to dine with him: now every body that dines with

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a Tartarian lord has a right to carry with him what the Latins call'd his *umbra*; in their language it is *jablanousky*.

Cad. Jablanousky! well.

Spri. Now if you will go in that capacity, I shall be glad of the honour.

Cad. Hey! why, wou'd you carry me to dine with his royal highness?

Spri. With pleasure.

Cad. My dear friend, I shall take it as the greatest favour, the greatest obligation——I shall never be able to return it.

Spri. Don't mention it.

Cad. Hey! but hold, hold, how the devil shall I get off with the poet! You know I have ask'd him to dinner.

Spri. Oh, the occasion will be apology sufficient; besides, there will be the ladies to receive him.

Cad. My dear Mr. Cape, I beg ten thousand pardons! but here your friend is invited to dinner with Prince——— what the devil is his name?

Spri. Potowowsky.

Cad. True; now, Sir, ecod he has been so kind as to offer to carry me as his jablanousky, wou'd you be so good to excuse——

Cape. By all means; not a word, I beg.

Cad. That is exceeding kind; I'll come to you after dinner; hey! stay, but is there any ceremony to be used with his highness?

Spri. You dine upon carpets, cross-legg'd.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, cross-legg'd! zounds! that's odd; well, well, you shall teach me.

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Spri. And his highness is particularly pleased with those amongst his guests that do honour to his country soup.

Cad. Oh! let me alone for that:—But should not I dress?

Spri. No; there's no occasion for it.

Cad. Dear friend, forgive me; nothing shou'd take me from you, but being a hobblinwisky. Well, I'll go and study to sit cross-legg'd, till you call me.

Spri. Do so.

Cad. His Highness Potowowsky! This is the luckiest accident! [*Exit.*

Cape. Ha, ha, ha!—but how will you conduct your enterprise?

Spri. We'll carry him to your friend Robin's; dress up one of the under actors in a ridiculous habit; this gentleman shall talk a little gibberish with him. I'll compose a soup of some nauseous ingredients; let me alone to manage. But do you choose, Sir, the part we have assign'd?

Gov. As it seems to be but a harmless piece of mirth, I have no objection.

Spri. Well then, let us about it; come, Sir.

Cape. Mr. Sprightly?

Spri. What's the matter?

Cape. Wou'd it not be right to be a little spruce, a little smart, upon this occasion?

Spri. No doubt; dress, dress, man; no time is to be lost.

Cape. Well, but, Jack, I cannot say that at present I——

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Spri. Prithee explain. What would you say?

Cape. Why then, I cannot say that I have any other garments at home.

Spri. Oh, I understand you; is that all? Here, here, take my———

Cape. Dear Sprightly, I am quite ashamed, and sorry.

Spri. That's not so obliging, George; what, sorry to give me the greatest pleasure that—But I have no time for speeches, I must run to get ready my soup. Come, gentlemen.

Rob. Did you observe, Sir?

Gov. Most feelingly! But it will soon be over.

Rob. Courage, Sir; times perhaps may change.

Cape. A poor prospect, Robin! But this scheme of life at last must be changed: for what spirit, with the least spark of generosity, can support a life of eternal obligation and disagreeable drudgery? Inclination not consulted, genius cramp'd, and talents misapply'd!

What prospect have those authors to be read,
Whose daily writings earn their daily bread.

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

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ACT II. SCENE I.

YOUNG CAPE *and Mrs.* CADWALLADER, *at cards.*

Mrs. Cadwallader.

YOU want four, and I two, and my deal: now, knave noddy—no, hearts be trumps.

Cape. I beg.

Mrs. Cad. Will you stock 'em?

Cape. Go on, if you please, Madam.

Mrs. Cad. Hearts again—one, two, three; one, two—hang 'em, they won't slip, three. Diamonds—the two: Have you higher than the queen?

Cape. No, Madam.

Mrs. Cad. Then there's highest—and lowest, by gosh. Games are even; you are to deal.

Cape. Psha, hang cards; there are other amusements better suited to a *tête-à-tête*, than any of the four aces can afford us.

Mrs. Cad. What pastimes be they?——We ben't enough for hunt the whistle nor blind-man's buff: but I'll call our Bell and Robin the butler. Dicky will be here by an bye.

Cape. Hold a minute. I have a game to propose, where the presence of a third person, especially Mr. Cadwallader's, wou'd totally ruin the sport.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, what can that be?

Cape. Can't you guess?

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Mrs. Cad. Not I; questions and commands, mayhap.

Cape. Not absolutely that——some little resemblance; for I am to request, and you are to command.

Mrs. Cad. Oh daisy! that's charming, I never play'd at that in all my born days; come, begin then.

Cape. Can you love me?

Mrs. Cad. Love you! But is it in jest or earnest?

Cape. That is as you please to determine.

Mrs. Cad. But mayn't I ask you questions too?

Cape. Doubtless.

Mrs. Cad. Why then, do you love me?

Cape. With all my soul.

Mrs. Cad. Upon your sayso?

Cape. Upon my sayso.

Mrs. Cad. I'm glad on't with all my heart. This is the rarest pastime!

Cape. But you have not answer'd my question.

Mrs. Cad. Hey! that's true. Why, I believe there's no love lost.

Cape. So; our game will soon be over; I shall be up at a deal. I wish I mayn't be engaged to play deeper here than I intended tho'. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Cad. Well, now 'tis your turn.

Cape. True, ay; but, zooks, you are too hasty; the pleasure of this play, like hunting, does not consist in immediately chopping the prey.

Mrs. Cad. No! how then?

Cape. Why, first I am to start you, then run you

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a little in view, then lose you, then unravel all the tricks and doubles you make to escape me.

You fly o'er hedge and stile,
I pursue for many a mile:
You grow tir'd at last, and quat;
Then I catch you, and all that.

Mrs. Cad. Dear me, there's a deal on't! I shall never be able to hold out long; I had rather be taken in view.

Cape. I believe you.

Mrs. Cad. Well, come, begin and start me, that I may come the sooner to quatting—Hush! here's sister; what the deuse brought her? Bell will be for learning this game too; but don't you teach her for your life, Mr. Poet.

Enter ARABELLA.

Arab. Your mantua-maker, with your new sack, sister.

Mrs. Cad. Is that all? She might have staid, I think.

Arab. What? You were better engaged? But don't be angry, I am sorry I interrupted you.

Mrs. Cad. Hey! Now will I be hang'd if she ben't jealous of Mr. Poet; but I'll listen, and see the end on't. I am resolved. [*Aside, and exit.*

Arab. Are you concern'd at the interruption too?

Cape. It was a very seasonable one, I promise you; had you staid a little longer, I don't know what might have been the consequence.

Arab. No danger to your person, I hope.

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Cape. Some little attacks upon it.

Arab. Which were as feebly resisted.

Cape. Why, consider, my dear Bell, tho' your sister is a fool, she is a fine woman, and flesh is frail.

Arab. Dear Bell! and flesh is frail! We are grown strangely familiar, I think.

Cape. Hey-day? In what corner sits the wind now?

Arab. Where it may possibly blow strong enough to overset your hopes.

Cape. That a breeze of your breath can do.

Arab. Affected!

Cape. You are obliging, Madam; but pray, what is the meaning of all this?

Arab. Ask your own guilty conscience.

Cape. Were I inclined to flatter myself, this little passion wou'd be no bad presage.

Arab. You may prove a false prophet.

Cape. Let me die if I know what to—but to descend to a little common sense; what part of my conduct——

Arab. Look'ee, Mr. Cape, all explanations are unnecessary: I have been lucky enough to discover your disposition before it is too late; and so you know there's no occasion—but, however, I'll not be any impediment to you: my sister will be back immediately; I suppose my presence will only—— but consider, Sir, I have a brother's honour——

Cape. Which is as safe from me, as if it was lock'd up in your brother's closet; but surely, Madam,

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you are a little capricious here; have I done any thing but obey your directions?

Arab. That was founded upon a supposition that—but no matter.

Cape. That, what?

Arab. Why, I was weak enough to believe what you was wicked enough to protest—

Cape. That I loved you; and what reason have I given you to doubt it?

Arab. A pretty situation I found you in at my entrance.

Cape. An assumed warmth, for the better concealing the fraud.

Mrs. Cad. What's that? [*Aside, list'ning.*

Cape. Surely, if you doubted my constancy, you must have a better opinion of my understanding.

Mrs. Cad. Mighty well. [*Aside.*

Cape. What an idiot, a driveler! no consideration upon earth, but my paving the way to the possession of you, could have prevailed upon me to support her folly a minute.

Enter Mrs. CADWALLADER.

Mrs. Cad. Soh! Mr. Poet, you are a pretty gentleman, indeed; ecod, I'm glad I have caught you. I'm not such a fool as you think for, man; but here will be Dicky presently; he shall hear of your tricks, he shall: I'll let him know what a pretty person he he has got in his house.

Cape. There's no parrying this; had not I better decamp?

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Arab. And leave me to the mercy of the enemy? my brother's temper is so odd, there's no knowing in what light he'll see this.

Mrs. Cad. Oh, he's below, I hear him. Now we shall hear what he'll say to you, Madam.

Enter CADWALLADER, GOVERNOR, SPRIGHTLY, *and* ROBIN.

Cad. No, pray walk in, Mr. Interpreter, between you and I, I like his royal highness mightily; he's a polite, pretty, well-bred gentleman—but damn his soup.

Gov. Why, Sir, you eat as if you lik'd it.

Cad. Lik'd it! hey, egad, I would not eat another mess to be his master's prime minister; as bitter as gall, and as black as my hat; and there have I been sitting these two hours with my legs under me till they are both as dead as a herring.

Cape. Your dinner displeas'd you?

Cad. Displeas'd! hey! Look'e, Mr. Sprightly, I'm mightily obliged to you for the honour; but hold, hold, you shall never persuade me to be a hobblinwisky again, if the great Cham of the Calmucks were to come over himself. Hey! and what a damn'd language he has got? Whee, haw, haw! but you speak it very fluently.

Gov. I was long resident in the country.

Cad. May be so, but he seems to speak it better; you have a foreign kind of an accent, you don't sound it thro' the nose so well as he. Hey! well,

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Becky, what, and how have you entertain'd Mr. Cape?

Mrs. Cad. Oh! here have been fine doings since you have been gone.

Cape. So, now comes on the storm.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, what has been the matter?

Mrs. Cad. Matter! why, the devil is in the poet, I think.

Cad. The devil! hold.

Mrs. Cad. Why, here he has been making love to me like bewitch'd.

Cad. How! which way?

Mrs. Cad. Why, some on't was out of his poetry, I think.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, egad I believe he's a little mad: this morning he took me for king Turnus, you; now, who can tell but this afternoon he may take you for queen Dido?

Mrs. Cad. And there he told me I was to run, and to double and quat, and there he was to catch me, and all that.

Cad. Hold, hold, catch you? Mr. Cape, I take it very unkindly; it was, d'ye see, a very unfriendly thing to make love to Becky in my absence.

Cape. But, Sir——

Cad. And it was the more ungenerous, Mr. Cape, to take this advantage, as you know she is but a foolish woman.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, me, who am but a foolish woman.

Cape. But hear me,

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Cad. A poor, ignorant, illiterate, poor Becky! And for a man of your parts to attack——

Cape. There's no——

Cad. Hold, hold; ecod, it is just as if the Grand Signor, at the head of his janisaries, was to kick a chimney-sweeper.

Mrs. Cad. Hey! what's that you say, Dicky; what, be I like a chimney-sweeper?

Cad. Hey! hold, hold. Zounds! no, Beck! hey! no: that's only by way of simile, to let him see I understand his tropes and figures as well as himself, egad! and therefore!—

Spri. Nay, but Mr. Cadwallader—

Cad. Don't mention it, Mr. Sprightly; he is the first poet I ever had in my house, except the bell-man for a Christmas-box.

Spri. Good Sir.

Cad. And hold, hold; I am resolved he shall be the last.

Spri. I have but one way to silence him.

Cad. And let me tell you——

Spri. Nay, Sir, if I must tell him; he owes his reception here to my recommendation; any abuse of your goodness, any breach of hospitality here, he is answerable to me for.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, so he is, ecod: at him; give it him home.

Spri. Ungrateful monster! and is this your return, for the open, generous treatment——

Mrs. Cad. As good fry'd cow-heel, with a roast fowl and sausages, as ever came to a table.

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Cad. Hush, Beck, hush!—

Spri. And cou'd you find no other object but Mr. Cadwallader; a man, perhaps, possess'd of a genius superior to your own—

Cad. If I had had a university-education—

Spri. And of a family as old as the creation.

Cad. Older—Beck, fetch the pedigree.

Spri. Thus far relates to this gentleman; but now, Sir, what apology can you make me, who was your passport, your security?

Cad. Zounds, none; fight him.

Spri. Fight him?

Cad. Ay, do; I'd fight him myself, if I had not had the measles last winter; but stay till I get out of the room.

Spri. No: he's sure of a protection here, the presence of the ladies.

Cad. Psha, pox! they belong to the family, never mind them.

Spri. Well, Sir, are you dumb? No excuse? No palliation?

Cad. Ay, no palliation?

Mrs. Cad. Ay, no tribulation? 'Tis a shame, so it is.

Cape. When I have leave to speak—

Cad. Speak! what the devil can you say?

Cape. Nay, Sir—

Spri. Let's hear him, Mr. Cadwallader, however.

Cad. Hold, hold; come, begin then.

Cape. And first to you, Mr. Sprightly, as you seem most interested; pray, does this charge cor-

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respond with any other action of my life, since I have had the honour to know you?

Spri. Indeed, I can't say that I recollect; but still as the scholiasts—*Nemo repente turpissimus.*

Cad. Hold, hold; what's that?

Spri. Why, that is as much as to say, this is bad enough.

Mrs. Cad. By gosh! and so it is.

Cad. Ecod, and so it is: speak a little more Latin to him; if I had been bred at the university, you shou'd have it both sides of your ears.

Cape. A little patience, gentlemen: now, Sir, to you. You were pleased yourself to drop a few hints of your lady's weakness; might not she take too seriously what was meant as a mere matter of merriment?

Cad. Hey! hold, hold.

Spri. A paltry excuse; can any woman be such a fool as not to know when a man has a design upon her person?

Cad. Answer that, Mr. Cape, hey! Answer that.

Cape. I can only answer for the innocency of my own intentions; may not your lady, apprehensive of my becoming too great a favourite, contrive this charge with a view of destroying the connection—

Spri. Connection!

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, connection.

Spri. There's something in that—

Cad. Hey! is there? Hold, hold, hey! egad, he is right—You're right, Mr. Cape; hold, Becky, my dear, how the devil could you be so wicked,

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hey! child; ecod, hold, hold, how could you have the wickedness to attempt to destroy the connection!

Mrs. Cad. I don't know what you say.

Cad. D'ye hear? You are an incendiary, but you have miss'd your point; the cunnection shall be only the stronger: My dear friend, I beg ten thousand pardons, I was too hasty; but, ecod, Becky's to blame.

Cape. The return of your favour has effac'd every other impression.

Cad. There's a good-natur'd creature!

Cape. But if you have the least doubts remaining, this lady, your sister, I believe, will do me the justice to own—

Mrs. Cad. Ay, ask my fellow if I be a thief.

Cad. What the devil is Becky at now?

Mrs. Cad. She's as bad as he.

Cad. Bad as he!—Hey! how! what the devil, she did not make love to you too? Stop, hey! hold, hold, hold.

Mrs. Cad. Why no, foolish; but you are always running on with your riggmonrowles, and won't stay to hear a body's story out.

Cad. Well, Beck, come, let's have it.

Mrs. Cad. Be quiet then; why, as I was telling you, first he made love to me, and wanted me to be a hare!

Cad. A hare! hold, ecod, that was whimsical; a hare! hey! oh, ecod, that might be because he thought you a little hair-brain'd already, Becky, a

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damn'd good story. Well, Becky, go on, let's have it out.

Mrs. Cad. No, I won't tell you no more, so I won't.

Cad. Nay, prythee, Beck.

Mrs. Cad. Hold your tongue then :—and so there he was going on with his nonsense, and so in came our Bell; and so—

Cad. Hold, hold, Becky;—damn your so's; go on, child, but leave out your so's; 'tis a low—— hold, hold, vular—but go on.

Mrs. Cad. Why, how can I go on when you stop me every minute? Well, and then our Bell came in and interrupted him; and methought she looked very frumpish and jealous.

Cad. Well.

Mrs. Cad. And so I went out and listen'd.

Cad. So; what you stay'd and listen'd?

Mrs. Cad. No; I tell you, upon my staying, she went out; no—upon my going out, she staid.

Cad. This is a damn'd blind story; but go on, Beck.

Mrs. Cad. And then at first she scolded him roundly for making love to me; and then he said as how she advised him to it; and then she said no; and then he said—

Cad. Hold, hold; we shall never understand all these he's and she's; this may all be very true, Beck, but hold, hold; as I hope to be sav'd, thou art the worst teller of a story—

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Mrs. Cad. Well, I have but a word more; and then he said as how I was a great fool.

Cad. Not much mistaken in that. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Cad. And that he would not have staid with me a minute, but to pave the way to the possession of she.

Cad. Well, Beck, well?

Mrs. Cad. And so——that's all.

Cad. Make love to her, in order to get possession of you?

Mrs. Cad. Love to me, in order to get she.

Cad. Hey! Oh, now, I begin to understand. Hey! What! is this true, Bell? Hey! Hold, hold, hold; ecod, I begin to smoke, hey! Mr. Cape?

Cape. How shall I act?

Rob. Own it, Sir; I have a reason.

Cad. Well, what say you, Mr. Cape? Let's have it without equivocation; or, hold, hold, hold, mental reservation. Guilty, or not?

Cape. Of what, Sir?

Cad. Of what! Hold, hold, of making love to Bell.

Cape. Guilty.

Cad. Hey! how! Hold, zounds! No, what, not with an intention to marry her?

Cape. With the lady's approbation, and your kind consent.

Cad. Hold, hold; what my consent to marry you?

Cape. Ay, Sir.

Cad. Hold, hold, hold; what our Bell to mix the

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blood of the Cadwalladers with the puddle of a poet?

Cape. Sir!

Cad. A petty, paltry, ragged, rhiming—

Spri. But Mr—

Cad. A scribbling; hold, hold, hold—garrateer, that has no more cloaths than backs, no more heads than hats, and no shoes to his feet.

Spri. Nay, but—

Cad. The offspring of a dunghill! born in a cellar. Hold, hold—and living in a garret! a fungus! a mushroom!

Cape. Sir, my famliy——

Cad. Your family! Hold, hold, hold—Peter, fetch the pedigree; I'll show you—Your family! a little obscure—hold, hold, I don't believe you ever had a grandfather—

Enter PETER *with the Pedigree.*

There it is; there; Peter, help me to stretch it out: there's seven yards more of lineals, besides three of collaterals, that I expect next Monday from the herald's office; d'ye see, Mr. Sprightly?

Spri. Prodigious!

Cad. Nay; but looky', there's Welsh princes and ambassadors, and kings of Scotland, and members of parliament: Hold, hold, ecod, I no more mind an earl or a lord in my pedigree, hold, hold, than Kuli Khan wou'd a serjeant in the train'd bands.

Spri. An amazing descent!

Cad. Hey! is it not? And for this low, lousy, son

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of a shoemaker, to talk of families—hold, hold, get out of my house.

Rob. Now is your time, Sir.

Cad. Mr. Sprightly, turn him out.

Gov. Stop, Sir, I have a secret to disclose, that may make you alter your intentions.

Cad. Hold, hold: how, Mr. Interpreter?

Gov. You are now to regard that young man in a very different light, and consider him as my son.

Cape Your son, Sir!

Gov. In a moment, George, the mystery shall be explain'd.

Cad. Your son! Hold, hold; and what then?

Gov. Then! Why then he is no longer the scribbler, the mushroom you have described; but of birth and fortune equal to your own.

Cad. What! the son of an interpreter equal to me. A fellow that trudges about, teaching of languages to foreign counts!

Gov. A teacher of languages!

Cad. Stay; ecod, a runner to Monsieurs and Marquisses!

Spri. You are mistaken, Sir.

Cad. A jack-pudding! that takes fillips on the nose for sixpence a-piece; Hold, hold, ecod, give me eighteen-pennyworth, and change for half-a-crown.

Gov. Stop when you are well.

Cad. A spunger at other mens tables! that has jallop put into his beer, and his face black'd at Christmas for the diversion of children.

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Gov. I can hold no longer. 'Sdeath, Sir, who is it you dare treat in this manner?

Cad. Hey! Zounds, Mr. Sprightly, lay hold of him.

Spri. Calm your choler. Indeed, Mr. Cadwallader, nothing cou'd excuse your behaviour to this gentleman but your mistaking his person.

Cad. Hold, hold. Is not he interpreter to—

Spri. No.

Cad. Why did not you tell——

Spri. That was a mistake. This gentleman is the prince's friend; and by long residence in the monarch's country, is perfect master of the language.

Cad. But who the devil is he then?

Spri. He is Mr. Cape, Sir; a man of unblemish'd honour, capital fortune, and late governor of one of our most considerable settlements,

Cad. Governor! Hold, hold, and how came you father to——hey!—

Gov. By marrying his mother.

Cape. But how am I to regard this?

Gov. As a solemn truth; that foreign friend, to whom you owe your education, was no other than myself: I had my reasons, perhaps capricious ones, for concealing this; but now they cease, and I am proud to own my son.

Cape. Sir; it is not for me *(kneeling)*, but if gratitude, duty, filial——

Gov. Rise, my boy. I have ventured far to fix thy fortune, George; but to find thee worthy of it,

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more than o'erpays my toil; the rest of my story shall be reserv'd till we are alone.

Cad. Hey! Hold, hold, hold; ecod, a good sensible old fellow this; but harky', Sprightly, I have made a damn'd blunder here: Hold, hold, Mr. Governor, I ask ten thousand pardons; but who the devil cou'd have thought that the interpreter to prince Potowowsky———

Gov. Oh, Sir, you have in your power sufficient means to atone for the injuries done us both.

Cad. Hold, how?

Gov. By bestowing your sister with, I flatter myself, no great violence to her inclinations, here.

Cad. What, marry Bell! Hey! Hold, hold; zounds, Bell, take him, do; 'ecod, he's a good likely——hey! Will you?

Arab. I shan't disobey you, Sir.

Cad. Shan't you? That's right. Who the devil knows but he may come to be a governor himself; hey! Hold, hold; come here then, give me your hands both, *(joins their hands.)* There, there, the business is done. And now, brother governor—

Gov. And now brother Cadwallader.

Cad. Hey! Beck, here's something now for my pedigree; we'll pop in the Governor to-morrow.

Mrs. Cad. Hark'y, Mr. Governor, can you give me a black boy and a monkey?

Cad. Hey! ay, ay, you shall have a black boy, and a monkey, and a parrot too, Beck.

Spri. Dear George, I am a little late in my congratulation; but——

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Gov. Which if he is in acknowledging your disinterested friendship, I shall be sorry I ever own'd him. Now, Robin, my cares are over, and my wishes full; and if George remains as untainted by affluence as he has been untempted by distress, I have given the poor a protector, his country an advocate, and the world a friend.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

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EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY A LADY.

SPOKEN BY MRS. CLIVE.

WELL—thank my stars, that I have done my task;
And now throw off this aukward, idiot mask.
Cou'd we suppose this circle, so refin'd,
Who seek those pleasures that improve the mind,
Cou'd from such vulgarisms feel delight,
Or laugh at characters so unpolite?
Who come to plays, to see, and to be seen;
Not to hear things that shock, or give the spleen;
Who shun an opera, when they hear 'tis thin.
"Lord! do you know?" says lady Bell—I'm told
"That Jacky Dapple got so great a cold
"Last Tuesday night——There wa'n't a creature there;
"Not a male thing to hand one to one's chair.
"Divine Mingotti! what a swell has she?
"O! such a sustinuto upon B!
"Ma'am, when she's quite in voice, she'll go to C.
"Lord! says my lady English—here's a pother!
"Go where she will, I'll never see another."
Her ladyship, half-choak'd with London air,
And brought to town to see the sights—and stare.

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" Fine singing that!—I'm sure 'tis more like screaming;
" To me, I vow, they're all a pack of women!"
" Oh Barbare!—Inhumana!—Tramontane!—
" Does not this creature come from Pudding-Lane?
" Look, look, my lord! She goggles! Ha, ha."—
" Pray, be quiet;
" Dear lady Bell, for shame! You'll make a riot."
" Why, will they mix with us to make this rout?
" Bring in a bill, my lord, to keep 'em out."
" We'll have a taste act, faith!"—my lord replied;
" And shut out all that are not qualified."
Thus ridicule is bounded like a ball,
Struck by the great, then answer'd by the small;
While we, at times, return it to you all.
A skilful hand will ne'er your rage provoke:
For tho' it hits you, you'll applaud the stroke:
Let it but only glance, you'll never frown;
Nay, you'll forgive, tho't knocks your neighbour down.

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